

Whirlpool

Tonight there's something churning
I beckon to its call
And passions running wild
Please catch me when I fall
Way cross-town watch me drown in your whirlpool
There's lipstick on your wineglass
It's on your cigarette
And I'm lying at the crime scene
Still trying to catch my breath
Your widow's den sucked me in to your whirlpool

I know I'm not the first man
Betrayed by your kiss
But I grew old believing
I'd never go like this
Powerless your sweet caress is just a whirlpool

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*Written by Steve Hodge. Produced and recorded by John Spreier. Bass guitar and vocals by John Spreier.
Drums by John Guadagni. Electric guitar by Steve Hodge.*

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