

To the Brink

I Am Kloot

Do you fancy a drink
I know a place called the Brink
Do you wanna go there
I can buzz off your smile
and there may be people you know there

They've got no rule of thumb
so on the counter I strum
with my fingers
and I adore the surprise
of tomorrows sunrise
so I linger

and I raise a glass, a smile or two
this stuff strips the light from your bones
and I would like to stay with you
but I leave alone

You're the guy on the bus
who's not quite one of us
you hear laughter
and they won't let you in
cos everyone knows what you're after

So you wear the disguise
of your brilliant ties
drenched in flamboyance
and you sit by the bar
much to everyone else's annoyance

and I raise a glass, a smile or two
this stuff strips the light from your bones
and I would like to leave with you
but I stay alone

and I raise a glass, a smile or two
this stuff strips the light from your bones
and I would like to leave with you
but this stuff strips the light
this stuff strips the light
this stuff strips the light
from your bones
from your bones