

## David Sylvian

### "Souring"

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Daylight mornings creeping in, had the blackest dream  
Are you souring  
And i dreamt that i wiped all the blood from your eyes  
Woke up thinking i loved you, but i can't say why

[Chorus]

So please leave your fucking money at the door  
Concede, you know you'll be coming back for more  
We're all looking for gold here

Midnight and you inch along  
Devils in the backyard now, where it all went wrong  
And i drink myself sick so i won't see you crawl  
Guess i drained all your beauty to watch you dissolve

[Chorus]

So please leave your fucking money at the door  
Concede you know you'll be coming back for more  
We're all lookng for gold here

And I hate that I need you and I don't know why  
And I hate that I need you, and I can't say why

[Chorus]

So please leave your fucking money at the door  
I concede, you know we're all coming back for more  
So please, leave the money at the door  
We're all looking for gold here  
We're all looking for gold here...

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