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 sameI'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 excuseI've got a layer of Hell sitting under my skin
All these string have become knots
Let's cut them allWith only regrets I can hardly see straight
So wash me white as snow
With no persuasion and only contradiction
These lies are all I knowI 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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