

# Whiskeytown, Midway Park

ride with you tonight, i'll ride forever  
there's no way to predict this kind of weather  
ashes fall to earth, words are severed  
feathers turn to weighted iron pillars  
midway park  
streetlights shine on a hood that is dark  
down on the graves  
where we'll lie. we'll lie. we'll lie.  
think of you tonight, i'll think forever  
there's no way to predict this kind of weather  
ashes fall to earth, words are severed  
feathers turn to broken beads and pillars  
midway park  
streetlights shine on a hood that is dark  
down on the graves  
we'll lie. where we'll lie. we'll lie.  
don't tell the truth, we'll lie  
just lie.  
don't tell the truth  
just lie.