Cole Jude, It Comes Around

Poetry and angels
Flowers and perfume
You fill your house with pretty things
Pretty things hide the bitter truth
Well there's a fire on the mountain
Burning out of control
And you're standing at the top now
With nowhere left to go
So lock your doors up tight
And say a prayer tonight
You know it's hard to keep the demons down
When it comes around
In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
Deep down in the gutter they're calling your name
One day it comes around
You were such a pretty woman
Those were the days
One thing's for sure in this town, baby
Being pretty pays
All the fame and riches
Gonna turn out to be fool's gold
When you look to find shelter in the ones you bought and sold
So sad, so alone
It cuts right to the bone
When you find out how it feels to hit the ground
When it comes around
In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
Deep down in the gutter they're calling your name
One day it comes around
Turn it off man, I've seen too much
You better look over your shoulder honey
You're losing your touch
Deep down in the gutter or up on the stage
One day it comes around
It comes around and around and around
(Solo)
So lock your doors up tight
Say a little prayer tonight
You know it's hard to keep the demons down
When it comes around
In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
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