

Montauk (acoustic)

Bayside

It's getting cold
Thought it was too soon to tell but it was terribly old and as the heartbeat slows to a heartless crawl
The lights went out,
The lights went out and darkness filled the house on tiring night under a Long Island sky I thought I'd known the
consequence,
But sweetness,
Can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it
In years to come it might make sense,
But sweetness,
Can you believe this?
Just what's become of it?
What's become of it? If you hear this and you think you're ready,
Then meet me in Montauk where we'll write out in the sand,
Here lies the destiny of 2 hurt souls afraid to be cured again."
That could be our epitaph I thought I'd known the consequence,
But sweetness,
Can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it
In years to come it might make sense,
But sweetness,
Can you believe this?
Just what's become of it?
What's become of it?

Songwriters

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