

Red Circle Underground "Blythe"

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Blythe

Half for your injured pride, half for your leg, placating
figures I
stepped on to dance while you led
Outraged, outspoken they look for a stand. Endless
disaster we're
half hearted, desperate and thin
I told a million lies, you let them in, your patience is a
virtue,
exceptions a time honored friend

All my instincts let me down
All my instincts let me down

Sun might be dying, your stars creeping up, interest is
waning but
past wrongs are cherished enough
Im just your poison, and your my dismay, hope from a
needle is still
hope so say what you'll say

All my instincts let me down...

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