## 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