On

Vaux

Your answers fall as red lips on the receiver of your telephone
When turning out means turning on
And dial tones lost for all too long
Orders placed and then withdrawn
All is just five minutes gone
Wires hold up all that's wrong
When it's just us and...
Time won't deal this penance
And try burn look away
Sign for small talk session
Found with nothing to say
It's no more right
Than it's the same
Silent tonight
Silent to...
Pass the sounds that pass all wrong
Until all interest stumbles down
Begin the pull of siren's song isn't that what drives us on

And your just here to tag along
Trail so far then left alone
Answers fall as red lips on the receiver of your telephone
God damn this pace
It's much too slow
It's much too old
It's nearly stalling
It's holding back
It's loosing ground
And giving way
It's tried not true
And can't pursue
We're loosing patience
When palms are read
And forced tongue said
Nothing's changed
Why should we waste this teenage land
Why should we bow for anything

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