

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Alright, I Admit... It Was A Whore House"

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The path has changed so much over the years.
No reason to fret, just turn around and walk away.
The glass of wine and the plate of overcooked food
burnt too long. ...Paranoid about a fuck me dress.
Relishing in memories, twisting like fate.
It's only a matter of time before this is destroyed.
The bridges are too low to duck under and the fenced
in possibilites seem too dark to see without candlelight.
Because years have passed, visions have also.
Down under there's a devil, and no one notices.
Above us are clouds that swing and hang down over a
small town.
Obstruction of vision is nullified by the elevation of the
seats.
An orchestra pit down under like Australia that catches
fire from a match.
The path has changed so much over the years.
Slimy, sticky leaves cling like leaches.
No reason to fret, just turn around and walk away.
The glass of wine and the plate of overcooked food.
I'll never run away again.
I missed this

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