

Fish, Riots Of Passage

With this rites of passage, cruel twist of fate, with every turn of every card I never see,
until it's too late, the deed is done and leaves me wondering just where our love has gone
I cannot say in honest truth that I still trust all my feelings for you.

You knew that it was wrong,
You think that saying sorry is gonna make it seem alright,
Maybe in this song you will hear me for the first time
and you'll start to see the light.

Living with you is like being parked on double yellow lines waiting to be towed away,
I'll pay the fines and I'll be back, but I'm running out of reasons to stay.

You knew that it was wrong,
You think that saying sorry is gonna make it seem alright,
Maybe in this song you will hear me for the first time
and you'll start to see the light.

You knew that it was wrong,
You think that saying sorry is gonna make it seem alright,
Maybe in this song you will hear me for the first time
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With this right of passage I reclaim my heart,
I take my leave, as if on cue, I play no further part
in your self-penned dramas,
where each stolen kiss
just goes to prove that happy endings don't exist.