

Urgency, The

"Fingertips"

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love, when you say your faith is falling fast
through your body, your mind and the soul that you
claim to have had
well I hoped to move you so and set you free
just be glad for these minds and these bodies
to meet all your needs

Baby
won't you spread your pretty little lips
make room for my fingertips
so I could get caught between your legs tonight
Baby
won't you spread your pretty little lips
and though I may not find enlightenment
I could get caught between your legs tonight

so go, find a new way of coping with being alive
when you find it don't tell me, I don't want to hear all
your lies
well I'd hoped to move you so and set you free
just be glad for these minds and these bodies to meet
all your needs

I'm a running monologue running away
running fast through the back of my head
I'm gonna run you out
I'm gonna take you down
I'm gonna take this shot
I'm gonna chase it with lead

this isn't suicide
it's a prison break and I just might make out fine
this isn't finding god it's just running away
runnin' an' runnin'

Baby, won't you spread your pretty little lips, and
though I may not find enlightenment
I could find GOD between your legs tonight

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