

Art Isn't Real (city Of Sin)

Deer Tick

I am the guarded line
And you fill me in with whatever you like
I am just going through the motions
I need an old fashioned potion
There has gotta be some old recipe
'Cuz I gotta get drunk
I gotta forget about somethings
I lived in lies all my life

And I've been living here for a long, long time
And I know its been coming down a while now
When it shows, then you get me on the dial
But right now you're half way around the world
Maybe I'll see better days, but I'm not so sure I will
I'm still hanging round and round
Sometimes it's a racket, but lately not a sound
In the bowels of history and time

I have learned to stay back and never shine
Now I feel stupid when I smile
For not a journey, a circus are our lives
I can't make up for everything I waste
And I know that I could never afford a taste
Of anything that your lovely hands make
It eats away before the soul brake

Just because it brings a smile to my face
Such a bad memory, you just can't erase
I know of a City to steal from
And I know of a City to cheat on
And I know of a City of Sin
And that's the place I wanna meet you in
And say hello all over again
Romance me and take it back to the beginning

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