

Free time gets expensive in a place like you,
Liquidate your assets,
The fast lane takes some getting used to.

Your sphere of influence is wearing thin,
I heard you like the bad boys,
Well I'm bad at everything.

Now that the blinds are down,
And I've caught my breath,
It feels like I never left,
Inform the authorities,
Baby it's for the best,
It feels like I never left.

On September the third two thousand and three
I was softly touched by a warm summer breeze
I'm older now, I'm used to the past
I know people like you go the same way as the drachma
Or the dreamcast

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Now that the curtains drawn
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