

# The Gaslight Anthem, We're Getting A Divorce, Y

We were the magnificent dreamers.  
In secret lamplight hideouts.  
We swore the world couldn't break us,  
Even when the world took us down.

So here I am struggling out in the mighty jungle,  
Moving eighteen miles a minute, not slowing down for nothing.  
I look to my left and I look to my right,  
And I'm callin' out for my brothers  
But it's so dark in this night, am I alone?

Did they fall down by the wayside?  
Was I moving too blind to see them?  
Were they calling out to me?  
Or did Despair set in?

Were the things that we wanted when we were still sixteen,  
Only passing and fleeting, or just too far out of reach?  
Were you hard up or broken man, I woulda helped you out...  
Were you numb and distracted when I was calling out?  
I was calling out...

On a Sunday morning the whole crowd assembled,  
I've done some things that I'm not too proud of...  
I've never left you, a deaf ear for longing.  
Some hearts are gallows, I'm not here for hangin' around.

It's all right, man.  
I'm only bleeding, man.  
Stay hungry, stay free,  
And do the best you can.