

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