

Of You

Cool For August

Faded lens and broken scar, feels no compassion
Pale blue car with tales of gold, in the wrong direction
And I stand the prison floor, my thoughts are changing
Locked in silence, and I see forever now, there's nothing left
of you
Time has crashed again, fading promises remain
And the times that pass have changed, needless conversation mak
es me
Crazy
And I can't seem to find that looking glass, of you
When the ages come and go, like sees the passage
The empty threat has poised us all to see the madness
Just hand the table flow, his ever hand to guide the soldiers
As I try reason it all, calling out to you
My eyes crashing blank, visions of you have betrayed me
Try to pass the mate, knowing if all that's he's missed and hat
ed
And I can't seem to find that looking glass
Maybe that's only made to last
When my fingers and thumb start to scatter fade
Of you... of you
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