

Living Too Late

The Fall

Crow's feet are ingrained on my face
And I'm living too late
Try to wash the black off my face, but it's ingrained
And I'm living too late

Sleepless, in-control spleen
Agreed ace family
Must have stump tripod in the genes
I'm immune to things
In my dreams

I saw through the trees
O'er the poison river locks
Talk treacherous would beat
But still my heart it is rock

Finally going through old parasite gate
But there's a 24-hour clock watch
And I'm living too late
Think

Sometimes life is like a new bar
Plastic seats, beer below par
Food with no taste, music grates
I'm living too late

Once talking was my favourite while
But now I know a conversation's end
Before it's done
Maybe I'm living too long

The daylight
I see trouble on the streets
Fearing catastrophe to meet
Walk down the devil's boulevard
But still my heart is hard

They say them cellars [were't even/were evil] black
But I know they're wrong
Think it's one
Been
Living Too Long