

The Deadlights

"Tag 'Em And Bag 'Em"

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Lately I've been throwing stones at ghosts;
I can't shake the ocean and the coast.
It's been in my veins for too long.
The systematic ebb and flow
Of love and loss will always go,
Regardless of the prayers you send.

But I've watched those eyes glow
All locked up in your hold,
And I
Don't wanna say goodbye.
I'd rather say goodnight.
But you don't care to try.

Your sleeping with my ghost.
The breeze is so cold.
I'm tired of letting go,
Cause I've watched those eyes glow
All locked up in your hold.

And I can smell
Low tide coming up from the harbor,
And I can see
The faint lights that haunt Long Island's shore.
But I can't feel
Anything till you're back to your depths
Of cigarettes, new regrets,
And promises you never kept.

Your sinking slow,
But your too dead to know.
And I'm done,
Because I can see you fading.

Fuck the starlit nights
And fuck summer.
You weren't worth this.
And fuck the values you subscribe yourself to;
I hope you enjoy regretting it.

