

Cold Feet

Inner Wave

In a perfect storm of circumstance
I flirted with fire
When I felt your touch I knew I
Was along for the ride

It's getting late but I don't want to go
So I look for accommodation
Something's telling me that you're fakin'

I'm all out, is there a place we can get some?
No one laughs, does that mean I'm no fun?
All the lights can be so distracting
As I keep the car from crashing

It's getting late but I don't want to go
So I look for accommodation
Something's telling me that you're fakin'

'Cause I'm walkin' on that made up line
And I'm hopin' I don't fall off blind
And I'm walkin' on that made up line
And I'm hopin' I don't fall off blind (Blind, blind)

I wish that you could see
I wish I could believe in you