

Curtains

The Whiskey Saints

There's a void
You can't replace
You can try all you want, but it seems to haunt
Every pretty new girl's face
With bitterness
One it seems
Only feels so uncertain, just lights then curtains
With nothing in betweenEven when we dress up
Even when we go out
I'm just acting from an inch of truth
That I try to shoutWith our plans
I'll hesitate
As years get colder, our skin grows older
And all I'll do is wait
Tying tongues
From playing games
I thought they were over, but they're never over
There's always someone else to blameEven when we dress up
Even when we go out
I'm just acting from an inch of truth
That I try to shout
I'll try to shout

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