

Theater Dream

"600"

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"Six o'clock on a Christmas morning..."

"And for what?"

"Well, isn't it for the honor of God, Aunt Kate?"

"I know all about the honor of God, Mary Jane."

Six o'clock the siren kicks him from a dream

Tries to shake it off but it just won't stop

Can't find the strength but he's got promises to keep

And wood to chop before he sleeps

I may never get over

but never's better than now

I've got bases to cover

He's in the parking lot and he's just sitting in his car

It's nine o'clock but he can't get out

He lights a cigarette

and turns the music down

but just can't seem to shake that sound

Once I thought I'd get over

but it's too late for me now

I've got bases to cover

Melody walks through the door

and memory flies out the window

and nobody knows what they want
'til they finally let it all go
The pain inside
coming outside
So many ways to drown a man
So many ways to drag him down
Some are fast and some take years and years
Can't hear what he's saying when he's talking in his sleep
He finally found the sound but he's in too deep
I could never get over
Is it too late for me now?
Feel like blowing my cover
Melody walks through the door
and memory flies out the window
and nobody knows what they want
'til they finally let it all go
But don't cut your losses too soon
'cause you'll only be cutting your throat
And answer a call while you still hear at all
'cause nobody will if you won't
"Six o'clock on a Christmas morning..."
"And for what?"
"Well, isn't it for the honor of God, Aunt Kate?"
"I know all about the honor of God, Mary Jane."

