Eveready

Milloy

One night to make it up, one night to break it up
One thing that takes me away, one reason to make it okay
I like the things of old, like a night on sixties soul
One night to make it up, one reason is never enough
There's a way to live and there's a way of dying
One thing that I can't stand, another jealous big hair band
One thing that I hate most your hurting the ones close
Oh no, don't like the way you look, don't want to read your book
Spat in the hand I shook, don't want your new hook
There's a way to live and there's a way of dying out
Contradiction is my name when I fall down and I get up
It both feels the same when you play their game
It all feels the same the time for choosing's
Now, what will you do?

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