

# Palaxy Tracks, Lamplighter

Shaking off sandy feet  
Strode through a dirty beach  
That you then wash from my eyes

Paint the town red tonight  
The Summer of '95 is nothing more than a lie in my mind

You played the silent type  
The lecherous one was I that I now hide from your eyes

Maybe I want better days  
But I haven't got the time that it would take to make it right

Chin up, admit I'm terrified  
That you would learn there's nothing you can't hide  
In the morning we will ride

Four walls they did the dirty work  
A wrecking ball would change the course of luck  
You'd accuse the Sun of trying to burn through the night  
And how I'm gonna try to avert my eyes from the light

But all I see is wrecking me  
You didn't want to rise above  
And change our ways