The Last American Cowboy

The Bled

Brace yourself for the plight of the born
As the spotlight strips you bare
Just a useless act in the play of lifeCast as the role of the lover
And I feel slightly misplaced
In a world that fuck or be fucked, kill the lightsLetch, one more time and say it like you mean it
Lush, one more time and tell it like you feel it
Lover, you've got talent but I just don't see itWrap your hook around my neck
And get me off, get me off
Get me off your stageIn every coma, lover's kiss collides with truth
And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise
And I know, disguise the lies that you fed me last night
These plots are breeding grounds for nothing but the worst
And nothing could be worse and I know whyAnd what do I have left?
The composer just went deaf
The singer lost his breath
In the glow of the crowdThe dancer's on a crutch
The writer drank too much
The director lost his touch
In the glow of the crowdCan you resist the urge to burn the script we wrote?
Bring on the flood before we choke
Applause engulfs the room
We bow into the tombsSing me one more line so I can sleep
Sing me one more line so I can sleep
Sing me one more line so I can sleep
This is all you needMy love, it follows you
To your grave, to your grave
And I know, my love, it follows you
To your grave, to your graveIn every coma, lover's kiss collides with truth
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