

# Odds

## "Fingerprints"

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Like ghost games  
I conjure up pictures of events in my mind  
The swearing and the cannons of laughter  
Buzz of static counting out time

What I wish would have happened  
I now paint and dress it up well  
And send it like truth to the tape  
Letting history swell

Fingerprints are all but gone  
So I can make up the story as it goes along

There might be the good old days  
If all the right things get forgotten  
A smile can still be photogenic  
If you can't see the molars are rotten

I hope you've had revelations  
Since I left you behind  
I'll at least pretend that you're happy  
To stop guilt from making me come untied since

Fingerprints are all but gone  
So I can make up the story as it goes along

Fingerprints are all but gone  
So I can make up the story as it goes along, yeah, yeah

Most fingerprints, yeah, they are almost gone  
I can make up the story, yeah, as it goes along

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