

Spragga Benz

"The Guilty Ones"

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Something started crazy
Sweet and unknown
Something you keep in a box on the street
Now it's longing for a home

Now you can say what dreams are
Making the time to be lonely and sad
You can say what we are
Now this is the season for dreaming

But now our bodies are the guilty ones
Who touch and color the hours
Night won't breathe
Oh how we fall in silence from the sky
And whisper some silver reply
Whoa oh oh

Pulses gone and racing
All fits and starts
Window by window you try and look into
This brave new you that you are

Now you can say what dreams are
Wake me in time to be out in the cold
And who can say what we are
This is the reason for dreaming

And now our bodies are the guilty ones
Our touch will fill every eye
Huge and dark
All our hearts will murmur the blues from on high
And whisper some silver reply
Whoa oh oh

And now our bodies are the guilty ones
Our touch will color the hours
Night won't breathe
Oh how we fall in silence from the sky
And whisper some silver reply
Whoa oh oh

And now our bodies are the guilty ones...

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