

Poor Bailey

"Mental Telepathy Is Dead"

Visit "[Mental Telepathy Is Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mistakes are made to be made
Too spent to be safe
The cold winter day so picturesque
And partial to partake
In this Golden State
On these muddy banks
Born and raised
From the crawlspace to the grave
Let me hear you say

Alright, okay
We are forever ending.
Alright, okay
Just want to say,
There's a last time for everything.

I wrote "karma" on a brick
And I hucked it through your window
I don't even believe in karma
But now I know you do

The mazes are muses
The mazes are muses
The mazes make it clear
Oh my dear, oh my dear

Alright, okay
We are forever ending.
Alright, okay
Just want to say,
There's a last time for everything.

Alright, okay
We are forever ending.
Alright, okay
Just want to say,
There's a last time for everything.

Alright, okay
We are forever ending.
Alright, okay

Just want to say,
There's a last time for everything.

Visit [Poor Bailey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.