

American Music Club, Cape Canaveral

I should trade my heart in for a watch
'Cause all I do is watch the numbers slip away
My lips silently repeat the countdown
'Cause it's so hard to say
I always knew, I always knew that you would leave
Do you know where the hell we are
All the birds are far too quiet in the trees
Frightened by the sweet things we told each other
Frightened by the things we made them see
I always knew, I always knew that you would leave
That you would leave
Like hunger that you always have to feed
Like when Don Rickles spotlight goes blue
The countdown tells me I am better off alone
And so empty without you
I always knew, I always knew that you would leave
You would leave, that you would leave, that you would leave