

Cirkus Europa

"Parisean Floor"

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Parisean Floor

I sat on a floor
a Parisean floor
the loneliest time of the year

The unwelcome guest
I watch her undress
the loneliest time of the year

Stoned on the couch
having visions of art
checkered eyes pink cones in snow

Alone on the couch
deciding to start
off something but really dont know

A picture of Jesus
in a wrinkled cloth
the room has turned bigger than it was before
I wouldnt know what
to do with it now
maybe just keep a close eye on the door

We drove thru the night
the new pounding night
branches grown out of my spine
the beat wakes the dead
the clouds around your head
are secretly strangely aligned

A picture of Jesus
in a wrinkled cloth
the owner of fires and hurricanes
Has he come here to see
what is left of me yet
Has he come here to watch
as I float down the drain

What would you do If he loved me

What would you do to me then
What would you do if you loved me
again

Its too late to think
Its to late to sleep
to late for it all Im afraid
The traffic below
the sound fades and grows
its all now that needs to be said

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