Where It All Went Wrong

Benches

Where it all went wrong for better

Vandalize my pride, my guise
I don't have to go
Pretend the band's not broke
Surprise, I lied, the anger dies
I don't wanna know
The end, the facts, the joke

It's a callback to any old cliché
When you play me head to toe
But the moments touch and go

Does he feel? Is he locked
In a box when he talks
Does he dance out of time?
Or wear coats in July?

Is he real? Is he hot?
Does he think? Probably not
When he walks home at night
Will the wolves have a bite?

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