

Day At The Fair, A

"Who you guna believe, me or your lying eyes?"

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Must have rattled on you're cage,
broke and burned up all of our things.
Must have told you that I wanted you,
well I want so much.
Well I don't get to sleep tonight,
you don't get to dream.
There's a place in life when people fit
and we are not are part of this.
Hey, give me the words that you took as promises.
Hey, look in my eyes and stop asking them questions.
What do you want from me?
I could have fell from you're attack,
a broken blade stuck in my back,
but I stood up straight,
I smiled and I gave it back..
So drink one for my scars tonight, bitch
I don't feel a thing.
Who do you trust in believing,
me or you're lying eyes?
You're arms will break me,
and you're head will keep you where you are,
with unhappy endings.
The say my graveyard is sleeping

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