

Daly's Gone Wrong "Timeless On The F.R.D."

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Engines hot running, running.
Substances touching my lips.

I'll be the New York City narrative,
An urban Romeo and Juliet,
Creating epics and timeless expressions from a car
seat,
Speeding miles per heart beat.

If I promised you the best night between best friends
To what extent would you go to ensure the end?
Our actions, our motives will go down in history as the
F.D.R theory.
More often then not time is our enemy.
More often then not we could only dream of a night so
pretty,
So perfect in the city. Take a razor to me.

I believe this is our exit, somewhere we belong,
Each block holds our transcript, each block holds our
destiny.
I was never clean nor was I pure; I was never certain
nor was I sure.
Halfway between bleach and excess, halfway between
naked and dressed.
I believe this is our purpose, somewhere we belong.
Each block holds our camera, each block holds our
focus.
I was never happy nor was I sad, I was never good nor
was I bad.
Halfway between up and down. Halfway...

Legends in progress.

I believe this is our exit, somewhere we belong.
Each block holds our architect, each block holds our
construction.
I was never bored nor was I amused, I was never
intrigued nor was I confused.
Halfway between broken and function, halfway
between straight and addiction.
I believe this is our purpose, somewhere we belong.

Each block holds our remedy, each block holds our
solution.

I was never together nor was I alone, I was never
forever nor was I concerned.

Halfway between charming and ugly, halfway between
scarred and beauty.

Engines hot running, running.
Substances touching my lips.

I'll be the New York City narrative,
Speeding miles per heart beat.

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