

Trews, The

"Stray"

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Love is an awkward rhyme
Spoken poorly all the time
Needing that one perfect line
To have it all make sense
And it's hard to understand
Your doing everything you can
To see a format or a plan
But you get lost in your own pretense

And hours seem like days
After confessions and praise
When inhibition strays along with thoughts of
consequences
In a fit of inspiration
And too much information
With no hesitation to get it of your chest

Chorus:
Here i am
And as always you X2
Stray

As things start to settle
Talk to me on the level
You're a victim and a rebel no matter what you wear
You had your soliloquy and now you feel guilty
All alone you look silly
Real moments are so unfair

Chorus X2

Some days are meant to be
This sign from god you finally see
No crucifix starts to bleed you only got your way
And perspective's creeping in
But it's fickle as the wind
And you're proud of all your sins and
Everything you've got to say
No one's seeing through ya
And you don't care do ya
This feeling has immune you

You simply walk away You wishing end of evolution and
counter revolution
You feel an absolution and here you want to stay...

Chorus

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