

# The Beta Band, Broke

See my friends across the (red) sky why don't they fly  
Simple truth is all I ask for but no reply

You won't cry for me, I'm twisting around my own head, falling around for me  
Sitting in a tunnel watching other people go home  
A night alone watching other people going home  
I try to see it from the other side she loves me  
But she knows I (slide) all night