

A Day at the Fair, Cinderblock

the weight of the past is cloudy as if it's been raining, and this sunny city life is held in empty hands
well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up what I've been fighting close your eyes and
the hits have all come back now, as if they've been waiting, for indifference to settle itself into my s
well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up what I've been fighting close your eyes and
in my lonely, ill fated dream of life I've lived to hate by now it's our's somehow
I can fall asleep believing, I can understand and know it I can close my eyes and say it's over, it's o