

Knife, The "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 colder
Looking out for lover 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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