

## 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