

## Ghost Town

Strung Out

Sunday mornin' freak show and  
Someone forgot to pull the plug  
Out on this place a long time ago

The angels they don't come around  
And the gods they run like devils  
Chasin' secrets no one talks about  
Down avenues of glitter lights and pain

I've been looking for a place  
To leave my troubled thoughts behind  
But troubles growin' all around  
And it's all I seem to find

In this land of make believe  
Toxic February breeze  
Cemetery boulevards  
With neon signs that say you've come too far

I don't wanna be the one to say  
I know exactly what I'm headed for, some things I think you sho  
uldn't know and  
If I'm on a one way street to nowhere at least I made it there  
to say  
I don't regret a single thing that I have done

And all this time I thought I was the one whose goin' down  
Changing to be stickin' with the passin' of each day  
No one keeps trying hard  
Underneath the city's holy light  
Burnin' at both ends this candle slowly rages on

Yesterdays a memory and tomorrow's just a vision  
And somethin' summer in the sun  
This motor's barely runnin', my feet are tired of walking  
Down the same old asphalt roads

I spot Sunday drivers slidin' up and down this razorblade  
It's cheaper than a fix and not a moment in the sun  
I thought I had it figured out but illusions never leave a doub  
t  
So on will I keep walkin' till I'm home.