

Cursive, Road To Financial Stability

watching cars
does anyone stop for us?
or will we be passed by?
be passed up?
the day passes away
the moment cracks along the sidewalk
and we're alone
imagining what songs
would be on our sound tracks

maybe it's me
i've lost faith in visibility
on this street we are ghosts
of the passers-by
passers that driveby
the clouds are closing in
there's a storm on so beware
these cars have been known to capsize in strong wind

we've lost transmission
we've lost transmission

don't tell me this is how it ends
don't tell me this is how it ends