

Augustana, Wasteland

Now I'm sitting on a plane, lonely flight back to LA,
Don't come back with me.
So I'll drink myself to sleep, cut my skin until I bleed,
Hold my breath all the night.

Cause it's 5 o'clock, the hour stops the sunlight.
And the buildings shade the masquerade and kill time.

Hear the sound, she was naked on the ground.
Till I whispered in her ear...
Come away, watch the dawn break through the day,
Till the sun is underneath.

Cause it's 5 o'clock, the hour stops the sunlight.
And the buildings shade the masquerade and kill time.
Here we're nothing more than fools and whores and sad highs.
Through the summer sand, we're living in a wasteland.

It's a wasteland...
It's a wasteland...
It's a wasteland...
For me...

We're nothing more than fools and whores and sad highs.
Through the summer sand, we're living in a wasteland.

We're nothing more than fools and whores and sad highs.
Through the summer sand, we're living in a wasteland.

It's a wasteland...
It's a wasteland...
It's a wasteland...
For me...
For me...