

Bayside "Montauk"

Visit "[Montauk](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

It's getting cold
Thought it was too soon to tell
But it was terribly old
And now the heartbeat slows
To a heartless crawl

The lights went out
The lights went out
And darkness filled the house on
A tiring night under a Long Island sky.

I thought I'd known the consequence,
Sweetness,
Can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it

In years to come it might make sense
Sweetness
Can you believe this
Just what's become of it
What's become of it

But If you hear this and you think you're ready, meet
me in
Montauk where
We'll write out in the sand
Here lies the destiny
Of two hurt souls afraid to be
Cured again
That could be our epitaph

I thought i'd know the consequence
Sweetness
Can you believe this
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it
In years to come it might make sense
Sweetness
Can you believe this
What's become of it
What's become of it

I thought i'd know the consequence
Sweetness
Can you beileve this
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it
In years to come it might make sense
Sweetness
Can you believe this
What's become of it
What's become of it
I know i know

I thought i'd known the consequence
Sweetness
Can you believe this
Mess we've made of it
This mess we've made of it
In years to come it might make sense
Sweetness
Did you foresee this
What's become of it
What's become

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

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