

The Curtain

Deer Tick

Excuses turn to make
And more than I am
I ghost my silly lies
And crucify my friends
It's only looking back
Am I looking for things
Break myself apart
And I would do it againThe stage turns all gone
The curtain still remains
High as a puppeteer
I pull all my restrains
I pull all my control
I can make a judge convinced
But I know that spirit with
I don't wanna beThe animals pulling teeth
The guitar is stung with nothing
And never makes the beat
It's lonely now I laugh
While the master takes the break
Who's counting all those ticketsThe stage turns all gone
The curtain still remains
High as a puppeteer
I 'm pulling all my strengths
I pull all my control
I can make a judge convinced
But I know that spirit quit
I don't wanna be

Songwriters

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