

# For the Record

## Kaze

God knows I've longed to feel something but now's not the time  
I'm caught up in the heartless disorder of a Friday night  
Focused on staying distracted until I lose sight  
Of the tiresome and clinical patterns of my life  
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, rest of my night  
One day I'll find myself facing the firing line  
Serves me right, for the record I've written my crimes  
I will cherish this love for the rest of my night, the rest of my night  
Lord, have mercy on my soul  
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down  
Lord, have mercy on my soul  
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down  
Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail  
I've let them devour my heart for some material  
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways  
Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera  
What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?  
There's got to be something more than this  
What's next? What's next?  
What's next? What's next? What's next? What's next?  
There's got to be something more than this  
What's next? What's next?  
Trust me, I'm still with you somewhere  
I just wish you were here  
Someday I'm bound to feel guilty but now's not the time  
I'm sure I'll get what I'm due, everything will be fine  
Hell bent on finding the next fix in the fog  
You're in a cab on the way to your house, change the locks  
I will cherish this love for the rest of the night, rest of the night  
Lord, have mercy on my soul  
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down  
Lord, have mercy on my soul  
I've had a good run but I can't run anymore, just put me down  
Can't sidestep the long arm for too long with this paper trail  
I let them devour my heart for some material  
But I'm a drunkard, a coward, a crook, I ought to change my ways

Face the music, carry the can, etcetera, etcetera  
Please forgive me

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