

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