Caretaker's Theme

Slut

I wore it out, I played along a bit and missed a hit. I out of trace now, walked away now, alright... tried to fight, I look at emptiness, my private mess. I out of place now, just walked away now, alright... gimme back the choice to win again, gimme back the voice so I can sing along with them. I out of trace now, lost my face now, alright... wore it out, I played along a bit, missed a hit. I out of place now, walked away now, alright... peace is over... peace is over... peace is over... peace is over... peace is over

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