Trickery

Ace Deuce

They say your life is like a a yellow brick road
That's nice, mine's like a maze
Is there some secret handshake, I do not know
'Cause I stop and ask for help, people tell me different waysSometimes they're right
And sometimes they're wrong to me
Well, it's like a game
They're in a best of three'Cause trickery's always triggering sirens
In my head, in my head
And trickery's trying to cover my eyes
And cloud my head, cloud my headI'm like a homeless man caught in a storm
With no point to run for cover
As I stay motionless under the grave
This takes to all the miserable army if it shakes my brainSometimes they're right
Sometimes they're wrong to me
They're comin' fast
They're only picking up speed'Cause trickery's always triggering sirens
In my head, in my head
Yeah, trickery's trying to cover my eyes
And cloud my head, cloud my headI wish I could discern the things I cannot see
Or am I too concerned with finding clarity
And all these questions are killing me
And everyone tells me different thingsSometimes they're right
And sometimes they're wrong to me
They're comin' fast
They'll be here before true loveTrickery's always triggering sirens
In my head, in my head
Yeah, trickery's trying to cover my eyes
And cloud my head, cloud my headTrickery's always triggering sirens
And trickery's trying to cover my eyes
Yeah, trickery's always messing with my head

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