

# Masquerade

The Revivalists

It's a masquerade  
with all the troops out on parade  
Up till now we've saved  
Every woulda, coulda, shoulda  
that could've ever been made  
Riding tall on a ten foot bicycle  
Feeling small when I passed by city hall  
I caught a glimpse of the night mayor dressed in black  
taking nips from a flask filed with cognac  
With the memory of R.C.N speckled in trash  
I made a mad-hatter dash for the Frenchman stash  
I hope a couple grams will last  
Because there's four lungs puffin' mama you can do the math

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Look at us now  
Riding on the rooftops letting it out  
You could have the same  
We could be as one  
We could find a solution in the sun

Now I'm breathing into you  
And I don't even know your name  
If my breath's enough to save your life  
Why won't it stop all these games?  
Politicians playing with all of our minds  
Wrecking all of our lives  
They're like blind surgeons in the dark  
Their blue pens are scalpels in disguise  
It's a masquerade  
Insecurity guard, there's a force at the border  
That won't be let on

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We could find a solution in the sun  
I don't need to fall into all your lies  
It's all I see for you and I  
I'm in a dream I'm holding on  
I'll be here you'll be gone  
Hurry, hurry, hurry I need you now  
In the dark we find the sound