

Park, Chica Chica

Reach out
For I cannot recall
Blurred nights, hands like ice
Spinning bathroom walls
And every soulless face
Seems to me a drowning fate
Cut slow they say
Think of a better way to count your hours

There's a problem with the sky tonight
And we've been wondering where you are
In separate corners so that eyes can shine
And make a party out of every night
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And we've been wondering where you are
In separate corners so that eyes can shine
And make a party out of every night

And don't talk
For every word turns cold
Jump back what your best at
Keep buying what I'm sold
And every sickened stare
Draws from me a steaming glare (steaming glare)
What words you say
Think of a better way to haunt your hours

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Wake me up
For a never ending cycle scares me
Pull me up
This night I hate but keep repeating
Wake me up
For a never ending cycle scares me
Pull me up
This night I hate but keep repeating

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Hear the sound of our own hearts breaking
Keep our thoughts as to what we're drinking
Fear the sound of our own lungs breathing
Keep our thoughts as to what we're drinking
There's a problem with the sky tonight