

Mo, The

"Bring Me A Spotlight"

Visit "[Bring Me A Spotlight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Reality escapers
(...that's what you call us...)
The bad taste representers
A fantasy poor joke
That we're nothing but cheap pretenders

But we keep casting our spells
'Cause we suck at everything else

Take me to the night
Bring me a spotlight
In the loudest microphone
I'll howl for the moon light
The days of city heart are not over

So come on, shape up you bum dogs
(...that's what you tell us...)
You can't deny forever
You look like hell when you're broke
You're four pretentious losers

But we keep casting our spells
'Cause we suck at everything else

Take me to the night
Bring me a spotlight
In the loudest microphone
I'll howl for the moon light
The days of city heart are not over

Take me to the night
Bring me a spotlight
In the loudest microphone
I'll howl for the moon light
The days of city heart are not over

And we'll be dogs forever
Yeah we'll be dogs forever

Visit [Mo, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

