

Steve Kilbey "Transference"

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Telegram lines in meadows of junk
Jewels stay late to shake and I'll be sunk
Small eyed sellers with conquering ties
And I know those sins carry dangerous crimes
Yes we're sitting down the back with a head full of haze
Coming to terms with our yesterdays
Last night I found love in my fingertips
Imagined I was swimming between your peninsular lips
Standing on the snaking road
Mistaken, forsaken, and totally blowed
Yes we're sitting down the back with a bone in my hand
Pull down the blind on the sunburnt land
Once we stopped in the dead of night
I must have walked in on a hell of a fight
I never even saw who was throwing the punch
I never even asked who was paying for lunch
It reminds me of the time I've told you about
Every voice in the world seemed to shout
I sank to my knees hands over my ears
I could have heard what nobody hears
But I blew out the match with a weary breath
Checked my stash, there was nothing left
Stuck my face into the night
Tasted the rain that came with the light
Sitting in the back with a sneaking suspicion
Happy with my lazy ambition

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