## The Audition, Oh How Clich

It's just passed midnight and I'm staring holes through the back of your head because under nightfall everything seems a little more nostalgic so here goes nothing as I throw up all these words all over you

new romance is becoming saturated in our eyes

oh how cliche it is to sing about the stars when they burnt out about ten years ago

its just passed midnight and she's laughing at every word that I said another frightful moment and I need a mayday when I'm burning down so much for spilling out my guts because you never even gave a damn

selfish agenda blaming everything on me

oh how cliche it is to sing about the stars when they burnt out about ten years ago

won't toss and turn tonight we ride out fast we'll burn the houses and we'll torch the souls until they get it right

this letter is scarlet because it's addressed to you