

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