

Here Comes That Feeling

Squeeze

Up in the morning
Politely yawning
There's frost on the roof of the car
First cigarette puffs
Gold links in my cuffs
Egg on the shirt of my heart

Fingerprints in the dust with my name
Squint my eyes to see from my fame
Spot the words that fall from my lines
The deafness hides the light from the blind

Stop starting journey
The road returns me
Back to the world in the evening
The stage rehearsals
Voice on the circles
Blah blah my way to the ceiling

I can't see the walls from the chairs
Are there people sitting out there
Feed me with a frown or a laugh
Featureless the faces that ask

Tonight I'm cracking
I'm murder acting
Footlight the visual of my lines
I'll smoke and drink it
I'll eat and think it
Miserable the murder plot unwinds