The Kissaway

Mates of State

When we came inside
You asked me if I'm well
Living like thisIt gets you through the night
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prowl again
It gets you through the night
That at least tells the rest of the drawing, king
It gets you through the night
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prowl again
It gets you through the night
As we're doting alongCome out to the west backside of my eye(s)
True that's true that's trueYou're selling what you own
Selling yourself short of the life that's teeming in the dirt
Stop telling what you know
Suddenly you're so sure of the life that's breeding in the dirtIt gets you through the night
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prowl again
It gets you through the night
As we're doting alongCome out to the west backsides of my eyes
True that's true that's true
I'm off to the west, it's blinding my eyes
True that's true that's true
Come out to the west backsides of my eyesYou opened up
This is the kind of place I know
Let's add up all the mischief and mercy ruins
'Cause these walls have all worn white

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