

The Gathering Field **"Right Where You Want Me"**

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I'm a fool
You're a liar
I'm a dry stick of wood
You are a fire

I thought it through
Baby I thought it over
Only thing I got to do now
Is tell you it's over

But you reach out your hand
And you pull on my heart
And my well designed plan
Crumbles apart
When I look in your eyes
I don't like what I see
Got me right where you want me

You slide like a snake
And you purr with your pleasure
With your trigger eye open you're taking
My desperate measure
And I mean to go slow
And I meant to go somewhere
'bout the only place I got to go now
Is further down under

Then you reach out your hand...

Now I'm lying alone
And I'm wondering why
You don't call on the phone
You don't ever stop by
When I look in my eyes
I don't like what I see
Got me right where you want me

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