

Youth Group, Drowned

We were drinking, yeah we started drinking, round two
And the air was so heavy, yeah the air was heavy, with hopes it couldn't fulfil
This is as good as it gets
Hope is all we have left
The pilot plays, can't hear a sound
All my optimism's drowned

Yeah I'm drowned
I'm drowned and I don't know why

The cicadas, yeah the cicadas, are ringing in my ears
Awake from hibernation and singing from frustration about being locked up all year

Like a chapter, a concluding chapter, that sinks you with its hooks
You know this little city looks like a city I read about in books