

Knife "Neverland"

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Eyes are sober, this is the plan
I'm sitting in a car heading Neverland
A fancy man, a fancy man
He's pointing with the fingers that are left on his
Hand

Eyes are hazel, but far too cold
Looking out for love
But none of us can
Where's the monkey that I've been told of
I'm staring at the money that burns in my hand
I'm dancing for dollars
And for a fancy man

Come right over, I'll knock on your shoulder
This is a story and this is what I've planned

An angry man, an angry man
Nothing is more fatal than an angry man

Vulnerable heights
Feed the hand that bites me
Following the steam into another room
Standing in the corner
Is this my home
Showing us love that none of us can
I'm singing for money
That burns in my hand

Tell me
Will I make it home tonight

I'm doing it for dollars and for a fancy man
I've got a lot of money that burns in my hand

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