

## Duffy

### "Hex"

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Hello little men from the  
Streets and the sewers  
Here's number three five seven  
Or did you think there were fewer

One by one, little dominos fall  
Into pools of cement  
Where the cracks tell it all  
Sucking it in  
Breathing a white light

The angels of heaven are here tonight  
Their choruses sing  
Their church bells ring  
The rear of the shots are deafening

I am the drooling dog  
I am the wounded heart  
I am the happy clown  
I am the coming down

Dropping a line for the forty fourth time  
Watching the flies drop as the body counts rise  
Feeling brand new, like the flowers of spring do  
It's going good for me, how's it going for you

Lifting the veil from the camera's dark eye  
Catching the spirits as they fall from the sky  
Inhaling the magic and holding it in  
The blur of where hell ends and heaven begins

Sex hyptnotism, I've got the sickness  
I tried to stop my body, but it wouldn't listen  
Asked myself out for a joyride quick drive  
You came along 'cause you wanted a joyride

Flashed me a smile and took it all in  
Pushed back in my seat as we (?) the drive-in  
Burned down the high way in a straight, straight line  
You hit my foot and sent it down the red line

Turned the car onto a back road  
I hit something hard, what was it, I don't know  
Rolled over and over atleast six times  
Laughed when we hit, we were feeling so fine

I took your bleeding heart out with my left hand  
The dirt in my head soon turned to (?) quick sand  
Ignite your eyes, buy now, die later  
Hold the flame, Hang on to your dream

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