

Heatmiser, Something To Lose

framed hands make the moon come down
i'm sick of my plans
tired of waiting around
i can't try cos i know that you need somebody tonight
something to lose
i'm waiting for a sign
something to lose
you're always looking down from a picture frame
it's sickening how we just get in each other's way

i can't be shocked like i was before
so don't throw your rocks at my window no more