

The Sunset Strip Club

"Einsteins Theory"

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Wake up in the middle of a dream
Light up, as though they've given you a year in writing
It's a while til morning
Your make up, It's found it's way behind the meds
Late up, illusions of sunny childhood memories
Feel the real thing

Bright up, it's not a miracle we need
Tied up, believe everything from Einstein's theory
Science fiction

She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears that she's going, going away
She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears blind she's going, going away

Laid out, you're such a sorry state to see
Tired out, and leave everything inside your broken
home is full of
Faces, frozen in their frames, light spaces
Believe everything although your teary
From fake addiction

She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears that she's going, going away
She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears blind she's going, going

And break the brick wall away inside
And break the crystal ball
And deal away the cards that tell it all
And see what you can make if you leave your
conscience
And live the theory

She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears that she's going, going away
She draws everything, she writes like an editor
She swears blind she's going, going away

