

Stellastarr*, Born In A Fleamarket

Suddenly a silence in the house
Suddenly another father disappears
Family caught in something backwards
The fact is, he never was here

Counting all the crickets on the porch
Telling haunted stories on the trains
He had a warped imagination
This patient was never the same

He's just looking for a crumb
Paranoia haunts him
Wondering what he has done
No one is safe, no one is safe
No one is safe, no one is safe

Writing long letters to his dad
That he knows won't be sent
Mother doesn't hurt his feelings
Assures him he's no accident
One more tire in the swamp
One more fire burning thin
He knows where his bleeding heart is
Determined to never give in

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