

# To Be Forgotten

## Desperate Journalist

There's always something missing  
You're never quite content  
And every worry whistling  
Shudders the firmament  
You're happy in small holes  
Just leaving time inside  
When the smallest burnt run foes  
Ride the shame you ever tried

And you know it's better to be safe  
Err on the quiet side to bridle your self-hate

To be forgotten  
Oh, to be forgotten  
To be, to be, to be, to be, to be forgotten  
Oh, the joy, the joy, to be forgotten

We're sleepless in the garden  
As Concorde moans above  
Oh, the pleasure and the pardon  
As you excuse me of my love  
A flashbulb dances on you  
To glow embarrassed line  
Oh, how such prettiness is unto  
An absent fate resigned

And you know, I'm scared of being known  
I turn away and I pretend that I'm alone

To be forgotten  
Oh, to be forgotten  
To be, to be, to be, to be, to be forgotten  
Oh, the joy, the joy, to be, to be forgotten

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>