

# Gene, Well Find Our Own Way

While cimineys seep  
my room is dark  
the wardropve sees you sleep  
There's nothing here  
but rumbles from our street,  
and I'm left wanting more.  
I've tried to ask, but  
while stooping down  
your mouth began to gasp  
"Oh look at that,  
I think I'd better pass"  
so i'm left wanting more.  
Given time and a cheap dark room  
And I will show you  
All the love and wonder  
You could buy.  
This town lies calm  
the low sun climbs  
And if you give me time  
I'll take you in my arms  
and tend you like a vine  
but i'm left wanting more.  
Your love, it lies  
those hands deny the hatred in your eyes  
so turn that down  
and give me a reply,  
but I'm still left wanting more  
All the great loves of this world  
Are cast asunder, because  
here comes my thunder  
Just for one night  
No need to buy