

## Cursive

# "Warmer Warmer"

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You're blowing through the home like a hurricane  
Shooting through the rooms like a bullet train  
Oh no, looking for what you shouldn't  
You're going to wish you didn't  
You can find pleasure in the crux of pain  
It seems you've find a way to dance on your own grave  
You're digging deeper when you say:

Come out, come out  
I heard such shouting from the wings  
I know you're up there

Lurking... watching...

We could play a game of hot and cold  
Your fingers nearly froze looking through those old  
photos  
It ain't a memory you're seeking  
It's more like a feeling  
Inspiration's a funny thing  
The more the mind wilts, the more of a wellspring  
You're getting warmer when you sing:

Come out, come out  
Don't be so proud, so obstinate  
I know you're up there  
Out, come out  
Before I doubt your existence  
You must be somewhere

Out, come out  
Unveil this shroud wherever you are  
Whoever you are, or should I say, whatever you are

I am, you are, oh-oh, oh-oh  
I am! I am!

Warmer, warmer, house on fire  
Warmer, warmer, cut the telephone wire  
Warmer, warmer, cried the farmer's wife  
Warmer, warmer, with a carving knife

Warmer, warmer, squealed the little pig  
Warmer, warmer, let me in

Warmer, warmer! You're getting hot  
Warmer, warmer! You're burning up  
Warmer, warmer, or have you had enough?

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