

FROM GOOD HOMES

INTO THE BLACK

(Music/Lyrics: Todd Sheaffer)

She is, slipping out through a crack
She is, slipping out through a crack

And I am here on dry land
Trying to reach her in hand
But she can't hear somehow
Oh Lord, where is she going now?

She is, slipping under the waves
She is, slipping under the waves

I am here on dry land
Trying to reach her in hand
But she can't hear me now
Oh Lord, I must get through to her, somehow

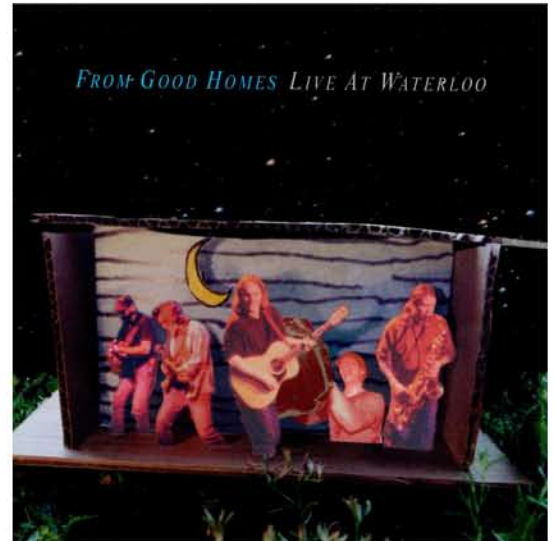
She is, slipping into the black
She is, slipping into the black

And I am out in the hall,
beating my head against the wall
as she drifts farther away

Oh Lord, why do you make me watch
and give me nothing to do or say

Oh Lord, why do you make me watch,
give me nothing to do or say

She is, slipping into the black
Slipping into the black
Slipping into the black
Slipping into the black



APPEARS ON:
LIVE AT WATERLOO - EP