

# Fish On A Hook

Wild Rivers

I've had my hands buried deep inside my pockets  
You buy yourself some thread and you sewed them off  
And this bedroom, oh, she's a monster  
Swallowing our bodies and your socks

It's getting cold now  
Don your sweater  
Colder than it was this time last year  
Wear your soul out  
Keep a closed mouth  
The only thing between us is veneer

She dances at the edge of the ballroom  
Never losing sight of the door  
Yet somehow in the dark she got me cornered  
And I don't think I can fight it no more

I see her when I look out the window  
She stands naked in a frozen brook  
The space between her shoulder blades vacant  
Pullin' back like a fish on a hook  
Pullin' back like a fish on a hook

I've come to know that you're headin' north  
Every time the streetlights turn on  
Making plans with these twenty-nothin hands  
Relenting on a day that you'll be gone

And since it's colder  
And I find myself older  
I catch myself reminiscing on my own  
Truth be told to think this life's a rolling boulder  
So I'll hold you close to me like a precious stone

She dances at the edge of the ballroom  
Never losing sight of the door  
Yet somehow in the dark she got me cornered  
And I don't think I can fight it no more

I see her when I look out the window  
She stands naked in a frozen brook  
The space between her shoulder blades vacant  
Pulling back like a fish on a hook  
Pulling back like a fish on a hook

Whoa, oh, ohh  
Whoa, oh, oh, ohh, ohh  
Whoa, ohh, whoa

Whoa, whoa ohh  
Whoa, oh oooh  
Whoa oh, whoa oh  
Whoa, oh, ohhh