

Stephen Fretwell

"Wicked Ways"

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Give me this I'll give you that, this is the game we're
gonna play
I will take you catch you, don't want to find anything
Just want you near me now

I know your wicked ways, I know your angel hair
Suits you the best, it took 2000 years
To let it grow & flow around your breasts

I know your wicked ways, I know your summery dress
Suits you best, the way it follows you through the blue
Leaves the world caressed

My hands are singing with your love, I'll wait until you
got enough
I'll hold you until you think your save then push you
away and go
You will follow me through this caress, carried away to
total emptiness
Were gliding farther then we ever did, so run to me I'll
bite your love

Time no good, wisdom no good
Patience no good to me any more

Now night has fallen on the stair
Some things you do you can never repair
Seems I'm always pretending things aren't when they
are
And the leaves are nearly off the trees
The traffic thick past yellow windows
And I'm lost inside the frozen headlights, thinking of
you

Time no good, wisdom no good
Patience no good to me any more

And the trees are looking like bones
And the afternoons filled with storm and rain
I'm staring out of this metal train, thinking of you
And the trees are looking like bones

The afternoon filled with rain and storm
And I'm tangled up in memory's thorns, no way
through.

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