

# 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 between Even when we dress up  
Even when we go out  
I'm just acting from an inch of truth  
That I try to shout With 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 blame Even 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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