

## Clear Static "New Years 1984"

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Monday evening waiting for your sweet release I paid  
You for it, you're dark and unravel softly fascination  
Accidently, shadows I would steal, I broke you up like  
A kiss face down, lined you with time listen 'round,  
Lost your fame and fortune swings, ugliness pretty  
Things, started with a kiss, and now it's come to this...

CHORUS: bleached white seconds after midnight  
paranoia  
Day light, till your coming down coming down, black  
out  
Isolation carried out, desperation freak out, till your  
Coming down coming down

Desperate pose and the way it shows, you were torn  
Without your clothes, broken hearts never came for  
me,  
Hidden cuts are a mystery, spinnin' from within, and  
You don't care for anything

CHORUS: bleached white seconds after midnight  
paranoia  
Daylight, till your coming down coming down, black out  
Isolation carried out, desperation freak out, till your  
Coming down coming down

Just because I understand you doesn't mean that I  
don't  
Hate you

Cross the street you called and tripped a chalk line  
From, and the sound of the daytime on your white wrist  
And the terrified feelings on your painted fingertips

Did you know me, when you were living free, and didya  
Didya didya know me, when you were living free

Bleached white midnight paranoia day light, black out  
Carried out, desperation freak out freak out freak out  
Freak out freak out freak out freak out - so long.

