

# Moving Trains

## Slowly Slowly

Tangled up, denim eyes  
Stuck on you, see the signs  
Summertime, hypnotised  
Wait for you, but not tonight

I bet that you'd gamble me  
If you heard the frequency I'm on  
It sounds like death threats on your wedding day  
Well wishes on your funeral cake and

The summer is creeping around the bend  
I really could use a new friend who's just like you  
To break down or break into  
Your house or your car or your head

Take me down just enough  
To keep me round and fuck me up  
I'm coming back, every time  
Wait for me, til I die

I bet that that you'd gamble me  
But just maybe you'd turn to me  
I watched them all gouge out my father's eyes

Take my hand  
And cut it off  
Fuck me up  
I know the cost  
Take my hand  
And cut it off  
Fuck me up  
I know the cost

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I'm in your house and your car and your brain  
Building tracks in front of moving trains  
It's all so numb and vague to me  
Sweet morphine  
We fall out in-between  
And I don't wanna live like an abductee