

# Champions Of History, Forgetting Your Birthday

There was a sinner  
If you had it  
There was a sinner  
If you forget  
I was a rich man  
I'm bleeding me out  
There was an empty park  
Came to circle up my empty space  
Things can begin  
Let's finish them oh  
Lives can recourse  
... Any old way

....

Somewhere across the stair  
In a shitty bar  
In the... any old ..  
You find a sinner  
Yeah, you can forget  
They find sinners who will write us any old space  
There are things can be lost  
There are lines can be crossed  
Well to finish them off  
And you cross anyway  
They don't wanna cross  
But they all want my coat  
They don't wanna cross  
They don't want my coat  
There are things can be lost  
Let's finish them off  
There are lines can be crossed  
But to cross them will any old way  
Said, to cross them will any old way