

# The New Year

## The Getaway Plan

Touch me  
You'd never touch me  
You'd never  
Your silver smile has once again controlled me  
No need to put this on me  
You are the one and only thing I need  
Trust in me, I'll show you things you've never seen  
This town never felt the same  
Since the sun went down I don't feel so safe  
Your face is such a mess  
And the wine on your breath shows gracelessness  
So deceiving

Let it go your hands are right in front of me  
Cracking up and, the sound of the new year saviour  
Pen on paper  
(This is what I get)  
No need to do this baby  
The sex it drives me crazy  
You begin to break me in  
Tell me what you need  
So you throw it away  
All this fucking dismay  
And now you're back in your skin  
There will be terror at the sight of this...  
She only knows how to stay awake in here

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