

Game Theory "Curse Of The Frontierland"

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Lost to your mascara, I used to like your eyes
Still got your looks I guess I'm tired of what it all implies
A year ago we called this a good time
Nightmares of love affairs, who cares why?

It's five A.M. and we've got everything we want
And I say don't look now
Taking it while we can
Curse of the frontier land

It's no big secret, folks insist the sickness goes too far
German genius, Paris jet-set breaking down our door
They talk about us like we never tried
Old-moneyed ballroom corpses
Fuss and whine

I don't like quiet rooms but I just can't take that sound
And I say don't look now
Taking it while we can
Curse of the frontier land

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