

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