

Mayday Parade, Ocean And Atlantic

Jessie says she's been here for a thousand days
A thousand days to her that just don't mean a thing
Cause the city makes a perfect place to sleep
And daddy's coming home
He said he brought her things
Like jewels from every coast and songs for them to sing
But singing never got her very far
And this whole coast is full of pin-up paper rockstars

She said she'll run
Until her feet don't touch the ground
And as the waves carry me out
Keep listening
She'll never make a sound
So keep it coming and the details quiet
She's like a ghost that keeps you up all night
And she'll be a secret you can keep
Keep me

Cuts on paper hearts
They can be awful deep
Rips from wear and tear on different city streets
They don't all need a home, but just a place to sleep

So I will run
Until my feet don't touch the ground
And as the waves carry me out
Keep listening
She'll never make a sound
So keep it coming and the details quiet
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And she'll be a secret you can keep
Keep me
Keep me

And still she finds that every time she runs
She leaves behind another piece of her
On every city street

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