

Gyroscope, Snakeskin

Hang up the phone, no need to cry.
Ill take you home, itll be alright.
Tonight means nothing if we stay.

Staying here will only breed obsession, and Im already obsessed.
If everything you see is your possession, then Im already possessed.
Careful kid - this is not your song, although it could be before too long.

Before too long, a lesson learned; to stand downwind and watch it burn,
To the lake, wash away any trace of yesterday.

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The night means nothing.

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Undercover, never letting up?

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