

# The Fall, Living Too Late

Crow's feet are ingrained on my face  
And I'm living too late  
Try to wash the black off my face, but it's ingrained  
And I'm living too late

Sleepless, in-control spleen  
Agreed ace family  
Must have stump tripod in the genes  
I'm immune to things  
In my dreams

I saw through the trees  
O'er the poison river locks  
Talk treacherous would beat  
But still my heart it is rock

Finally going through old parasite gate  
But there's a 24-hour clock watch  
And I'm living too late  
Think

Sometimes life is like a new bar  
Plastic seats, beer below par  
Food with no taste, music grates  
I'm living too late

Once talking was my favourite while  
But now I know a conversation's end  
Before it's done  
Maybe I'm living too long

The daylight

I see trouble on the streets  
Fearing catastrophe to meet  
Walk down the devil's boulevard  
But still my heart is hard

They say them cellars (were't even/were evil) black  
But I know they're wrong  
Think it's one  
Been  
Living Too Long

(extra verses on Living Too Long:

Eyes like two TV screens  
Continual open  
Feel no pain  
I live again

I'm super sad sweet sad  
Line is cracked  
Vision gone  
I'm living too long)