

## Luti-Kriss

### "This Town"

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We've made up our minds  
This is all we could make of all you believed  
Wherever the should be has gone  
We can lay our collars like a fond farewell  
And over their heads it keeps hanging like stone and  
the longer they stare  
You know that the more it's gonna hurt  
They just keep losing sleep  
What's wrong with everyone around this town?  
Fools will believe  
Fools will believe in us now  
Save breath and hope for the best  
Just in time to save these idle hands  
Save breath  
Maybe it's been far too long  
Must we spell it out on our chests?  
How can we make you believe?

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