

Brand New, I Will Play My Game Beneath The Sp

The time has come for colds and overcoats.
We're quiet on the ride,
we're all just waiting to get home.
Another week away, my greatest fear.
I need the smell of summer,
I need its noises in my ears.
If looks could really kill,
then my profession would be staring.
Know we do this cause we care
and not for the thrill.
Collect calls to home
to tell them that I realize
that everyone who lives will someday die
and die alone.

And we won't let you in.
Though we're down and out.
No we won't let you in.
You win, you win, you win.

I wrote more postcards than hooks.
I read more maps than books.
Feel like every chance to leave
is another chance I should have took.
Every minute is a mile.
I've never felt so hollow.
I'm an old abandoned church with broken pews
and empty aisles.
My secrets for a buck.
Watch me as I cut myself wide open
on this stage. Yes, I am paid
to spill my guts. I won't see home till spring.
Oh, I would kill for the Atlantic,
but I am paid to make girls panic
while I sing.

And we won't let you in.
Though we're down and out.
No we won't let you in.
And we won't let you in.
We don't want what isn't ours.
We won't let you in.
You win, you win, you win.

And the coastline is quiet.
While we're quietly losing control.
And we're silent but sure
we invented the cure
that will wash out my memories of her.
"The harpoon is loaded. The cage is lowered.
The water is red."
Like you, like you.

And we won't let you in.
Though we're down and out.
No we won't let you in.
And we won't let you in.
We don't want what isn't ours.
We won't let you in.
You win, you win, you win.