

Kids In The Way, Last Day Of 1888

Crowded streets and the memories of all the faces you see
You don't know who I am when you're looking at me

Hang me tonight in the false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air
We're all innocent. The shadow's playing with our eyes

Sharpened tongues and the loaded guns of all the fortunate sons
You're the jack, back in black, ripping air from our lungs.

I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve
If I thought you'd think differently of me.