

## **Strung Out "Ghost Town"**

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Sunday morning freak show someone forgot to pull the  
plug out on this place a long time ago  
the angels, the don't come around and the gods, they  
run like devils  
chasing secrets no one talks about down avenues of  
glitter lights and pain  
I've been looking for a place to leave my troubled  
thoughts behind  
but trouble's growing all around It's all I seem to find  
in this land of make believe toxic February breeze  
cemetery boulevards  
and neon signs that say you've come too far  
I don't want to be the one to say I know exactly what I'm  
headed for  
some things in life I think you shouldn't know  
If I'm on a one way street to nowhere at least I made it  
there  
to say I don't regret a single thing that I have done

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