

Closing Time

The Monochrome Set

No one is at home
And no one has called
It's not that I'm alone
And why all these questions

Don't read me like a book
Mistake me for another
Your kind of help worries me
The kettle is boiling

The kettle is boiling
In my once understandable heart
There's some talk
But I think it's gonna be a fight
There's an army without a face
Closing down my better points