

Fireworks, Chicago Is Cliche

Las Vegas is a risky town where lovers drink their whiskey down
And sell themselves to sin.
Where somewhere between cheap motels and overnight wedding bells
We're sold; now it begins.
But oh can't you see,
What we had was great.
It was more than a look in a magazine that you tried to emulate.
I hope you made enough room in that fashion-less closet
For the new fall season coming in.
You wore me like a new summer style
Appraised by a designer and textile
But you wore me out until I was no longer in.
They'll buy you up and you'll stay afloat,
But when your ship sinks they'll slit your fucking throat
And you've sold yourself to it.
But oh don't you see
But now you're in that windy town
The lights seem so much brighter now
Cause you've sold yourself to something new.
But you left someone who cared too much
And our summer love dear just wasn't enough
But I sold myself to you.