

Tim Booth

"In The Darkness"

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Entering the underground
You're just across the way
I know the stop you're getting off
I see you everyday
It's only space that separates across the morning train
My silent thoughts can't penetrate your ipod with my
foreplay
Sex is fucking with my mind
It drives me down the line
Any girl with magic eyes
I want to make her mine
What can I do?
It must be you to leave the lovers train
Burn my house down to the ground
And calmly walk away
Into darkness
Temperature rising
My fortress is breached
Trembling fingers
No compromise reached
Eat you and lick you and spin as we climb
How much is too much
And who draws the line
Blood is much thicker than wine
In the darkness

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