

# Twenty Years

## Placebo

There are twenty years to go  
and twenty ways to know  
who will wear  
who will wear the hat. There are twenty years to go,  
the best of all I hope.  
Enjoy the ride, the medicine show. And them the breaks for we designer fakes.  
We need to concentrate on more then meets the eye. There are twenty years to go,  
the faithful and the low.  
The best of starts, the broken heart, the stone.  
There are twenty years the go,  
the punch drunk and the blow.  
The worst of starts, the mercy part, the phone. And them the breaks for we designer fakes.  
We need to concentrate on more then meets the eye.  
And them the breaks for we designer fakes.  
But it's you I take 'cause you're the truth not I. There are twenty years to go.  
A golden age I know.  
But all will pass, will end to fast, you know. There are twenty years to go,  
and many friends I hope.  
Though some may hold the rose some hold the rope. And that's the end and that's the start of it.  
That's the whole and that's the part of it.  
That's the high and that's the heart of it.  
That's the long and that's the short of it.  
That's the best and that's the test in it.  
That's the doubt, the doubt,  
the trust in it.  
That's the sight and that's the sound of it.  
That's the gift and that's the trick in it. You're the truth not I.  
You're the truth not I.  
You're the truth not I.  
You're the truth not I.

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