

Barcelona, Stars

Tuesday came and I feigned happy
I'm so lonely here
This thing between my lungs is making me so tired
It's bleeding me
You know me, and how I hate this
We've said enough for now
Although it's been three hours we haven't spoke at all
Oh, inside this empty cabinet,
Nothing shines in here
On the edge of night,
We look down on our streets and houses,
You felt sick so I drove back
And if we go back to stars we won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts
This crowd incites my riots,
I'll try to calm them down.
Criminals compound my weakness
I'm barley hanging on
They're bleeding me
Oh, why can't I feel it?
Nothing hurts down here.
On the edge of night,
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back
And if we go back to starts we won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts