

Gone Jackals, The

"You Don't Know A Thing About Me"

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You let me slide, baby
On a sheet of thin ice
Askin' no questions
And receiving no lies

You speak to me in parables
You manufacture truth
My time is your's
Just wake me up when you're through

You tell me what I do.
You tell me what I think.
But you don't know a thing about me

You read me the future
From the palm of my hand
You plunge new depths
To remain in my plans

You draw your conclusions
From imaginary scenes
And piss your confusion
Into the stream

You're hurlin' it hard what you believe to be true
But you don't know a thing about me

Last, lovely, night
My skin was bare
The cool wind satisfied
I stood at the edge
Loosened a wing and braced for flight

Long live the night!
Next of kin had not been notified
I soared like a bird
The light of the moon's
The light of my life

I'll tell you anything
that you'd like to hear

But you don't know a thing about me

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