

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