

Program The Dead "Pretty Mess"

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My first name
will be the last thing that you hear,
when I walk, I walk away.
Skies will fall and kings will crawl,
and nothing you say
will make things go your way.

Cuz I didn't ask for this,
this pretty mess we're in.
Wished away your face
in search of happiness.

You say time
will mend the mistakes we've made,
maybe you're right, but I still need today.
Lost in leaves, can't tell
the forest from the trees.
It's all I can do,
but you're still bleeding through.

Cuz I didn't ask for this,
this pretty mess we're in.

Wished away your face in search of happiness,
hide yourself behind your smile of emptiness

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