

# Picturesque

Editors

You stopped looking for the right path you oughta know  
What looking at the future does to you down, down  
No need to be boisterous call off the show  
I'm stepping back in time to better days flat track  
Bully, look at you go isn't he so underappreciated?  
Now, now, now  
No more dreaming of tomorrows giddier nights  
Work  
No one to distract you sweat it out

Drag the carriage, you're an engine focus on me  
My little understanding of your place  
I'm wiped wasn't it supposed to be picturesque  
Like all your books and dreams? Well, picture this

Don't you feel  
Broken token kicked around and lied to?  
Stay until  
We no longer can hold our, eyes open I wallow in you  
Say you will  
Always remember a soul needs an anger to thrill  
Repeat after me

When your hate don't cut it  
Through the mess you started  
I confess I find it picturesque  
Are you livid?  
When my love boils over  
When my shame grows colder  
It's a mess  
Picturesque  
It's a mess  
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