

# Cartel, Hey, Don't Stop

It's never easy to see the sun when you're locked up in this pretty plaster cage.  
So she says she'd love to feel alive again.  
but this loneliness necessitates her void.  
And i tell her don't stop trying to be the one.  
because one day it won't matter who you are.  
She's had enough of being down.  
and it seems that everything that she's heard.  
It's everything that makes her cry and it's just about time to get this right  
because i don't know if it's all about taking this drink tonight.  
and i've been thinking baby that you're out of your mind.  
So now it's midnight and she leans against the wind.  
she finds it cold and comforting in this bold and daring glow.  
yeh, we all know to pass the time  
we pass around a few cold stares and wonder who we are.  
I think she's better off this way.