

Retreat

The Rakes

I'm walking unknown territory, where the sun's not shining
There's nothing golden about Golden Lane
The smoke is heavy in my lungs and the adverts are working
I just can't sell for who or what I am

I don't wanna miss out on anything
At the same time I feel the need to retreat
Everything is temporary these days
Might as well go out for a third night in a row

Should I give my money to a good cause or save for a holiday?
In a couple of months I could be in paradise
But the girl at the bar is well nice and she's looking over
It's only right that I get the next round in

I don't wanna miss out on anything
At the same time I feel the need to retreat
Everything is temporary these days
Might as well go out for a fifth night in a row

Walk home, come down, retreat to sleep
Wake up, go out again, repeat
Walk home, come down, retreat to sleep
Hook up, again this time, next week

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