

Walk The Streets

The Epoxies

I walk the streets on a Saturday night
The skies are dim but the neon is bright
The lights are warm but the pavement is cold
Love is bought and bodies are sold

Doesn't mean a thing to me
I'm just one of so many
I don't feel a thing at all
I'm not waiting for your call

I'm not in love
And I don't want to
I'm good for nothing
Cause nothing is true

People searching about tonight
Looking for someone
No one seems right
The ? warm and bodies are cold
Love is bought and bodies are sold

The world is made of glass
Like a set where nothing's real
Let them watching on a screen
I'm not put where things are seen