

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, A

The curtain thins
Violins announce the score is over
The symphony clears the folded chairs
And walk towards the snack bar
And I forgot what the libretto was all about
At eight o'clock you drop me off
And not a word was spared for us
Drinks at ten, we're off again
The crowds and bouncers stare at us

And the last one out the car fills the meter up

Don't say your name, just dance with me
Oh no, my ride is gone it's time to leave
Then racing for the sink
I shove my head in
And the world looks like heaven
It's all white