

Dear Allan

Allan Rayman

Dear Allan

I hear you made the trip
Was it a gash or a cut
Or maybe just a prick
For all the money in the world
For all the girls and all the fame
It's enough to make you sick

Dear Allan

I hear you lose yourself on a whim
I hear that when you write
You don't know how or where the words come from
You just feel it from within

And dear Allan

I hope you're really ready for
I hope you're really ready for
I hope you're really ready for
Ready for the love, for the hate
For the death that doesn't wait
And for your soul, for them to take
I hope you're ready for
(Well, I drink spirits to the ghost in the room)

Dear Allan

Oh, my sweet Allan
(I like the steady rainfall, black and white)
(Cruella de Vil, Cruella de Vil
Cruella de Vil, Cruella de...)