

Halos "Fool's Paradise"

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"You smoke too much." I know. Now I can't sing. "You drink too much." We're all drowning something... I'm a writer; a hater of second chances; a hypocrite, part-time romantic, but all in all, I bleed. Despite all of this, I believe that she's an overlooked looker with a heart of gold; big dreams that I bought and sold of cutting loose with a white dress on, in pretty shoes, to the perfect song...

You'll let it slide, but make it grind. "Here comes the fool. Yeah, here comes the mascot." Drag it on the blade 'til it's curled and pretty. Tie it in your hair. Get warm in the city. I'm chasing tricky beauty with the fervor that it spurns. Light the fire of desire and watch it burn...

"Who's that on the phone?"

"It's just my brother calling me from home, 'cause, yeah, we're close like that. Just sit tight boy - I'll be right back. Are you still on the line? I've gotta go, enjoy your night..." Don't worry, trick, I was just killing time with you, too.

Let's put this thing to bed. Don't let it kill you while you rest...

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