

For The Record

Torae

God knows I've longed to feel something but now's not the time
I'm caught up in the heartless disorder of a Friday night
Focused on staying distracted until I lose sight
Of the tiresome and clinical patterns of my life
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, rest of my night
One day I'll find myself facing the firing line
Serves me right, for the record I've written my crimes
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, the rest of my night
Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail
I've let them devour my heart for some material
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways
Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera
What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?
There's got to be something more than this
What's next? What's next?
What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?
There's got to be something more than this
What's next? What's next?
Trust me, I'm still with you somewhere
I just wish you were here
Someday I'm bound to feel guilty but now's not the time
I'm sure I'll get what I'm due, everything will be fine
Hell bent on finding the next fix in the fog
You're in a cab on the way to your house, change the locks
I will cherish this love for the rest of the night, rest of the night
Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
Lord, have mercy on my soul
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down
Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail
I let them devour my heart for some material
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways

Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera
Please forgive me

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