

The The "The Twilight Hour"

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Your laying on your bed - & making shadows on the wall
It's almost too hot to move -
Outside your window -
People are driving home from work - for the weekend.
But your waiting for the phone to ring -
Your gonna tell her exactly what you think.
You practice getting your mouth around the words
that explain the way you feel.
You've been scared to show your real self -
In case she doesn't like what she sees -
You've been a "prostitute to humility" -
She's invaded your life & you've got to
Live apart - in order to...survive -
You were emotionally independent -
But starved of affection.
But now you've been trapped by tenderness
& been beaten into "submission"..
It's now way past the hour she usually phones -
& you've decided not to tell her your little joke
Where could she have got to.
Why is she torturing you -
You roll on your side -
& run your fingers through your hair -
Your scared of losing her -
& facing yourself -
A red sky at night may be a shepherds delight,
But your cutting chunks from your heart.
& rubbing the meat into your eyes.
She can't leave you now - you've given up all your
friends
Your relying on her - for your independence
She can't leave you here - alone & defenseless
Your relying on her for your independence
YOUR RELYING ON HER
Thomas Leer - synths
Zeke Manyika - drums
Camelle G. Hinds - bass guitar
Matt Johnson - synths, instruments, percussion, vocals

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