

Placebo, Twenty Years

There are twenty years to go
Twenty ways to know
Who will wear, who will wear the hat

There are twenty years to go
Best of all I hope
Enjoy the ride, the medicine show

Thems the breaks for we designer fakes
We need to concentrate on more than meets the eye

There are twenty years to go
The faithful and the low
Best of starts, the broken heart, the stone

There are twenty years to go
Punch drunk and the blow
The worst of starts, the mercy part, the phone

Thems the breaks for we designer fakes
We need to concentrate on more than meets the eye
Thems the breaks for we designer fakes
But it's you I take 'cause you're the truth not I

There are twenty years to go
A golden age I know
But all will pass, and end too fast you know

There are twenty years to go
Many friends I hope
Though some may hold the rose, some hold the rope

And that's the end and that's the start of it
That's the whole and that's the part of it
That's the high and that's the heart of it
That's the long and that's the short of it
That's the best and that's the test in it
That's the doubt to doubt the trust in it
That's the sight and that's the sound of it
That's the gift and that's the trick in it

You're the truth, not I
You're the truth, not I
You're the truth, not I
You're the truth, not I