

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, Rather Touch

It was a love that was bathed in sin.
And here are several lies she told of him. You
say his wick's burning at both ends.
How can you tell a story of something you wish to forget?
All you want is to see my lights go dim.
All you want is to lie about what you think is really going on with him.
With every look you evaluate him,
you say his face is thin and his ribs are now showing.
Now every night in his dreams he hears your pretty voice
tuned tight to haunt him keep him
awake and chase away all his sleep.
All that you wanted to be-just lies.
And I hope you just wrap your car around a
tree and maybe I can be the first one on the
scene to watch you cry.
And see your pretty blood soaked face and to
walk away alright. True romance is just a touch.