

Thirteen on High

Why?

I've seen my shadow make the grass not grow
In a strange approximation of my sorrow
So I know im framed in pain to see
But here the maid does come before I show
And after I go
And she has not seen me

Cause I am obliterated
Get close and be frustrated
Oh I am obliterated by the end of the night

The bay awakes to the whispers of dawn
Take the cigarette slow and watch them go
By the rise of the sun theyâ€™ll all be gone
And they have not seen me

Cause I am obliterated
Get close and be frustrated
Oh I am obliterated by
The end of the night

Lyrics submitted by adamsmith.

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