

The Stooges

"The Departed"

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Where is the life we started?
Yesterday's a door opening for the departed.

The life of the party's gone

The guests are still remained,
Know they'll stay a little longer.

Party girls will soon get old,
Party boys will lie them.
Both the sexes soon grow cold
And tears caught to their eyes

Serious talks, no fun,
And when the lights go out
You feel like you wanna run.

Cause there's no one here but us,
By the end of the game we all get thrown under the
bus.

I can't feel nothing real,
My lights are all burned out.
I can't feel nothing real.

What is the point of friendship?
It's nobody's fault, but this nightlife is just a death trip.
You think you're getting hot steel
But in the light of day everything's a dirty deal.

And yesterday's a door that's opening for the departed
Yesterday's a door that's opening for the departed
So where is the life we started?
Where is the life we started?

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