

Conditions, Fine Young Firecrackers

After a calm walk to the mirror
I never thought this frame could ever seem so empty
A missing face has made it lose its touch
And I'm shaking, but nonetheless alive
And nonetheless alive
And there were centuries in the sky that night
History buried deep in those bright lights
Bright flashes with spectacular goodbyes
Why couldn't ours have been so nice?
Still I hung on every word
Still I hung on every word
I remember each word at the top of my lungs
Laying back for the last time
Breathing in, breathing in
Laying back for the last time
To rise unloved again
I prayed for you
But I never prayed for this
I prayed for you
I remember each word at the top of my lungs
Remember each word, remember each word
And I'm shaking, but nonetheless alive
And I'm shaking
I remember each word at the top of my lungs