

Cut Of Attention

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She says there's something, something that she needs
Just a little taste of
Just a little, little, little comprehension
Because it's her contention that redemption is rarely free
That's why she seeks what she needs
What she thinks that she needs

She's a Jesus lover
Who's like a cookie cutter
But she ain't cutting me (she ain't cutting me)
She ain't cutting me... no, no, no

The cut is her new invention
I said the cut is her new invention
So she lets it pour
I said she lets it pour

Well she pours like the moonlight falling on the shore
And she roars like a fire churning at its core
She pours like red wine staining the floor
And she roars like the heart of a drunken, drunken, drunken troubadour
It's what she needs
What she believes

She loves her crimson strings
They tell her everything
But they don't come for free (they don't come for free)
They don't come for free... no, no, no

It's just a little
I said it's just a little cut
A cut of attention that she needs
Well, that she thinks that she needs
She don't see

Because she pours like the moonlight
She roars like a fire
She pours like red wine
And she crawls like a green
A very, very, very green vine

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