

# Deadsy, Texas Never Whispers

Here comes the night

Here we go  
She's on a hidden tableau  
Just a 2 for 1  
And the 2 for 1 is right  
Down my alleyside  
I'm just a wasted behind

Don't you know  
It's an easy thing when it's lost  
Doesn't show when the ends are frayed  
And it's tossed out  
Lined with silver thread  
I've seen you wasted behind

She's so lackadaisical  
Should have been a west coast bride  
Back seat on electric glide  
Pilots flying drive by fades

Don't hold your breath too long  
This tunnel is a Texas mile  
Callow teasing yellow eyes  
Bleacher dates the second prize  
Cherry pickin' favorites  
My dash was locked  
I guess I feel fine

The way the river bends  
The woman's bending over me

Here comes the night

And this is how the message ran  
Please tell my why my life is so bland