

Art Isn't Real (City Of Sin)

Deer Tick

I am the guarded line,
And you fill me in with whatever you like.
I am just going through the motions.
I need an old fashioned potion.
There has gotta be some old recipe.
'Cuz I gotta get drunk,
I gotta forget about somethings.
I lived in lies all my life,
And I've been living here for a long, long time,
And I know its been coming down a while now,
When it shows, then you get me on the dial,
But right now you're half way around the world,
Maybe I'll see better days, but I'm not so sure I will.
I'm still hanging round and round.
Sometimes it's a racket, but lately not a sound.
In the bowels of history and time,
I have learned to stay back and never shine.
Now I feel stupid when I smile.
For not a journey, a circus are our lives.
I can't make up for everything I waste,
And I know that I could never afford a taste,
Of anything that your lovely hands make,
It eats away before the soul brake.
Just because it brings a smile to my face,
Such a bad memory, you just can't erase.
I know of a City to steal from,
And I know of a City to cheat on,
And I know of a City of Sin,
And that's the place I wanna meet you in,
And say hello all over again,
Romance me and take it back to the beginning.