

Figure on the Ice

The Virgins

Walking through the past
What can you do
When another old mask recognizes itself in you

Twenty odd summers ago
Fluttering back with a whisper through your hand
and a glimmer in your eye

In a Tiffany box where I kept your face
There's an old snapshot of a burnt out place

She's moving like a figure on the ice
Gold powder on a glass baseboard
Her lips are speaking; take her advice
Don't try shadowing her

Locked inside yourself
Where can you go
When it's somebody else
with the keys to free your soul

There is no more house
Where you were once in
Just a dozen bright rooms
and a portrait of no one

By your old man's bed
Where we pressed our love
With the condom drying in a cracked teacup

She's moving like a figure on the ice
Gold powder on a glass baseboard
Her lips are speaking; take her advice
Don't turn around
Don't try shadowing her

In a tiffany box where I kept your face
There's an old snapshot of a burnt out place

She's moving like a figure on the ice
Gold powder on a glass baseboard
Her lips are speaking; take her advice
Don't turn around
Don't try shadowing her

Keep moving like a figure on the ice
Soft powder on a glass baseboard
Her lips are speaking; take her advice
Don't turn around
Don't try shadowing her

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