

The Fall

"Living Too Late"

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Crow's feet are ingrained on my face
And I'm living too late
Try to wash the black off my face, but it's ingrained
And I'm living too late

Sleepless, in-control spleen
Agreed ace family
Must have stump tripod in the genes
I'm immune to things
In my dreams

I saw through the trees
O'er the poison river locks
Talk treacherous would beat
But still my heart it is rock

Finally going through old parasite gate
But there's a 24-hour clock watch
And I'm living too late
Think

Sometimes life is like a new bar
Plastic seats, beer below par
Food with no taste, music grates
I'm living too late

Once talking was my favourite while
But now I know a conversation's end
Before it's done
Maybe I'm living too long

The daylight

I see trouble on the streets
Fearing catastrophe to meet
Walk down the devil's boulevard
But still my heart is hard

They say them cellars [were't even/were evil] black
But I know they're wrong
Think it's one

Been
Living Too Long

[extra verses on Living Too Long:

Eyes like two TV screens
Continual open
Feel no pain
I live again

I'm super sad sweet sad
Line is cracked
[]
Vision gone
I'm living too long]

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