

Bad Astronaut, Quiet

Violence has no charm,
Still i'm waiting for your arm.
Someone said goodbye,
And now no one misses you.

And they might see you round,
In this quiet little town,
Talking of violence,
A knife you have,
Still in your back
And they might, see you there,
Sayin' noone ever cared,

I still remember,
I still remember,
How soon you forget.