

Vincent Minor

"The Trap"

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Hey what do you say?
It's your turn
I give you the microphone

I said hey
I know you're there
Knock Knock on stone
Till I get through to you

I'm in your world just for tonight
I slipped in through the back door jammed tight
I heard the sounds of oil wells
Tire tracks and Lava lamps

The wrestling winds may blow me down
When the air is thin bells will sound
Like New Years Eve without a kiss
When everyone's left and you're the only one in the
room

Wait!
So this is where we'll meet
Don't need a password
I'll just close my eyes

I said wait!
This is really me
You don't need to be afraid
I'm not ghost-like

White Cadillacs aren't what they seem
They drill a hole in my brain
I lost a love, I lost a friend
A short circuit has met it's end

I cannot forget what you meant
When you said life is dissolving
Systems down, you had no breath
You made it through to the other side of The Trap

