Bled White

Leichenfeld

I'm a collared reporter
(Gross city on the 409)
But the city's been bled white
(White city on the yellow line)
And the doctor orders
(Drinking 'til destruction is just a waste of time)
Drinks all night to take away this curse
But it makes me feel much worse
Bled white
So I wait for the F-train
(White city on the yellow line)
And connect through a friend of mine
(White city to a friend of mine)
To a yesterday dream
(Yesterday dream is just a waste of time)
'Cos I'll have to be high to drag the sunset down
And paint this paling town
Bled white

So here he comes with the blank expression
Especially for me 'cos he knows I feel the same
'Cos happy and sad come in quick succession
I'm never going to become what you became
Don't you dare disturb me
(Don't complicate my piece of mind)
While I'm balancing my past
(Don't complicate my piece of mind)
'Cos you can't help or hurt me
(Fading me baby is just a waste of time)
Like it already has
I may not seem quite right
But I'm not fucked, not quite
Bled white
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