

## Deep Blue Something "Pullman, Washington"

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Crawl to the window  
Whisper to me if it snowed  
We? ll plot to murder each other  
And I'll be your alibi.

Bind me with wire  
Tell me your favorite vice  
And I'll discuss my childhood  
- If you need a sedative

CHORUS  
I like rain,  
the innocence in praying  
The faded faintly childhood  
smell of plastic  
When it? s set to burn,  
Angel dust, the two of us,  
Fresh-faced reminders  
of lessons that we? ll  
Never learn.

I see you? re sleeping  
You always can cry if it helps  
My soul is by the telephone  
- If you? re needing sympathy.  
And the rain won't wash away  
all that you hold to be true  
It remains somehow indifferent  
- Regarding the weatherman.

REPEAT CHORUS

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