

Fairweather, Concrete Atlas

this town is a ghost town of funerals and let downs.
the list of dead goes on and on and on.
sidewalks ache from the weight of holding up broken hearts.
i'm giving up on moving on.
what used to fill these streets with life has thrown a brick right through
our lives now.
don't hold back.
cause this could be our only chance.
the only chance we have to take now.
don't hold back.
so forget about the bricks we wear around our necks.
and forget about ever second up to this.
here's to the walking casualties of heavy handed subtlety.
so raise a drink.
we'll break the windows and the chairs.
and finally start a fire burning at both ends.
i might be everything you need and you might be the same for me.
we go out fast burning at both ends.