

Alright, I Admit It... It Was a Whore House

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

The, the path, the path
The path has changed so much over the years
The path, the path, the path
The path has changed so much over the years

No reason to fret
Just turn around and walk away
The glass of wine and the plate
Of overcooked food
Burnt too long, burnt too long
Paranoid about a fuck-me dress

Relishing in memories, twisting like fate
It's only a matter of time before this is destroyed
It's only a matter of time before this is destroyed

The bridges are too low to duck under
And the fenced in possibilities
Seem too dark to see without candlelight

Because years have passed
Visions have also
Down under, there's a devil
And no one notices
Above us are clouds
That swing and hang down
Over a small town

Obstruction of vision is nullified
By the elevation of the seats
Obstruction of vision is nullified
By the elevation of the seats
An orchestra pit down under like
Like Australia that catches fire from a match
An orchestra pit down under like
Like Australia that catches fire from a match

The, the path, the path
The path has changed so much over the years
The path (Slimy), the path (sticky), the path (leaves)
The path has changed so much over the years (Cling like leeches)

No reason, no reason to fret
Just turn around and walk away
The glass of wine and the plate

I'll never run away again
I'll never run away again
I'll never run away again
I'll never run away again
I'll never run away
I missed this