

Sullivan, Fire Away

Seize the moment, fire away
And get off these sordid streets
In a house of blackened letter days
You'll get better and better to me

Don't cover your eyes if you can't see

Stand on the ground
And get out of this weather
It's something I know you need
And what makes it alright
Doesn't make it all better
What slips through our hands, we keep

Lose your focus on the stairs
And I'm standing on both sides
There's a special moment, no one's there
But it doesn't get noticed in time

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Doesn't make it all better
What slips through our hands, we keep

I can tell you've been here before
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