

Scratching

Dijon

There's a pine on fire and you're eyes get wide
Excited by the violence it inspires
There's a spark on the wire
Oh Joanne I'm stuck, oh Joanne I'm tired

And you say "Oh man well you can't out-run it
And it can't be undone
Shadows jumping like puppets and laughing at you"

There were times I lied
But there were times where you were clapping and laughing
You were honest times too
There were times you cried
So I said extend your giving hand Joanne and I'll cry with you

But I know, I know I can not change it
And it can't be undone
Shadows stretching and scratching at your heels where you run
But I know, I know I can not change it
And it can't be undone
Shadows stretching and scratching at your heels where you run