

The Bled, Last American Cowboy

Brace yourself for the plight of the born.

As the spotlight strips you bare.

Just a useless Act in the Play of Life.

Cast as the role of "The Lover";.

And I feel slightly misplaced in a world of "Fuck or Be Fucked";.

Kill the lights.

Letch.

One more time and say it like you mean it.

Lush.

One more time and tell it like you feel it.

Lover.

You've got talent but I just don't see it.

Wrap your hook around my neck and get me off, get me off, get me off your stage.

In every coma-lover's kiss collides with truth.

And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise.

And I know disguise the lies that you fed me last night these plots are breeding grounds for nothing

And what do I have left?

The composer just went deaf.

The singer lost his breath.

In the glow of the crowd.

The dancer's on a crutch.

The writer drank too much.

The director lost his touch.

In the glow of the crowd.

Can you resist the urge to burn the script we wrote? bring on the flood before we choke.

Applause engulfs the room.

We bow into out tombs.

Sing me one more line so I can sleep.

Sing me one more line so I can sleep.

Sing me one more line so I can sleep.

This is all you need.

My love, it follows you to your grave.

To your grave.

My love, it follows you to your grave.

To your grave.

In every coma-lover's kiss collides with truth.

And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise.

And I know disguise the lies that you fed me last night these plots are breeding grounds for nothing

In every coma-lover's kiss collides with truth.

And every tongue that slips will drip onto your bruise.

And I know disguise the lies that you fed me last night these plots are breeding grounds for nothing