

Dillinger Escape Plan "Farewell, Mona Lisa"

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Wash it down the drain, down the drain
Wash your smile down
YEAH!!!
Wash it down the drain
PLEASE!!!
Like it or not this is what fuel our obsessions (or
insurgents?)
I'm always dreaming(?), never stray far from the path.

Everything was taught to me(?)
But what am I supposed to say?
What am I supposed to say?
I'm sorry I guess I forgot
You think you can kill me again?
Guess I don't remember

What am I supposed to think?
What am I supposed to think?
What am I supposed to feel?
What am I supposed to feel?

There's no feeling in this place.
The echoes of the past speak louder than
Any voice I hear right now.
Don't you ever try to be more than you were destined
for
Or anything worth fighting for
Don't you ever try to be more than you were destined
for
Or anything worth fighting for
There's no feeling in this place
There's no feeling in this place
Feeling in this place

What did you expect?
That we were nearly home, that we would never leave
What did you expect, that we would never leave home?
That we would never leave, that we would never leave
That we would never leave, that we would never leave
What did you expect from us, we're murderers
Murderers and liars and rapists and thieves
You should never put your trust in any of us

There is nothing to gain from this interference

Don't you ever try to be more than you were destined
for

Or anything worth fighting for

There's no feeling in this place

The past is louder than anything I hear right now

The past is louder than anything I hear right now

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