

# Lydia, Her And Haley

Follow me down to fake streets so far.  
We were way too young but now they're stars.  
Cause someone's talking of blood.  
Standing so cold in photograph, their faces knew,  
and clearly showed every word that nothing comes true.  
I'm here stuck in this town no more.

I hoped you would say scratch the paper  
and pass a moment making us both around your shoulders  
let's go for the walls never mind who was there,  
just think the night is guilty and my view of the past.

So now its obvious I've learned, let's see you bet.  
Her favorite place to sit, to forget. Cause no one watched or would care.  
They smile just to be safe,  
making sure nobody saw two dancing girls with their grins painted on.  
New years night to yourself now it's seventy three.

Minutes call for longer,  
finger prints show loss of blood,  
but being perfect was always hard wasn't it.  
The motivation is hard to find  
the screams were heard but never cried,  
so tell me how do you go through,  
tell me what brings you to this place.  
They will not be afraid,  
only two know how sad this gets the stage is set for them both,  
and on the bathroom floor, glass ready, there's no turning back now.

Cause I bet you wished.