

# 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]