

The Original

Incubus

I only go where I'm wanted
You go only where you want
I aim to be more like you
There is a ghost in my house
Rattling handles on every door
Show us an open window or two
Would you?

Doors are starting to close
And you drew a rose my, my
Your mind it is original, oh
You're a skeleton key, opening me,
My, my; your mind it is original,
Girl you're the original
Always were
And always will be

The flowers of adaptation
Unfold and lovingly alarm
You effortlessly ring that bell
Your stripes are yours and yours only
The bow ideal of rare birds
And now I am under your spell
Oh, under your spell

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