

I Will Play My Game Beneath the Spin Light

Brand New

The time has come for colds and overcoats.
We're quiet on the ride, we're all just waiting to get home
Another week away, my greatest fear
I need the smell of summer, I need its noises in my ears
If looks could really kill, then my profession would staring
Know we do this cause we care and not for the thrill
Collect calls to home to tell them that I realize
That everyone who lives will someday die and die alone
And we won't let you in though we're
down and out
We won't let you in
You win
I wrote more postcards than hooks, I read more maps than books
Feel like every chance to leave is another chance I should have took
Every minute is a mile. I've never felt so hollow
I'm an old abandoned church with broken pews and empty aisles
My secrets for a buck, watch me as I cut myself wide open on this stage
Yes, I am paid to spill my guts
I won't see home till spring, oh, I would kill for the Atlantic
But I am paid to make girls panic while I sing
And we won't let you in though we're down and
out
We won't let you in
And we won't let you in, we don't want what isn't ours
We won't let you in
You win
And the coastline is quiet
While we're quietly losing control
Yes, we're silent but sure we inventened the cure
That will wash out my memories of her
"The harpoon is loaded. The cage is lowered
The water is red," like you
And we won't let you in though we're down and out
We won't let you in
And we won't let you in, we don't want what isn't ours
We won't let you in
You win

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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