

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