I Stole This For You

Crime In Stereo

Dusk hits and the whole world gets to be, "knock three times, tell them who sent you and who you came to see". I could find you in any dive in any one of these Dark streets. In a vinyl booth with a stranger, dripping insincerities. And all those promises to me you mumbled. I guess you'll keep them eventually...(to someone else)
Now we're all former friends treated like guests in our very own home, as we stare and wonder how someone young could get dumber than you.
But hey that's what they say about the divorce rate: the kids grow up not trusting anything. (hey that's what they say about you and me) But I won't forget the day when you came to me backstage just to see what I would say about your newest mistake. Duck hits and the whole world gets to see you hide out in some Green Point diner with all the indie rockers and the graphic designers, diving through the alleys of these Dark streets, with a vinyl smile dripping with insincerity.
Hell you sure fooled me.
But hey that's they say about two products of the divorce rate. And if this fate is ours to embrace, you can come find me backstage. But I won't be anyone's mistake.

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