

# Placebo, Twenty Years

There are twenty years to go  
Twenty ways to know  
Who will wear, who will wear the hat

There are twenty years to go  
Best of all I hope  
Enjoy the ride, the medicine show

Thems the breaks for we designer fakes  
We need to concentrate on more than meets the eye

There are twenty years to go  
The faithful and the low  
Best of starts, the broken heart, the stone

There are twenty years to go  
Punch drunk and the blow  
The worst of starts, the mercy part, the phone

Thems the breaks for we designer fakes  
We need to concentrate on more than meets the eye  
Thems the breaks for we designer fakes  
But it's you I take 'cause you're the truth not I

There are twenty years to go  
A golden age I know  
But all will pass, and end too fast you know

There are twenty years to go  
Many friends I hope  
Though some may hold the rose, some hold the rope

And that's the end and that's the start of it  
That's the whole and that's the part of it  
That's the high and that's the heart of it  
That's the long and that's the short of it  
That's the best and that's the test in it  
That's the doubt to doubt the trust in it  
That's the sight and that's the sound of it  
That's the gift and that's the trick in it

You're the truth, not I  
You're the truth, not I  
You're the truth, not I  
You're the truth, not I