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Rakes, The "Retreat"

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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!
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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