

Death Of Paris

"Narcoleptic"

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V1: Follow my lead and I will pipe you out of town
Cause a pied piper is like a sniper sniping without
sound
Just go and dry your eyes this time, it's the last mistake
I'll make
For once the passion turned to lust and the lust turned
into hate

CH: Wake up when your past is shelved
We jump the gun and wreck ourselves
And we're living in denial
Oh I hope you crash on an interstate of dreams
With me as your gasoline, and not get past a mile

V2: Where will these roads lead me? I guess I'll have to
see
Feed me monotony, come feed me dismay
Give it, give it, now come on, come on
I'll tear you down
Give it, give it, now come on, come on
I'll wear you down

CH: Wake up when your past is shelved
We jump the gun and wreck ourselves
And we're living in denial
Oh I hope you crash on an interstate of dreams
With me as your gasoline, and not get past a mile

BRIDGE: Excuse me, if I seem forward, but we're going
in reverse
When your diction's merely fiction, then your tact must
be rehearsed
Excuse me, if we've been through this, but I feel it still
persists
Half awake or half in dreaming, tempting love's
forgotten twist

CH: Wake up when your past is shelved
We jump the gun and wreck ourselves
And we're living in denial
Oh I hope you crash on an interstate of dreams

With me as your gasoline, and not get past a mile

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