## **Haze One**

## **Psychotic Waltz**

Now we're on the road The freeze is coming on Everyone is sleeping now The first on to bed, but the last to leave my head So I burn another number down And as I'm laying down I'm wondering Where are all the people now Where is all the screaming crowd And as I bring on what's inside of me I know it's quite a dream Burn the candles down As we're pulling out of town Pass the haze around Talk about the show Got another less to go Hey, what did you think about the sound? Cold November's got me burning down Cold November's got me ember burning down Now my ears are ringing I don't mind the sound Concerned about my singing Cause the cold can bring it down East Berlin to Austria How much further now? I hope it is a long way I have to sleep before the day

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