

Bayside, Montauk

It's getting cold.
Thought it was too soon to tell
but it was terribly old
and as the heartbeat slows to a heartless crawl.
The lights went out,
The lights went out
and darkness filled the house
on tiring night under a Long Island sky.

I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This what's become of it? What's become of it?

If you hear this and you think you're ready,
then meet me in Montauk
where we'll write out in the sand,
"Here lies the destiny of 2 hurt souls
afraid to be cured again."
That could be our epitaph.

I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This what's become of it? What's become of it?
[x2]

I know...

I thought I'd know the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, did you foresee this?
What's become of it? Just what's become...