

# Two Gallants, Age Of Assassins

Oh when the summer sun come cutting  
Like a clean razor blade  
And I wake to the day and all the visions I've made  
Reached out my hand for the curl of her hair  
And whisper my dreams to the girl who's not there  
Gather some memory from the night before  
Where'd she go? she go, where'd she go?  
Screaming of threats and slam of a door

Well I don't know, don't know, don't know  
So I look to the window and the city below  
From this bed of mine  
Where I eat sweet jelly rolls

Think I'll put on my face  
I'd like to fix me a drink  
'Cause somewhere someone knows just what I think  
Last night's but a question that hangs like a noose  
'Round my throat, my throat  
Surely tonight, I'll invite its abuse

Well there's no hope, no hope, no hope

Goodness me, oh my  
Oh my god, I still might be fine  
Get through all the pains I fake  
Poor boy could use a break  
A break from my own daily hate, oh  
"Pain is something no one else knows"  
That's what I hear them say  
But everyone bereaves the day  
I said weary weary walk away

So I take to the streets like the dead to the grave  
You light me a smoke because it's right to behave  
And I'm all juiced up all morning because is when  
Heros stand tall in the statues of men  
And all the pigeons adore me and peck at my feet  
Oh the fame, the fame, the fame  
Someday they may use my head as a seat

Well I can't wait, can't wait, can't wait

Goodness me, oh my  
Oh my god, I still might get by  
Get through all the pains I fake  
Poor boy could use a break  
A break from my own daily hate, oh  
"Pain is something no one else knows"  
That's what I hear them say  
But everyone bereaves the day  
I said weary weary walk away

When I die alone bury me deep  
Way out west past Sunset Street  
So I can hear old 29 when she goes rollin' by  
And when they come to claim my skin  
And I go back where I begin  
Place the stones at my head and feet  
Tell them all I've gone to sleep

And as the city unravels her metal bedroll  
I dirty her sheets with the stumble I stroll  
And the people all stop just to watch me go by

With a thirst in my throat and a tear in my eye  
So riddle me this while I lend you my soul in a song, in a song, a song  
And balance the sky on these shoulders of mine

Until the dawn, the dawn, the dawn

Goodness me, oh my  
Oh my god, I still might get by  
Get through all the pains I fake  
Poor boy could use a break  
A break from my own daily hate, oh  
"Pain is something no one else knows"  
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