

Clubhouse

Allan Rayman

How many people have I met before?
How many stories have I heard before?
How many times does the introduction hold me accountable?
That was Allan Rayman, no
This is Mr. Roadhouse nice to meet you
If you follow me I'll take you through the back room
Please take your shoes off, don't need 'em in the back room
You've been here before, well this is best without them
No one knows about them
Welcome to the circle Mr. Roadhouse
Wait what about Allan?
He'll be alright
Let's go ahead, I'll tell him
Oh, uh
I'll tell him what he misses
Tell him what he love about it everything he wishes
All the girls love him now, his friends are getting vicious
This is talent, boy
This a world for the idols build a statue, boy
They're smiling at you, boy
Quick check his vitals
Oh Allan

Oh, how did we get here?
What have you done now?
Oh no, oh no
How did we get here?
What have you done now, Mr. Roadhouse?

Sometimes, well now, most times
I feel like I'm losing my mind
I'm losing my mind
I'm losing my mind
I'm losing my mind
I'm losing my mind
I'm gone

Well I don't know what happened
They were all clapping for me now, this some kind of magic
The voices getting louder, influencing all my action
Please
Well say I do great, I strive to do better
Well that's the face of demon swear my image is his power
I got some fucking powers
I got some fucking power
Well this could be bad this could be my final hour
Woah
One step closer to the closure of the cage
I'm writing all these words then I don't hear what I say
Roadhouse, please, uh, close the cage
I don't need the fame, I don't want the fame
Please Roadhouse close the cage
Shut 'em all out for me
'Cause I don't wanna hear 'em no more
And I don't wanna see them no more

Oh, how did we get here?

What have you done now?
Oh no, oh no
How did we get here?
What have you done now, Mr. Roadhouse?

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