

Pistolita

"Age"

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Time can push you down
Can bind your wrists and make you slave
To a fallen day and in the mind
Pushed by the time
Your head can fold in on itself
Implode a neural supernova blinding eyes

Can you read between the lines
See thoughts hypnotize and mesmerize
The crowd with magic tricks
Your slight of hand it makes me sick
To late to read what's in the eyes
To late to realize you've dealt your hand
Now it's fate the road you hates the one
You've got to take

Tell you when your older
Thoughts that bleed and stab her
Mr cloak and dagger
Tell you when your older

Time can bring it out
Or push it way back in your mind
Where you'll never find and by and by
You rewrite the way things used to be
And how they seem like fairy tales in hidden dreams

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