

Jane Siberry

"Innig"

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Dark, dark bar
Bright bright day
A man in a yellow suit
Pushes his drink away

He's looking at the bottles
Lookin' at them real hard
He's lookin' at the bottles
Oh, when those walls come tumbling down...

Feels someone near
Feels someone pour it down
Feels someone burn
Feels something...

He's looking at the bottles
Lookin' at them real hard
He's looking at the bottles
Oh, when those walls come tumbling down...

Ah, but there was not a time
When the walls came tumbling down
That the rush of brotherly love
Pushing through the drug-induced generosity
Of my veins like a pack of drunken hounds
Begging and bobbing through the alleyways
Of the long spiral down

Ah, there was not a time
That did not contain within all this
A glimpse of the devil leering at me
Like there was some deep dark secret that we shared
Not no way, no how, not now

Dark, dark bar
Bright, bright day
The man in a yellow suit
Stares at his water
Stares at his water
Stares at his water
Water...

Water...

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