

For The Record

Stanton Moore

God knows I've longed to feel something but now's not the time
I'm caught up in the heartless disorder of a Friday night
 Focused on staying distracted until I lose sight
 Of the tiresome and clinical patterns of my life
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, rest of my night
 One day I'll find myself facing the firing line
 Serves me right, for the record I've written my crimes
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, the rest of my night
 Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
 Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
 Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail
 I've let them devour my heart for some material
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways
 Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera
 What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?
 There's got to be something more than this
 What's next? What's next?
 What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?
 There's got to be something more than this
 What's next? What's next?
 Trust me, I'm still with you somewhere
 I just wish you were here
Someday I'm bound to feel guilty but now's not the time
 I'm sure I'll get what I'm due, everything will be fine
 Hell bent on finding the next fix in the fog
 You're in a cab on the way to your house, change the locks
I will cherish this love for the rest of the night, rest of the night
 Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
 Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
 Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail
 I let them devour my heart for some material
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways

Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera
Please forgive me

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