

Fall

"Living Too Late"

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Crow's feet are ingrained on my face
And I'm living too late
Try to wash the black off my face, but it's ingrained
And I'm living too late
Sleepless, in-control spleen
A green [ace for Millie] must have [stump tripod] in the
genes
I'm immune to things
In my dreams
I saw through the trees
O'er the poison river locks
Fork treacherous would beat
But still my heart it is rock
Finally going through old parasite gate
But there's a 24-hour clock watch
And I'm living too late
Think
Sometimes life is like a new bar
Plastic seats, beer below par
Food with no taste, music grates
I'm living too late
Once talking was my favourite while
But now I'm no conversationeer
The thrill is done
Maybe I'm living too long
The daylight
I see trouble on the streets
Fearing catastrophe to meet
Walk down the devil's boulevard
But still my heart is hard
They say the [cellars] were't even black
But I know they're wrong
Think it's one [bin]

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