Ghost Town (Twisted by Design Sessions)

Strung Out

Sunday morning freak show someone forgot to pull the plug out on this place a long time ago
The angels, the don't come around and the gods, they run like devils
Chasing secrets no one talks about down avenues of glitter lights and pain
I've been looking for a place to leave my troubled thoughts behind
But trouble's growing all around It's all I seem to find
In this land of make believe toxic February breeze cemetery boulevards
And neon signs that say you've come too far
I don't want to be the one to say I know exactly what I'm headed for
Some things in life I think you shouldn't know
If I'm on a one way street to nowhere at least I made it there
To say I don't regret a single thing that I have done

Songwriters
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