

The Bled, The 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 that "Fuck of
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 la
and what do I have left?

the composer just went deaf.

the singer lost his breathe, 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 our tombs.

sing me one more line so I can sleep.

this is all you need.

my love, it follows you to your grave.