

## The Blackout

# "If You Dress Up Like Halloween, Ghouls Will Try And Get In Your Pants"

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Lost touch of the sense that used to feel the morning  
These arms still heavy from what carried us before  
Could use a breath from the old and familiar  
Before we tire out  
Still sinking fast without this line

We'll let this play again

A last chance at falling out  
A half cry from the bottom up won't make a sound  
We'll follow my lead tonight

We'll let this play again

Bring back the same old sense that used to feed the evening  
Another night of loosened tongues and swimming heads  
Could use a breath from the old and familiar  
Before we tire out  
Still sinking fast without this line

We're screaming out  
We'll fall in or fall out

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