

Wolfgang Press**"Tremble"**

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Head in the clouds

Head in the water

When the waters break and the mud sucks up

You're going to tremble

Your origins and your last goodbyes

You're going to tremble

When the bowl is dry and the heat is mine

When the dust is ours

You're going to tremble

With half an eye

You're going to tremble, tremble

It's the magic of fools that the words are no more

Than fancy talk from shattered teeth and now

To begin the beguine [wait]

There goes another here, there goes another

Don't you say, don't ever ask why to what you are

Race along the road to rack or ruin

Or where ever you are

With half an eye I'll discover why nothing makes sense

With half a lout in substance will out

Hear me why I will not be torn from what is mine

You're going to tremble
It's the magic of fools in all the ways and all the ways
Half an eye discover why that nothing makes sense
You don't need me to see that I was never here at all
You race along the road to wherever you go
A lacquered head, a foreign tongue
To help oblige this need to belong
Fires crack crack crack
You're going to tremble, tremble
It's the magic of fools that the words are no more
Than fancy talk from shattered teeth
And now to begin the beguine
Don't ever say, don't ever ask why to what magic is
there
All the ways in all the ways in I are apart
Don't save one day, don't waste all day
Don't waste all day, don't race
Don't nail away to wherever you go
My girl ain't anybody, my girl is somebody.

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