

# Neurotica, Evenings Away

Smell the smoke in the morning from anothers cigarette Always seems to

remind me of the time Ive yet to face but better yet It reminds me of the sun  
two hours to soon When I want to be sleeping till well afternoon Its things  
like these that remind me of why Id live for the dream time and die for the  
evening sky Yes I love the evening when it all falls on me I wanna fly with the  
evening owls And sit beside them in the trees Smell the sent in the air slicing  
past blades of a fan Lie awake here just thinking of just how long I can I can  
if I try to not ask why My skull is my skyline my stars are my evening skys  
Its things just like these that remind me of why Id live for the dream time  
and die for the evening sky