

The Palest of Them All

Lawrence Arabia

All of us hiding in the night
pale refugees of awful light
we cower in alleyways and clubs
breaking hearts and making love
And blending in with the wall is the palest of them all
We pick our roses by the
railway
we have our picnics in the mall
our parents say "look what the cat dragged in,"
it doesn't bother us to be dead birds laid at the door
And blending in with the wall is the palest of them all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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