

Montauk

Bayside

It's getting cold
Thought it was too soon to tell
But it was terribly old
And now the heartbeat slows to a heartless crawlThe lights went out
The lights went out
And darkness filled the house
On a tiring night under a Long Island skyI thought, I'd known the consequence
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of itIn years to come, it might make sense
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Just what's become of it
What's become of itBut if you hear this
And you think you're ready
Meet me in Montauk where
We'll write out in the sandHere lies the destiny
Of two hurt souls afraid to be
Cured again
That could be our epitaphI thought, I'd known the consequence
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of itIn years to come, it might make sense
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Just what's become of it
What's become of itI thought, I'd known the consequence
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of itIn years to come, it might make sense
Sweetness, can you believe this?
What's become of it
What's become of itI knowI thought, I'd known the consequence
Sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of itIn years to come, it might make sense
Sweetness, did you foresee this?
What's become of it
What's become

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