

Ghost Town

Strung Out

Sunday mornin' freak show and
Someone forgot to pull the plug
Out on this place a long time ago

The angels they don't come around
And the gods they run like devils
Chasin' secrets no one talks about
Down avenues of glitter lights and pain

I've been looking for a place
To leave my troubled thoughts behind
But troubles growin' all around
And it's all I seem to find

In this land of make believe
Toxic February breeze
Cemetery boulevards
With neon signs that say you've come too far

I don't wanna be the one to say
I know exactly what I'm headed for, some things I think you sho
uldn't know and
If I'm on a one way street to nowhere at least I made it there
to say
I don't regret a single thing that I have done

And all this time I thought I was the one whose goin' down
Changing to be stickin' with the passin' of each day
No one keeps trying hard
Underneath the city's holy light
Burnin' at both ends this candle slowly rages on

Yesterdays a memory and tomorrow's just a vision
And somethin' summer in the sun
This motor's barely runnin', my feet are tired of walking
Down the same old asphalt roads

I spot Sunday drivers slidin' up and down this razorblade
It's cheaper than a fix and not a moment in the sun
I thought I had it figured out but illusions never leave a doub
t
So on will I keep walkin' till I'm home.