# Pretty Machines

## Parquet Courts

Ah, moonlight
It's hard to believe it
And it's harder to need it
But so easily wantedPretty machines
Expensive magazines
I've been tricked into buying quite a number of things
Yeah, bullshit and dreams
Urban ease, it means I was leaved taunted
And you think you're a modern person
You think that you can ignore
Silent isolation, my emancipations
In the same place you get yours
Oh, whiskey sips are piling while my secrets escaped
In the skyline of hell there are no fire escapesPunk songs, I thought that they were different
And I thought that they could end it
No, no it was a deception
Well, the number of tears
And the number of beers were dried out and accounted
For a number of years
But these days I fear that my window was just a reflection
Still, you think that you're not a servant
You think that you can avoid
The stylish institution, worshiping illusions
Things you thought you could destroy
Oh, crowded loud and crimson was my view from the pit
I was wild, I was weird, I was shackled to itOne time, it's so easy the fourth time
But this side of the shoreline, we've already recovered

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