Retreat

The Rakes

I'm walking unknown territory, where the sun's not shining
There's nothing golden about Golden Lane
The smoke is heavy in my lungs and the adverts are working
I just can't sell for who or what I amI don't wanna miss out on anything
At the same time I feel the need to retreat
Everything is temporary these days
Might as well go out for a third night in a rowShould I give my money to a good cause or save for a holiday?
In a couple of months I could be in paradise
But the girl at the bar is well nice and she's looking over
It's only right that I get the next round inI don't wanna miss out on anything
At the same time I feel the need to retreat
Everything is temporary these days
Might as well go out for a fifth night in a rowWalk home, come down, retreat to sleep
Wake up, go out again, repeat
Walk home, come down, retreat to sleep
Hook up, again this time, next weekWalk home, come down, retreat to sleep
Wake up, go out again, repeat
Walk home, come down, retreat to sleep
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