

Mr. Mister

"Deep Dark"

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solitary face, schizophrenic waves, lucky no one hears
me
now i've got you near, i think you're really here,
i guess it doesn't matter
wicked all the time, lonely without mine,
i can't believe you're really here
do you have a pulse? i know you have a heart,
but which way does that blood flow?
whispering sweet nothings
and nothing's sweetest whispered
such a lovely voice, an even sweeter laugh, all this
really matters
loved it all the time, laughing with my wife,
such a lonely state of affairs
are you really with me? or did i wave goodbye to
sanity?
i'm so sick and tired of wasting out,
as the years go by, they'll slow me down
and time grows colder, my heart's on fire,
and not the kind that you read about
so no more of these deep and dark secrets, if you're
not here i'm not alive
and this whole time has been a lie

are you me? am i you? am i even speaking?
so sick and polite, i'd give my life for just one more
night
so take my crazy hand, and we'll be insane together
i'm so sick and tired of wasting out,
as the years go by, they'll slow me down
and time grows colder, my heart's on fire,
and not the kind that you read about
so no more of these deep and dark secrets, if you're
not here i'm not alive
so no more of these deep and dark secrets,
you're really here, you're really mine
well no more of these deep and dark secrets
no more, no

