

Lagwagon, Twenty-Seven

Hope you didn't mind when I saw you

Turn into nothing less
Than nothing new
Before you wait to sleep it off

How little is enough
What can you do
Before you decide to make
The last mistake
Withdraw
Away from us
And say goodbye
To all but one that takes you
Put you to rest

On twenty-seventh street nothing will keep you warm
Everything brings you harm
Everything here fails you
Now lying on your feet everyone nails you
Everyone woreships you
Everyone here fails you
I can figure it out and it's all about to

Turn into lack of wit on sinking ships
I might have jumped but you jumped first
Abandoned ties that bind
There's no salvation here
I surely mist the times when we were so depressed
No I miss you
No I miss you
And you are missing something

You take a rip and then you
Find sedation some salvation
A masochistic only point of view
Nothing is left of you
Everyone speeks the truth
Everyone here fails me

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