

Sullivan

Fog Lake

Two, three, four

Give me a canvas to color in
These nursery rhymes I sing
They all just sound the same
Sullivan
Hung on the walls of my home
Those painted portraits bear some resemblance to you now
Sullivan

I never meant to go
I never meant to go

Some punishment that never came
The bodies you invade all outlined on pavement now
Sullivan
The radio's static hymns
And choirs of angels sing
You're the talk of the town now
Sullivan

I never meant to go
I never meant to go

'Cause it's all coming back now
And you're all running out
Yet you don't see how
You still like to pretend