

# 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 ways Sometimes 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 head I'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 brain Sometimes 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 head I 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 things Sometimes they're right  
And sometimes they're wrong to me  
They're comin' fast  
They'll be here before true love 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 head Trickery's always triggering sirens  
And trickery's trying to cover my eyes  
Yeah, trickery's always messing with my head

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