

Big Wreck, Prayer

Farewell old friend
A season ends
And your conscience lends
All your lies at hand
Because you're a star
And you'll go far
You stand in the flame
Just to make a name

You glance at the ceiling
Buy another round
Lonely, but for feeling
I can hang around, yeah
I can hang around, yeah

The clock I know
It takes time to fall
As the fall I'll do
If only for you
And the chance to run
Has left me spun
Run around the core
Of what I need you for

The disaster
And after all
I need you to remind myself
But it's my fault
It's not my fault
I can't hear the pain
Well pause no more
I've never prayed before, yeah
Never prayed before

You glance at the ceiling
Buy another round
Lonely but for feeling
That I can hang around
I can hang around