

Editors, Picturesque

You stopped looking for the right path you oughta know
What looking at the future does to you down, down
No need to be boisterous call off the show
I'm stepping back in time to better days flat track
Bully, look at you go isn't he so underappreciated?
Now, now, now
No more dreaming of tomorrows giddier nights
Work
No one to distract you sweat it out

Drag the carriage, you're an engine focus on me
My little understanding of your place
I'm wiped wasn't it supposed to be picturesque
Like all your books and dreams? Well, picture this

Don't you feel
Broken token kicked around and lied to?
Stay until
We no longer can hold our, eyes open I wallow in you
Say you will
Always remember a soul needs an anger to thrill
Repeat after me

When your hate don't cut it
Through the mess you started
I confess I find it picturesque
Are you livid?
When my love boils over
When my shame grows colder
It's a mess
Picturesque
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