

## Mischief With No Direction

This Time Next Year

Ladies and gentlemen  
When did we get so bad?  
Walking through graveyards  
Creeping past corners  
Having the best times we'll never have again  
We tried to stay up past midnight  
We failed now we don't get sunlight  
And once again I'll call it as I see it  
Better off dead, better off dead they said  
These things don't last forever  
The night got too late  
Your eyes were too glazed  
And I can't see this through  
I never asked  
And you forgot to tell me  
That tonight could be so deceiving  
I never asked  
And you forgot to tell me  
Instead of finding out my ears will keep on ringing  
My claim to fame is the line of me  
But it never leads to anything  
I'm not alone, I'm not afraid  
Tonight I'll go on a killing spree