

Velvet Gloves & Spit

Timber Timbre

I could not release the inspiration till you asked me to
Came at your body relentlessly throughout the years
Too far away to nearly show this honeymoon
I was a stranger to familiar and not enough

And I want to see the touch of your velvet hand upon my face
I recall velvet gloves and spit is your embrace
And I wanted nothing else

The haunted hotel room the two bit man child
I could not simply fall asleep next to you every night
Our castle in the sand built too high too soon
And under waving palms and waving sales and waves
Goodbye

And I once saw the touch of your velvet hand upon my face
I recall velvet gloves and spit is your embrace
Oh I once saw the touch of your velvet hand upon my face
And I recall velvet gloves and spit is your embrace
And I wanted nothing else