The Flop

Red Circle Underground

The FlopIn a logical condition, you can't afford to listen, you'll turn back to
people understanding what you wish and thesunrise will tell you
what to chooseI'll extract 'em from a prism, your loneliness addition, in some way
they'll tell me what they think about you livin and I don't know if
anything will doOh, falling after youA la Deafened interruptions. They stole away destruction, the glass is
from a window that was never meant for breakin' and I wish time would
tell me what to chooseAll our temptresses are showing these children that there growing,
ten times the motherfucking rate at which the suppose. And I can't say
if anything will doOh, falling after youI don't even know your name,
Cause you left me all alone
No I didn't know what to do
Instead I'm falling after youOh, falling after you

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