

Eulogies

"Out Of Style, Out Of Touch"

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I've fallen out of style.
I put it all down, put it all down.
But in a moment I would carry you around.
We might need everything.
But we'll do it our way, do it our way.
And we'll find what's left in us to celebrate.
And I must admit the boy inside is me.
He's sad to find, long at last,
It's not as bad as he had dreamed about.
He's standing proud for all the world to see.
He's let it go let it out.
I've fallen out of touch.
Is it turning out well, turning out well?
And would I know it is without a way to tell.
All of our troubles, but I don't wanna go home.
Don't wanna go home.
Hate to see that little man alone.
Is the joy we found a trap?
I'll tear apart my past.
Is the joy we found a trap where others fell?

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