Dead Moon, Pain For Pretty

Smoke another cigarette, watch the rain
Put me on the outskirts of a mental train
What's done's been done, you can't change that
I couldn't make the window, I couldn't go back

Is there no getting free Something's dying inside me Pain for pretty can't you see Changes... oh, no, no

Watching the predictions, it looks like snow I'd like to travel south but I can't go December's on the crest, almost gone Shadows on the pavement never looked so long

Maybe it's my attitude, I can't get straight Take me like I am or throw me away Trying to kill the dream that's inside me I don't want to end up your casualty