

The Creeper

Futurebirds

I was creeping through some memories
Of you smiling at me
Thinking what a strange, strange thing
When I saw you at a table
And it struck me something special
Like a stoned, lone tree
In a field - stoic, beautiful, and lonely
Now it's all that I can think
All passionate and proper
Softly gazing at the floor
You were listening to me
Yeah you were listening to me

Staring at you
Through the holes over my eyes
I saw exactly how I was through
So I mustered up some words
That would fill the space with sound
To buy some time and watch you think
"Oh what a crazy looking liar
With a face like a clown
But I guess he's alright with me"
A little documented moment
From a stranger's dream
Inebriate and still
You're as hazy as a bender
With a face I can't remember
Such an intangible thrill

Here comes the creeper
Here comes the creeper
Here comes the creeper

I was creeping through some memories
Of you smiling at me
Thinking what a strange, strange thing
When I saw you at a table
And it struck me something special
Like a stoned, lone tree
In a field - stoic, beautiful, and lonely
Now it's all that I can think
All passionate and proper
Softly gazing at the floor
You were listening to me
Yeah you were listening to me
Yeah you were listening to me

Here comes the creeper
Here comes the creeper
Here comes the creeper