

The Alamo Is No Place For Dancing

The Scene Aesthetic

Sing me a song, tell me about
The things that you're dealing with lately
I don't understand how you could
Sing to me lies, let them linger
Inside of me, give me a reason
To stay with you, just let me know
So I can run away faster than ever before
Counting down all the hours I've spent here
Drowning in all of your lies, dear
I wish that I could have been warned
So I'll tell them to steer clear of Texas
To warn them and let them all know what's in store
To let them all know what's in store
I can't tell you how much I'd love to take back every word I said
You gave me every reason to ignore the lies you fed me then
And I'm so sorry dear, I must escape before you suffocate me
So I waited patiently as long as I could
Fought so hard for a girl, that I loved
But who later on turned out to be someone I hardly knew
Counting down all of the hours I've spent here
Drowning in all of your lies dear
I wish that I could have been warned
So I'll tell them steer clear of Texas
To warn them and let them all know what's in store
To let them all know what's in store
(To let them all know you're a whore)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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