

After The Fall, Absentee Without Leave

Are you so low in confidence,
That you take the next passer by?
Don't want to be alone;
Don't want to be seen cry?
The happy face mask that you wear,
Doesn't cover up the colour of your hair.
So is the right thing to do,
Tell somebody that you don't have, you don't have a clue.
And I'll use misfortune, to your advantage.
And I'll wrap up the white feather, all in a bandge.
The people are catching on, to your passion.
And grab the attention fast, because it's going out of fashion.
(It's going out of fashion) Because it's going out of fashion.
The happy face mask that you wear,
Doesn't cover up the colour of your hair.
So is the right thing to do,
Tell somebody that you don't have, you don't have a clue.
Runaway, to where the sun shines,
Slip away, never looking behind.
Yet days of old, follow the trail,
To where your head rests,
On the pillow of feathers, you keep so close.
Whatever you have misplaced
It cannot be retrieved,
Swallow the pride, and believe.
The happy face mask that you wear,
Doesn't cover up the colour of your hair.
So is the right thing to do,
Tell somebody that you don't have, you don't have a clue.