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

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