

New Amsterdams, All Our Vice / Clandestine

It's a clandestine arrangement that we never could get to stick.
Every night under the table with the sick and the fits.
Never cast as the romantic lead but somehow on our feet.
We're just waiting to be received and the whole scene sighs relief.
Somehow everyone functions with a barely visible scar.
Never know the length we'd go was so far, so far.
Some nights I see the sun come up but don't remember where it went down.
A realist whose time has come, it feels like I'm the only one.
Obstacles to overcome, now I don't trust anyone.
So, here's to all our vice and our secret double life.
I'll sleep with one eye open and maybe you'll save my life.
Another cool assed show under the table on the ground.
Keep the floorshow up to sound and the light show up to specs.
If we drown until we're exhausted it's what nobody expects.
Nothing left to lose.
Everything to prove.
Nothing we can't do.
Not anything for you.
The words were written wrong.
My life imitates your songs.
On and on and on.
Here's to all our vice and our secret double life.
I'll sleep with one eye open,
maybe you'll save my life.