

# Be Invited

## The Twilight Singers

Once the feeling calls  
You play the part, break the heart  
Until you feel alive Scratch through the ceiling you love  
To have your fun behind the gun  
Till the feeling dies And there's something at work here  
There's something at work here  
There's something at work here  
Dark circles around your body Soon you'll be stealing for  
The odds and ends  
We once were friends  
Now you demean us Back to the meaning  
Of the way you are  
You crash the car  
To make the fever rise And there's something, I'm working  
There's something, I'm working  
There's something, I'm working  
Dark circles around your body Shift less inside your gut  
We lay the card, the players apart  
Used to be alike Slips your aching heart  
And once again  
Without your friend  
Come to be invited

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