Facing New York, Tell Everyone

Burning down the house again
burning in the autumn wind
aint that comical, sympathetic, beautiful

watch the roof become a blade
caving in on what i made
its just so logical, tragic, magic, pitiful

tell everyone that you know
that i wont be coming around no more
tell everyone i'll be fine
but i had to get out of here sometime

sinking on a crowded ship
reaching out to next of kin
call me cynical but i'd rather die alone

when the water reached the deck
i had lost my self-respect
don't get personal, apathetic, critical

mourning what has come and gone
is healthy only for so long
call me terrible but i'm trying to move on

use what's left of love to give
find another life to live
overcome the pain and become the razor blade