

# Milburn, Being A Rogue

Put down the phone you,  
Know it's better off that way,  
This conversation,  
Has gone stale,

I fell sorry, Oh ever so sorry today,  
Feeling convicted but nobody's here to blame,

Walking the line,  
Is wearing away my shoes,  
I'll stand aside as all the daggers fly across the room,  
As the night grows older the mood becomes bolder and course,  
The vultures and spies,  
Are out to build houses from straw,  
They'll blow down,  
All that is left is the girl,  
Wearing a frown,

Can't you see that I am sincere,  
And to believe in all of the stories you hear,  
Is their desire, so don't go fuelling the fire,

Too much to dream you,  
Had far too much to dream last night,  
And everything you'd learnt to love,  
Was taken again by thieves,

Your mind is restless,  
Because you never rested at all,  
All these illusions,  
Confuse your thoughts,  
You won't come round,  
All that I see is the girl,  
Wearing a frown,

Can't you see I am sincere,  
And to believe in all of the stories you hear,  
That would be foolish,  
You'd be a fool to fear,  
What's their desire,  
So I go fuelling the fire