

Gin Blossoms, Lost Horizons

The last horizons I can see are filled with bars and factories
and in them all we fight to stay awake...

Drink enough of anything to make this world look new again

Drunk drunk drunk in the gardens and the graves

She had nothing left to say so she said she loved me

I stood there grateful for the lie...

Drink enough of anything to make this girl look new again

Drunk drunk drunk in the gardens and the graves

Turn summer trees to bones and ice

Turn insect songs against the night

With words we build and words we break

I'm drunk drunk drunk in the gardens and the graves...

Drink enough of anything to make myself look new again

Drunk drunk drunk in the gardens and the graves