

A Day at the Fair, The Dude Abides

it's as if you started out on the front page paper news stand pixelated in black and white, this picture
tonight this candle will burn this to ashes and drink away problems still I seem to have this
the sight of your lips as they're locked onto his, now it's over, the way that his eyes are locked onto
it's as if I'm fading out, you're holding onto his hand still thinking that I'm alright, the thought of you
glass half empty time more wasted just swallowing sights but my eyes can't taste this
this is me now, this is what you've done to me, I'm bent and bruised and I'm taking this away
this is me
I'm alone now, I don't need anyone