

**Barry Manilow F/ Phyllis Hyman****"Where The Wild Things Are"**

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[Dose One]

You, don't know what happens when, (I) close the door  
And furniture comes warm, out to greet me, look  
Showing with pride, daze, dust  
And imaginary hug on non-conscious brush  
Things are better now  
I adore these, walls as they reveal, supple roots  
And vibrant flooring, he's home  
Seems to penetrate very fabric of the roof above me  
As panels seal (ceiling) seal (ceiling) peels  
Back the sky so beautiful with knife  
Famous purple clouds and mid-light  
Ash black sweeps the character away  
A truly awesome, sight  
Outside, makes room and weep for it  
The amazing thing is with secrets unfolding  
Abound, on ground I can only see the light  
And thus the moon burns and it tolerates magicals got  
some inspring  
To be or not, join the miraculous now transpiring  
That is the, who's flame is it for me to not feed  
So my relief becomes my gallion and my poon  
becomes my bloom  
This place has always been an ocean, always been a  
song

[Slug]

I got a liter of Knob Creek & bottle of Ether  
Got the second Mobb Deep creeping out of the  
speakers  
Would prefer to sit home and drink 'cause it's cheaper  
Why you trying to hide the eggs girl, you think that it's  
Easter?  
Got time to kill, got kills to time  
Prescription filled, I got pills to climb  
Got the firearm ready to rob convenience stores  
Got charm baby gonna recruit a team of whores  
Got hopes and dreams of no in between

(Sole chanting)

I've got hopes and dreams of no in between  
Good swing keep losing the fall in the green  
Good thing most my friends live inside my head  
'Cause now I'm never alone, when I lie in bed  
Got truth can't recall where I put it  
Maybe someone took it, mistook it for value and  
thought they wanted it  
Gone with the wind and the rain all that remains is a  
subtle taste of sin  
laced with grins and astonishment  
Don't believe in monsters...I know 'em  
Because they dwell in my heart and raise hell in my  
emotions  
If there ever was a reason to live it'd be to die  
Now hold still let me wipe the fear out of your eye

[Alias]

Darkness envelopes me, directly after eclipse  
It couldn't a mind know, of my lower instincts begin to  
kick  
At nothing, origin represents under my sleeping  
quarters  
Not a noise is being made, but yet I sense that there's  
no order  
Directly beneath my being I'm seeing, nothing but I can  
squint  
But there's commotion taking place I should check, but  
I don't give  
Worked up the courage, after much debating  
I proceeded to slowly creep in a reverse vertical  
Because I felt I needed, to make the confirmation  
Pulled out my coffin, saw a nation of creatures  
in different forms I couldn't fight this sensation  
They had their re-appearances in their own separate  
ways  
But all had the same familiar faces I've been staring at  
for days

[Sole]

That goes the cause here to hear him scratching  
Calling me names, calling me out my name  
Attractive not wallpaper, my wallpaper is turned to a  
piss yellow tint  
The post is a prank, all the faces are gone  
The bodies are dancing, taunting me in spirit  
The sounds are everything, but I can hear sarcasm in  
the lyrics  
All the pics in my frames been replaced mirror, glass  
and slate  
Some of 'em are see-through reflect on the ceiling but  
can't relate

And after all this time, my roses that I've stepped on  
My chattered toes are now weapons of mass  
destruction  
Talked and feel the oxygen of opposite in the combines  
of a quilt comforter  
It's safe and pretty  
Thunder cockroaches are jabbing me with toothpicks  
I tried to scream but I'm left, voiceless and toothless  
Virtually useless and it's messed with my head  
Thousand chatter tensions bench around the singing  
fire  
for the stupidest things I've ever said  
Gnawing at my flesh, collecting underneath my bed  
Intercepting to form a hawking mess  
A mammoth in a sense, jacking like an attitude  
Weaving me in a web, leaving me for dead  
Believe in me, could bet the joy of life  
To where I belong, to where I belong  
And exist like this forever, why do they never turn the  
light on?  
And why do they always leave the night on?

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