

Feeling Left Out

"Would You Like Something To Drink?"

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Vanilla scented sky
the candlelight can only show so much
we can let our hands see what our eyes can't

You breathe softly
And move in slow motion
We keep a firm grip on this moment
'cause it will never last as long
as we want it to

So let's make the best of a great situation
I think I'll start at your ears
Work my way down to your neck
Roll over your collarbone
End up at your chest

Hipbones are calling my name
Only I can hear their plea
Serve as handles for the night
Skin like silk becomes slippery

Let's make the best of a great situation

Like every good story here must be an end
It's the only way we can relive this again

So let it go and wave goodbye

Happiness is a handful of days away
It's easier to count the days than hours We learned that
the hard way

The number is lesser in value
And easier to swallow

Thanks to **Rick vanravenhorst**
(**van@ripnet.com**) for these lyrics

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