

The Gone Jackals

"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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