

Face First "The Insurrect Years"

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This is something I will never say to you;
You've heard it all before.
The way I feel about those times that I once cried,
A thousand times before.

Summer's here and I will never speak to you.
These precious memories and the way you thought
You'd be from the first time I saw your face,
To the last time I was in this place.
You had it all together then until you sold it all to
heroin.

And now im giving up.
I wish I could just say those things you told me

Once before about not giving up.
I miss you now you've died in dreams a thousand times
before.

Like a long rope from an old tree, hangs a good friend.
But only in dreams, I drip dry tears; when will I see you
again?
I'll never see you again.
Summer's gone and I will never speak to you.

With a needle in your arm and the red light on,
Would you clean up for a song?
Well here it is, it's for the better, this one's for Dawn.

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