

John Elton

"Original Sin"

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Oh, it's carnival night
And they're stringing the lights around you
Hanging paper angels
Painting little devils on the roof

Oh the furnace wind
Is a flickering of wings about your face
In a cloud of incense
Yea, it smells like Heaven in this place

I can't eat, can't sleep
Still I hunger for you when you look at me
That face, those eyes
All the sinful pleasures deep inside

Tell me how, you know now, the ways and means of
getting in
Underneath my skin,
Oh you were always my original sin
And tell me why, I shudder inside, every time we begin
This dangerous game
Oh you were always my original sin

A dream will fly
The moment that you open up your eyes
A dream is just a riddle
Ghosts from every corner of your life

Up in the balcony
All the Romeo's are bleeding for your hand
Blowing theater kisses
Reciting lines they don't understand

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