

# CSS, Beautiful Song

Fly high on the rug  
With the ones you know  
With the ones you love  
With the ones you trust

Riding the van, the bus, the plane again  
And hear the sounds  
Little air to breathe  
Little work to kill  
A nice table to seat  
A clean pillow to dream  
New streets to ride  
Another place to start  
It's better to break your back  
Better to break your heart

I want to go wrong, if we do it  
We can stop the time tonight  
Bring all the bad ones  
You know you got it wrong  
It means we got it right

Telling lies with stars  
Makin up a weird glory  
Young bosom, dark lies  
Twisting my touring guide  
Numbers I try to resist  
Through your watch they disappear  
All the memories you can trust  
All the voices talk to much  
All the photos you've seen  
War medals for someone  
Like me like he like she  
Like me like he like she  
Cause you'd better break your bed  
Than lay down and sleep

I want to go wrong, if we do it  
We can stop the time tonight  
Bring all the bad ones  
You know you got it wrong  
It means we got it right

How many times times times times  
We had the chance  
How many times times times times  
We had the chance  
How many times times times times  
We had the chance  
How many times, times times