Vigilantes Of Love, Goes Without Saying

failure she's a new found friend you let her sleep on the floor when you rise to check out well she follows to the door if you listen real close there's the audible sigh if you look real hard you don't question why

cloth of life is torn cloth of life is fading so much more yeah it goes without saying yeah it goes without saying goes without saying

and all of these distractions and the worship of the buck somewhere i think we gave out at a club called "the outta-luck" and it was deeper than the blackness that all the blacktop holds we're starving for an omen and the spaces they're wide open

cloth of life is something yeah where you begin cloth of life is something you can wrap yourself in keep a candle in the window keep a fire on your hearth keep a prayer on your lips and keep some hope in your heart