

The D.O.C.

"The Peepshow Ghosts"

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Baby, why'd you wake me?
Is it my idea of eyes, a thousand sleeping eyes,
It's creeping up to you,
Like peepshow ghosts they do,
A sorry fault of mine,
Will take you back in time.

The peepshow ghosts will fade away
And reappear in you,
And if my dead darling stays away,
She will break my heart in two.

The booths all ragged style,
You crawled that extra mile,
Where the woman ends and shame begins,
The world can read your mind,
The girl can make you blind,
All hostage stolen flesh,
Will nail you to the rest.

I dreamed about the faithless,
I asked them passers by,
Could you wake me if I start to shake,
If I should start to cry,
Remind me of my crime,
And every fault of mine.

When bitter starts to turn around,
And bites your swollen face,
The stolen stabbing darkness,
The nakedness and starkness,
Will kill you if you stay,
Too near to hear just pray.

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