

All Else Failed "Centralia"

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Is it all a question of timing ? It sounded right in my head
Is it all a matter of content ? Or something else I said ?
These lips part waves to blank stares I forgot to think again
These words are the cause of cold shoulders and an empty room
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening
I'm talking to a wall again. I never know when to say when
It's not like there's no intent. It's not like I can't see

Every time I open up ... "Is something the matter ?"
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening
I'm talking to a wall again I never know when to say when
You won't be back. December night, my third strike
You won't be coming back for more. "Is something the matter ?"
You won't be back.

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