

The Patron

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If I seem just a little bit out of touch do you
Think it could be because of you?
Underneath real blood and deep conviction is
Another point of view
You cound down the days 'till the addiction gets a
Foot into the door
(You want what you got but you don't know)
All this time you see no end
You know no feeling anymore
(You got what you want but you let go)

Polish up your final campaign
Give a title to the way you're moving in
To stake your claim

You feel faint you say you can't control your tone
You don't know what I mean
(You want what you got but you don't know)
You never seem to have a problem finding time to
Meet your needs
(You want what you got but you don't know)

Talk about pretentious
Can you tell now that you've left us out to dry
But you can't ever tell me why

All rise here comes the patron
His cause can't be mistaken
His eyes are turning red
'Cause he don't fit in

Talk about pretentious
Do you know now why you've left us out to dry?
So next time you see me
You'll know now how to greet me
Just remember days go by but so do I