

Scribble

The Rare Occasions

I want you to cozy up and call me your lover
I'd be some kind of fool if I didn't try for your number

The moon and the tides are lifting us up a little
A string in the dark

And I see in your eyes our lines they start to scribble

I tried so hard to justify the words that I've spoken
And drove off in the car somehow thinking I wasn't broken

Cold as the compass, spent as the speculator
I gave up on myself

But sometimes the path is pulled from the peril

Chase me through the clouds
I'll wait on the ground
Show me what you found
What you found
Let's talk about it

I want you to—to cozy up and call me your lover
I'd be some kind of fool if I didn't try for your number

The moon and the tides are lifting us up a little
A string in the dark

And I see in your eyes a scribble