

Dead End Thanks

Horse Feathers

Bankrupt in bed let's not call this love,
While waving a flag that's white as a dove
We'd lay and not speak,
We'd cry and not weep,
I'm wide awake,
And have honestly seen our mistake
With the changing of minds,
A new tune must be sung,
While choking on old air,
That's up in our lungs.
We'd lay and not speak,
We'd cry and not weep,
And now we're hollering,
Murder from the streets?
Sleep fragile doll,
It don't look like you're mine at all,
We had walked before we'd crawled,
And ran straight into a wall.
And now we're hollering,
Murder from the streets?
I'm wide awake and have honestly seen,
By dream and by sign,
Two people just run out of time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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