

# Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly, The Chronicles Of A

I was stuck in minor chords  
I'd been here once before  
With environmental echoes  
By your baggage on my floor  
So get over here  
Lets grab ourselves another beer  
Drink until tomorrow to forget that we're still alive.

Drinking to forget  
but it always breeds regrets and disillusioned  
faces upon friends that we've seldom met.  
I do believe that my  
self-constructed alibi  
Is cracking under pressure while I'm breaking on the inside

I'm sick of making a show  
I'm sick of sitting with my hands trapped, falling on my back  
telling people I know  
More than they needed to know  
And this song is more, than the self indulgent rant, it's closure for the times that have let you down  
you know I need you around

Well I'm still here, long overdue.  
Because it feels like home in a life of pastures new.

So this one's for the friends  
And also for the sound  
Of distant laughter, acting as reminders. In a town  
That made us feel at home,  
We broke our backs on floors of stone.  
Yet I'd rather wake there any day than wake up here alone.

Baa, ba, ba, ba, ba  
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