all the leaves falling at ground just like our love it's mockery it's make believe the choice is made

how many times did i call and can't get no one on the telephone line how many times did i call how many times

love fashion of collapse it happens pricey and obscene all i needed achieved and completed yet still it bothers me

i've started a band that can't break up
cause it's down to one man
and now i believe that it ain't that tough
no it ain't that tough

i know i'm second string in this town
and i'm fine with this
i'm down in the basement trying to make shit up
yeah, just make it up

rock, rock
record, record
rock, rock
record, record
rock, rock
record, record

and how did it? could it? take this time to make one rock song now i believe that it is that tough yeah, it is that tough