

Kevin Drew, Aging Faces/Losing Places

pack the morning up it's gone away
everybody here is wide awake
i'm addicted to your aging face
little deaths and little lives replaced
seize the back me ups and climb the stairs
fraction of the man who didnt care...
idols are the parks designed for weak

you and me and me and you and me

all the former fathers re-appear
try to find a space close to hear
place the bruises up inside the clocks
this is hard and then this is not...
leave me standing with my lady's death
housing up the holes like we're a breath
guess the night pretends to be asleep

you and me and me and you and me