

Editors, The Racing Rats

When the time comes
You're no longer there
Fall down to my knees
Begin my nightmare
Words spill from my drunken mouth
I just can't keep them all in
I keep up with the racing rats
And do my best to win

Slow down little one
You can't keep running away
You mustn't go outside yet
It's not your time to play
Standing at the edge of your town
With the skylight in your eyes
Reaching out to gods
The sun says its goodbyes

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave
In the surface of the earth

Let's pretend we never met
Let's pretend we're on our own
We live different lives
Until our covers blown

I push my hand up to the sky
Shade my eyes from the sun
As the dust settles around me
Suddenly nighttime has begun

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave
In the surface of the earth
The surface of the earth

Come on now
You knew you were lost
But you carried on anyway
Oh come on now
You knew you had no time
But you let the day drift away

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave
If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it make
In the surface of the earth
The surface of the earth