

# The Last American Cowboy

The Bled

Brace yourself for the plight of the born  
As the spotlight strips you bare  
Just a useless act in the play of life

Cast as the role of the lover  
And I feel slightly misplaced  
In a world that fuck or be fucked, kill the lights

Letch, one more time and say it like you mean it  
Lush, one more time and tell it like you feel it  
Lover, you've got talent but I just don't see it

Wrap your hook around my neck  
And get me off, get me off  
Get me off your stage

In every coma, lover's kiss collides with truth  
And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise  
And I know, disguise the lies that you fed me last night  
These plots are breeding grounds for nothing but the worst  
And nothing could be worse and I know why

And what do I have left?  
The composer just went deaf  
The singer lost his breath  
In the glow of the crowd

The dancer's on a crutch  
The writer drank too much  
The director lost his touch  
In the glow of the crowd

Can you resist the urge to burn the script we wrote?  
Bring on the flood before we choke  
Applause engulfs the room  
We bow into the tombs

Sing me one more line so I can sleep  
Sing me one more line so I can sleep  
Sing me one more line so I can sleep  
This is all you need

My love, it follows you  
To your grave, to your grave  
And I know, my love, it follows you  
To your grave, to your grave

In every coma, lover's kiss collides with truth  
And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise  
And I know, disguise the lies that you told me last night  
These plots are breeding grounds for nothing but the worst  
And nothing could be worse and I know

In every coma, lover's kiss collides with truth  
And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise  
And I know, disguise the lies that you told me last night  
These plots are breeding grounds for nothing but the worst

And nothing could be worse and I know why