

Acres Of Lions, Knowing Your Own End

Straight up, I walked you to your house last night.

It was cold and we were soaking wet.

Our costumes melted in the rain.

Then we were bare, we were shy and above all, we were honest.

I talked for hours off my head. I was dull and you were silent...

I let you into places I wouldn't even dare go, the things I meant to hide away.

You will be the end of me!

Yes, this was just the illusion I was hoping for.

Oh, how I love to be let down!

I still dig the way you walk around like you own this town,

like you've never even cared.

I still dig the way you move to the sound

like it's part of you and like there's no one else.

Oh, you will be the end of me!