

Cursive, The Road To Financial Stability

Watching cars
Will anyone stop for us?
Or will we be passed by
Be passed on
The day passes away
The moment cracks along the sidewalk
And we're alone
Imagining what songs would be on our soundtrack

Maybe it's me
I've lost faith in visibility
On this street we are ghosts of the passers-by
Passive and stranded
The clouds are closing on
It's a storm watch, so beware
These cars have been known to capsize in strong winds

We've lost transmission...
We've lost transmission...

Don't tell me this is how it ends
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