

Mister Peculiar

"Slipping Away"

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I feel you're away-slipping
And I must not stand sleeping
In this slick road we are pulling you
But I've too greasy hands

Hey girl please listen to me
You have so many someone else's light bulb overhead
To enlighten your way, but curiously they're blurring
you
You wanted that Saturday to be free
But they changed your mind

Tired of hearing that child scolding you
Tired of bearing that child in front of you
Which counts your money and drifts you honey from
me

I feel you're away-slipping
And I must not stand sleeping
In this slick road we are pulling you
And I've too greasy hands

Another book already read
A girl who keeps pinioned her wings
Bold face against bald wig
Warm quilt against a cold wind
Seems in vain the words in Spain

Tired of hearing that child scolding you
Tired of bearing that child in front of you
Which counts your money and drifts you honey from
me

Makes me feel so useless
I'm claimed as I am the guilty of all of their sins

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