

The Shake

Kisschasy

The scratching of paper and pen,
Reminds me of song I wrote two years back.
I remember each and every line,
Like a photo glued to the lids of my eyes.

The shiver of my wheezing chest, Reminds me of the way I felt t
wo years back.
And as we lose all track of time,
I feel her breath like ice on the tip of my spine.

The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
Oh-oh-oh.

The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep.

I wait for the bed to get warm,
As my eyes adjust to the darkest light form.
And as I start to drift away,
You're the shake that pulls me back to this state.

The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
Oh-oh-oh.

The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep,
The shake before I sleep.

You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake

You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake
You're the shake