

White Lines Dancing

Josh Pyke

White lines dancing
In the ripple of a heat wave
Your hand on my thigh
Never thought I'd be the one
To get a little luck on
Please let me be wrong
We live our lives through
Each other
Not below and not above
And if I make it to the other side
I know
It'll be through the middle of your love
Now I'm waiting for some friction
Slow me down
Please
Slow me down slow me down
And one day I'll be waiting up for
Your keys in the front door
Eyes wide open
Like I've never seen you before

You hang your jacket
On the back of the chair
You throw your keys on the table

There's so much to tell you
I hope I can remember it all
'Cause waiting is a gamble
Sometimes you forget
What you were waiting for

Now you're crying in the front yard
You wouldn't put your shoes on
But wait for me
Wait for me
Wait

White lines dancing
You're living right through me
Thought I must have been led
Turns out
I was always leading
And never will I be
Bled dry
If I never stop bleeding

And we walked the streets at night
And we talked with a fever
We put a little money in a jar
That we could spend in the future
And I was trying to belong to you
But you were living right through me

And I remember thinking
If I could get a little luck on
Through the sheer force of my will
That I could make something happen

Your hand on my thigh
And I remember you told me
That there would always be
More time
But one day
There won't be