

Thursday, Telegraph Avenue Kiss

She's the song that you tried to sing
And the note that you couldn't hit
So you locked her up in a music box
Turned the key on all of us
She spins silver strings in the dark
With metal teeth that ring in her heart
When the cover drops
The world just fades

Away, away, away from her
Waiting, waiting, waiting for her
To say it
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,
I need someone to spell it out
You know our love's not unconditional

A book of matches and a cigarette
A love note that you never sent
You can fold it up
But you won't forget
You can strike a match
But it still might not light

Now I'm the one that's stuck inside
The silver cage
The bird that can't fly away
Clip its wings
If it sings of

The way, the way, the way that it hurt
Waiting, waiting, waiting for her
To say it
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,
I need someone to spell it out
You know our love's not unconditional
K-I-S-S I'm in distress,
there's nothing left to talk about
You know our love's not unconditional

Low F-I-D-E-L-I-T-Y
Do all love songs turn out this way?
Can't you hear me when I say:
"You're in my heart
In my hands
'round my neck"

We move like a carousel
Streak lights and mirrors fill our eyes
It's time to let this go
Can't stop spinning

Around, around, around...
K-I-S-S I'm in distress, I need someone to spell it out
You know our love's not unconditional