

Give Up The Ghost, We Killed It

Stars lead the way home then the sidewalks ending
And I don't recall why we're still pretending
Turn myself in for crimes I didn't commit
I needed to feel truly innocent
There was a song and I forget the name of it
It seemed sincere and this is kind of how it went
"It's one of those nights when you're
not sure who the real you is anymore"
Generations can be whatever they want to
It's mid-afternoon and I'll be leaving soon
Survivors are few and far between,
between two parked cars headed for anywhere
cause anywhere is better than here
And in the ride, I become aware I'm probably not going anywhere

It's one of those nights when you're not sure who the real 'you' is anymore
I said that I would end myself but I think too much about family, you see
I need to see if I can bask in a different world

This is my swan song to my criminal boys and girls
And no one really loves us as the sun does fall
And a fact without no truth just isn't fact at all

I want out of here, I need to find the stars
but the sky's hiding them as we are ashamed of what we've ruined
The words I write stuttered the times I spoke
I've never been too close with love, life, trust and faith
I need out of here, I need a head clear
I know my voice isn't great but at least it's sincere

We are so conditioned to fall
It's sad the song of the year is still nothing at all