

Rush hour
On an uptown train
Doors open
As she walks in
She's soaking
Caught in the rain
Her skin shines
Crystalline

Eyes meet
You know where this goes
Her keys in
They take off their clothes
They're soaking
Caught in a dream
Her skin shines like
Crystalline

The problem with believers
They'll let anyone in the door
The problem with deceivers
Is all the bodies buried under the floor boards

Sailors knew sirens would sing
From rocks off the cliffs by the sea
The monsters with waiting teeth
Their skin shines
Crystalline

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