

## My Fickle Resolve

The Strangers

Sometimes you can't tell fact from fiction  
Lies from glory, contradictions  
Running through everything

It never seems to make much sense  
The way you keep me in suspense  
And you deliver exactly nothing

I've often thought when faced with you  
It's gonna take some strong voodoo  
To wipe the slate clean, all dirt's plead

But the sincerity you fear  
Just makes you much harder to hear  
Than a butterfly in an air raid

And my fickle resolve will be  
The death of me one day I'm sure

You can't suppress if you adore  
They'll always keep you wanting more  
You see my problem? Well, it's yours, too

I've often punched above my weight  
And wound up feeling less than great  
When live incanted a promise

If feeling like a rubber band  
When all of the elastic's dead is normal  
Well I'm a loose man

But sticking to the points I've made  
Can sometimes seem so dull and staid and formal  
A moose stam

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The death of me one day I'm sure

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