The clouds are holding up the dawn
They're stilts or crutches
I can't tell which one
To keep the short days looking longer
Or to keep the sunlight from falling on broken legs
But the
Night's disguise is wearing thin
Caught me looking through
Your eyes
No I'm not doing alright
I'm just as stupid and
Desperate as I've always been
All the uselessness I write
Just come at me with a knife
Come cut this sickness from my

Mind

Help me forget about a shattered lie Bleed my failure Into something right

The boss man said there's no more work
This winter
So go on home now and check back in the spring
Some dreams turned out to be a nightmare that you can't afford

So it's coming in on a credit card

Get yourself all prettied up

My love

Come here close let me tie that ironed ribbon

On the
Dress I bought you it's the perfect one
For the perfect night
With the perfect woman
But the night's disguise is wearing thin