

## **The Wild Colonials**

### **"Charm"**

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You can't be anything but honest  
'Cause there's magic in your head  
There's no forgiveness in the air  
'Cause it's warmer in your bed

So what's it like to live inside  
A world you'll never really share  
What's it like to live inside  
A world that doesn't really care

Lying awake in the dead of the night  
Seeing my life and it's not looking bright  
I'm freezing to death in the warmth of your arms  
I'm wasting my charms

A man indeed who could not bleed  
Except with ink and blood and bone  
He couldn't find a way to speak  
Of life and death he stood alone

His every waking moment cried  
Enough to make him feel too much  
He couldn't face the truth and lied  
Recoiled from his lover's touch

Lying awake in the dead of the night  
Seeing my life and it's not looking bright  
I'm freezing to death in the warmth of your arms  
I'm wasting my charms

It's my choice to save my life  
It's my choice to throw the dice  
It's my choice

Lying awake in the dead of the night  
Seeing my life and it's not looking bright  
I'm freezing to death in the warmth of your arms  
I'm wasting my charms

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