# Give Up The Ghost, (We Are)

This is the soundtrack
To saying goodbye
We are making out
With desperate days
So turn the volume up high
(You love it)
God bless repeat - play nights
Heartbreaks and fights
And all the pretty kids
With the tired tired eyes
Sitting out parties
To be with your headphones
Reciting your last words
And writing your last notes
This is the soundtrack
To saying goodbye
For feeling cold like December
In the middle of July (so fuck it)
We are dead flowers
And pocket change - me
Forcing smiles - so tragic baby
We are the depressed
Future heartbreakers
And this is how we sound
Sometimes I just want to fade away
With no goodbyes - or anything
I slept right through the yesterdays
'Cause everybody was in my way
This is the soundtrack
To saying goodbye
We are dropping coins
Into dead payphones
To hear the sound of our voice
Just to know we're alone
And it's beyond me
Why people couldn't see
We were the true meaning of beauty
Hhumming "love"
With stiches in our hands
So young, I broke a wall with my hand
That broke a heart with a pen
So young, I was singing
"Love" in my head
And if you know what I know
Then you know that love is dead
We were born just to fade away
With no goodbyes - or anything
We slept right through the yesterdays
'Cause everybody was in our way
Goodbye my loves
You can have my heart
This is volume three of our tragedy