

Cut City, The Dull Miles (Exit Decades)

Memories fall short wouldn't you believe
That's why we name streets after thieves
Some hundred miles - waiting
Some hundred miles - waiting

We marry our hands to our heads and shake
Because it's the only response to why remain here, remain here

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Memories fall short wouldn't you believe
To the lighthouse some sheep will flee
Some hundred miles - waiting
Some hundred miles - waiting

We marry our hands to our heads and shake
Because it's the only response to why remain here, remain here

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Marginal voices
Marginal voices
Marginal voices
Bounce from distant walls

We marry our hands to our heads and shake
Because it's the only response to why remain here, remain here