Be Invited

The Twilight Singers

Once the feeling calls
You play the part, break the heart
Until you feel aliveScratch through the ceiling you love
To have your fun behined the gun
Till the feeling diesAnd there's something at work here
There's something at work here
There's something at work here
Dark circles around your bodySoon you'll be stealing for
The odds and ends
We once were friends
Now you demean usBack to the meaning
Of the way you are
You crash the car
To make the fever riseAnd there's something, I'm working
There's something, I'm working
There's something, I'm working
Dark circles around your bodyShift less inside your gut
We lay the card, the players apart
Used to be alikeSlips your aching heart
And once again
Without your friend
Come to be invited

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