

# The Knife "Neverland"

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Eyes are sober, this is the plan  
I'm sitting in a car heading Neverland  
A fancy man, a fancy man  
He's pointing with the fingers that are left on his hand

Eyes are hazel, but far too cold  
Looking out for love  
But none of us can  
Where's the monkey that I've been told of  
I'm staring at the money that burns in my hand  
I'm dancing for dollars  
And for a fancy man

Come right over, I'll knock on your shoulder  
This is a story and this is what I've planned  
An angry man, an angry man  
Nothing is more fatal than an angry man

Vulnerable heights  
Feed the hand that bites me  
Following the steam into another room  
Standing in the corner  
Is this my home  
Showing us love that none of us can  
I'm singing for money  
That burns in my hand

Tell me  
Will I make it home tonight

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