

Lostprophets

"The handsone life of swing"

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{Write to someone, let the subject burn,
if it's slow for my reply then ignore the wait,
but as long as you want everything and as long as you
won't ever do,
return, return, return to you}

Point the blame, push the blame, who's to blame
today?
point your finger, lose your mind, all you do is pray,
look out, get down, fall down, your masquerade will
do,
but in time my friend we will see right through.

Inside wont' be here to stay,
king for a day, that's all i say.

{Such a party bum, you should know that right away,
let the subject burn, and wish all the fucking time,
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? }

Point the blame, push the blame, who's to blame
today?
point your finger, lose your mind, all you do is pray,
look out, get down, fall down, your masquerade will
do,
but in time my friend we will see right through.

Yes, in time, won't be here to stay,
king for a day, that's all i say.

But here, thought i got a home,
sit down, got a home,
got a home, got a home,
got a home, and i know.

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