

The Contortionist

"Like Lot"

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Sometimes the north-east wind blows
And whispers cold my name
While he howls around the house
Fuel to the flame
So I close all windows tight
And I put plugs in my ear
A pillow over my head
For I won't hear

I won't turn around and I won't look back
I won't cry and curse and all that shit
I don't wanna turn in a pillar of salt
Me love like Lot once did

I went through my flat and packed all your things
In a cardboard box to set me free
But we can't do this with memories
Me love, me love, can't we

I wrote you many lines from all over the place
They drowned in a river, burned in my fireplace
Hey-Hey-Hey... to find a way
Hey-Hey-Hey... to find my way

To find my way

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