

The Devin Townsend Project

"Anymore|anyhow"

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I found my way home after getting lost in Camden
Town
And I was on my own, sick of making eyes at everyone
Past the old burnt out brewery, this is where my
morning starts
My blood shot eyes in the sun rise, a requiem to the
night before

And I'm not writing songs about you anymore

Everyone in this hopeless town walks around with their
collars pulled tight
To keep the cold out, babe I know you'll be around
I wont wake till the evening light

And I'm not writing songs about you anymore

And even if she comes sweet lipped, and even if she
comes at all
I wont wait no week now, anymore, anyhow

No we're not writing songs about you anymore

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