

# Dead After Dallas

## Ten After Two

It's not for the fame  
Not so much a catch and you fall apart  
It's such a sad excuse  
I'll hang, hang, hang until it's done  
Don't ever tell me we're the fucking same I've got bigger plans than this and it's not for the fame  
Not so much a catch when you fall apart  
It's such a sad excuse, it's all the same, a sad excuse I've got a layer of Hell sitting under my skin  
All these string have become knots  
Let's cut them all With only regrets I can hardly see straight  
So wash me white as snow  
With no persuasion and only contradiction  
These lies are all I know I need an answer  
I need the truth  
I need an outing (Why have we pushed so hard) I need an answer  
I need the truth  
I need an outing (Why have we pushed so hard) All these strings have become knots and  
I'm bound to fall if I'm left on my own  
I have had it up to the brink  
So hang, hang, hang until it's done

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