

# Lagwagon, Twenty-Seven

Hope you didn't mind when I saw you

Turn into nothing less  
Than nothing new  
Before you wait to sleep it off

How little is enough  
What can you do  
Before you decide to make  
The last mistake  
Withdraw  
Away from us  
And say goodbye  
To all but one that takes you  
Put you to rest

On twenty-seventh street nothing will keep you warm  
Everything brings you harm  
Everything here fails you  
Now lying on your feet everyone nails you  
Everyone woreships you  
Everyone here fails you  
I can figure it out and it's all about to

Turn into lack of wit on sinking ships  
I might have jumped but you jumped first  
Abandoned ties that bind  
There's no salvation here  
I surely mist the times when we were so depressed  
No I miss you  
No I miss you  
And you are missing something

You take a rip and then you  
Find sedation some salvation  
A masochistic only point of view  
Nothing is left of you  
Everyone speeks the truth  
Everyone here fails me

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