

Warmer, Warmer

Cursive

You're blowing through the home like a hurricane
Shooting through the rooms like a bullet train
Oh no, looking for what you shouldn't
You're going to wish you didn't
You can find pleasure in the crux of pain
It seems you've find a way to dance on your own grave
You're digging deeper when you say:

Come out, come out
I heard such shouting from the wings
I know you're up there

Lurking ... watching ...

We could play a game of hot and cold
Your fingers nearly froze looking through those old photos
It ain't a memory you're seeking
It's more like a feeling
Inspiration's a funny thing
The more the mind wilts, the more of a wellspring
You're getting warmer when you sing:

Come out, come out
Don't be so proud, so obstinate
I know you're up there
Out, come out
Before I doubt your existence
You must be somewhere

Out, come out
Unveil this shroud wherever you are
Whoever you are, or should I say, whatever you are

I am, you are, oh-oh, oh-oh
I AM! I AM!

Warmer, warmer, house on fire
Warmer, warmer, cut the telephone wire
Warmer, warmer, cried the farmer's wife
Warmer, warmer, with a carving knife
Warmer, warmer, squealed the little pig
Warmer, warmer, let me in

Warmer, warmer! You're getting hot
Warmer, warmer! You're burning up
Warmer, warmer, or have you had enough?