

Mechanical Poet, Nice Place For A Sad Story

A naughty boy, a pretty girl
The coolest lad and prom night queen
A sleepy town, a country school
The cruelest place youve ever seen
The signs of bars and traffic lights
So where you think could all this happen?

Right!
Just look outside
Aint it the same street spreading far and wide?
Just step outside
And see this story with your own eyes

A cell, a flower store
A field of graves thats something weird
It may be strange, it may be odd
Sometimes its hard to hold your tears
Its not a tale with elves and knights
You almost know where it could happen

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More spite and love, less joy and laugh,
This time its all a real life
Frustrated plight, a suicide
No chance to wait for a happy ending

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