

Underpass Tutorial

From Autumn To Ashes

This monument to the matron
Quick change of mood when you came in
A nervous introduction
Then we can for invincible alliance
Your growing fond of deception
All the things that you forget to mention
And every indiscretion pushes me further away
Desperate, do you ever grow tired of begging?
I know, I know, I'd rather live with nothing
Negative maybe but I've been working on it
Progress just moves so slowly
We are growing more and more distant
We are growing more and more distant
Miss Model Mess hits the pavement
Young debutante formed a habit
Measures that may seem drastic
Whatever makes you feel accepted
But I'm going south for the season
With nothing but a paper back companion

And mine is the only opinion
With which I'll have to agree
Desperate, do you ever grow tired of begging?
I know, I know, I'd rather live with nothing
Negative, maybe but I've been working on it
Progress just moves so slowly
[Incomprehensible] Each and every under pass that bears the declaration
Of a dated love affair and the number of Satan
I was educated there by the commuter station
The burdens you're bearing with threaten to break
The back of the widow that weeps when she wakes
We are growing more and more distant
We are growing more
Desperate, do you ever grow tired of begging?
I know, I know, I'd rather live with nothing
Negative, maybe but I've been working on it
Progress just moves so slowly

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