

Sweet Disarray

Dan Croll

Sweet disarray,
the street I'd call home is the street I walk alone.
Same every day,
I never recall getting lost and getting old.
Sweet disarray,
Same every day.

Sweet disarray,
I never found home again that day.
Stayed in the rain,
I never found home again that day.

Sweet disarray,
my mind has given way to an age that's color gray.
And long do I crave,
a day that doesn't stall than a day that I recall.
Sweet disarray,
Same every day.

Sweet disarray,
I never found home again that day.
Stayed in the rain,
I never found home again that day.

Won't you buy my sweet disarray?
I never found home again that day.
Sweet disarray,
I never found home again that day.

Sweet disarray,
Same everyday,
Sweet disarray,
Same everyday.