

Action Action, Attached To The Fifth Story

I can't,
I can't take it easily,
I won't,
I won't let it gravel me.
But I transgress,
Born into sin,
Born into current.

I can't comply to a compliment.
I won't quietly ask for it,
And the current still drags me in,
Slow down. (Slow down, down, down)

The pills won't make this go away;
Our trails stubbornly set in ways to revolt,
Try to repulse. (Ohh)

Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke,
Your mind being pulled out of your head.

I won't swallow it logically.
I see,
I'm barraged by dollar signs.
Show me in to permanent sleep.

Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke,
Your mind being pulled out of your head.
Noise fills your thoughts,
Inhaling to catch your breath with every heartbeat.
Swallow your pride,
The strychnine's benign,
Dissolve your cyanide,
Enchant all my lies.
Discretely confined,
Coagulate my designs.
Am I seeing so clear,
Original sin is a hoax. [x2]

[end of song]

Ready?

Tell me where are all the good times?
The ones that set us free.
Tell me where are all the good times?
Tell me where are all the good times?
I'm a lost cause,
Sailing off course.
I'll be good for you.
I'll be waiting for the daze,
I've got a handful of the antidote.
I'm working out I'm by the head of an angel.
I cant believe that I'm too blind to see.

Oh,
Tell me where are the good times? [x5]

I'm a lost cause,
Sailing off course. [x2]