

The New Amsterdams "Clandestine"

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It's a clandestine arrangement
that we never
could get to stick. Every night
under the table with
the sick and the fits. Never cast
as the romantic lead
but somehow on our feet. We're
just waiting to be
received and the whole scene sighs
relief. Somehow
everyone functions with a barely
visible scar. Never know
the length we'd go was so far, so far.
Some nights I see
the sun come up but don't remember
where it went down.
A realist whose time has come, it
feels like I'm the only
one. Obstacles to overcome, now
I don't trust anyone.
So, here's to all our vice and our secret
double life.
I'll sleep with one eye open and maybe
you'll save my
life. Another cool assed show under
the table on the
ground. Keep the floorshow up to
sound and the light
show up to specs. If we drown until
we're exhausted
it's what nobody expects. Nothing
left to lose. Everything
to prove. Nothing we can't do. Not
anything for you.
The words were written wrong. My
life imitates your songs.
On and on and on. Here's to all our
vice and our secret
double life. I'll sleep with one eye open,
maybe you'll save my life.

