

Cyclefly, Better Than You

Back door slams got it bad this time.
Been sitting in the corner starrng at her monkey shrine.
When hope has lost and the fire dies.
Just put it in your pocket and think of better times.
Just like a dream.
Be the last one.
I'm the last one, this time.
Been standing cold by the firelight.
Feeling old trying to chase the passing time.
Now hopes not lost 'cause the fire cries.
Just put me in your pocket and think of better times.
Just like a dream.
And be the last one.
Yes I'm the last one, this time.
Holding back relentlessly,
Extract ourselves to never be,
The last one,
Folding pages endlessly,
Forever broken,
This time.
Better than you,
Much Better than you,
Better than you,
Much better than you.