

Spitalfield, Van Buren

the day after independence day
there's no laughter
and nothing left to say
we all fall back
to our patterned lives
our hearts turn black
persue the dollar signs

either way we will all fall down
the beating clock is the only sound
close our eyes as we hit the ground
and wake up blinded
[x2]

we're all burnt out
from working overtime
from eating pills that
control our state of mind
we drink ourselves asleep
just to forget the day
we medicate again
just to stay awake

are we living just to die
or are we just dying to live

either way we will all fall down
the beating clock is the only sound
close our eyes as we hit the ground
and wake up blinded
[x2]