

Mea Culpa Cabana

The Menzingers

I can't seem to find my way
Or too much on embracing a shadow
Setting screen brings the dusk I remember
Advertising the epic pretenders
Struck gold
Or was it never any more than a joke
I can tell from the backs of my eyelids

Who's a liar and who's clever
When it all boils down to its presentation
Clean wisdom from a lack of commercials
Past loves and awful decisions
Do a thing and say another one
Regenerating in an endless summer
Where it rains everyday

Where the food is scares and the nectar is plenty
You'll find me
Where the looks are cheap and the talk is heavy
You'll find me out
You'll find me out
Don't find me out