

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