

# Lagwagon, Messengers

Late, I can stay up late  
In and out of bed  
Cleaning up the mess  
Trying to be honest  
'cause I know I am on it  
In this, the last time I  
speak of it  
the loyalties that have been broken  
Mine isn't dead  
One thing is true  
Nothing is sacred  
When everyone's talking  
and nobody's listening  
When we confide in all  
those friends  
they're just messengers  
One thing is true  
You throw the matters into  
blue skies  
turning to grey,  
falling out every day  
One thing that's free  
I confide in you with the truth  
Late, I can stay up late  
In and out of bed  
Cleaning up the mess  
inside my head