

Emily Haines, Nothing and Nowhere

Sketch of your faces I still don't know you aren't permanent, permanent.
You want all of our moments stolen,
Blind alleys and hallways to basements.
How you gonna' hide 'till you disappear?
Because nothing and nowhere is golden.

Apartments are cages, I still don't know what is permanent, permanent.
Maybe all my possessions were precious.
Truth is all my possessions I somehow lost them.
Been traveling so light when we're floating by,
Seems nothing and nowhere is golden.

Some say we're lost in space,
Some say we're falling off the page.
Some say our life is insane,
But it isn't insane on paper.

Playgrounds are graveyards, and all of our scars are permanent, permanent.
There's no replacement for places.
I'll always love you, you're mine.
Numb is the new high, old memories die out, 'till
Nothing and nowhere is golden.

Some say we always only want to get off,
Some say our hands are much too soft.
Some say our life is insane,
But it isn't insane on paper.

Some say our hair is in our eyes,
Some say we're out of our little minds.
Some say our life is insane,
But it isn't insane on paper to have to ask