Montauk

Bayside

It's getting cold.
Thought it was too soon to tell,
but it was terribly old,
and as the heartbeat slows
to a heartless crawl.The lights went out,
The lights went out
and darkness filled the house
on tiring night under a Long Island sky.I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Just what's become of it?
What's become of it?If you hear this and you think you're ready,
then meet me in Montauk where,
we'll write out in the sand,
Here lies the destiny of 2 hurt souls,
afraid to be cured again.
That could be our epitaph.I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Just what's become of it?
What's become of it?
I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
Just what's become of it?
What's become of it?I'd known, I thought I'd known the consequence,
but sweetness, can you believe this?
This mess we've made of it.
This mess we've made of it.
In years to come it might make sense,
but sweetness, did you foresee this?
Just what's become of it?

What's become...

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