

Never Give In

The Streets

I'll never give in till you're laying with me
You may as well tell me when that day will be
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I don't mean to sound so keen but you know me and I don't feel
To spoil what we've got, enjoying watching dots
Touring out lines, fully boring good time

Through the scent of flowers and the humility of love
The evening is now set up for a thorough dreaming of
The gentle guests and games with a sense of sex and said
Every sentiment lending metaphors for bed

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I'll soon lie to you tonight about the true signs who flew in my mind
I'll keep my arms with me from wrapping right round you
Till what we spark of a thought that could drown you

Does she do or does she don't love me true or fucking won't?
The only time I know of love is when silence is violent
Optimism fizzing in the clonk in dizzy imagery
Rocking hot humidity, but this is sizzling

Stumble over innuendo
Does she notice, does she fuck know?
Starting the evening riffling through feelings

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