

## Thursday "Telegraph Avenue Kiss"

Visit "[Telegraph Avenue Kiss](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's the song that you tried to sing  
And the note that you couldn't hit  
So you locked her up in a music box  
Turned the key on all of us  
She spins silver strings in the dark  
With metal teeth that ring in her heart  
When the cover drops  
The world just fades

Away, away, away from her  
Waiting, waiting, waiting for her  
To say it  
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,  
I need someone to spell it out  
You know our love's not unconditional

A book of matches and a cigarette  
A love note that you never sent  
You can fold it up  
But you won't forget  
You can strike a match  
But it still might not light

Now I'm the one that's stuck inside  
The silver cage  
The bird that can't fly away  
Clip its wings

If it sings of

The way, the way, the way that it hurt  
Waiting, waiting, waiting for her  
To say it  
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,  
I need someone to spell it out  
You know our love's not unconditional  
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,  
there's nothing left to talk about  
You know our love's not unconditional

Low F-I-D-E-L-I-T-Y  
Do all love songs turn out this way?

Can't you hear me when I say:  
"You're in my heart  
In my hands  
'round my neck"

We move like a carousel  
Streak lights and mirrors fill our eyes  
It's time to let this go  
Can't stop spinning

Around, around, around...  
K-I-S-S I'm in distress, I need someone to spell it out  
You know our love's not unconditional

Visit [Thursday](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.