

Those were the days ask the dust on the road
Ask the cobwebs in my room in east st. paul
Two thousand miles seems a long way to go
To find out that I can't make it alone I know I'm fucked

This heart's so heavy, ambition broken up
It's been good, it's close yeah but it's not enough
Be glad you're not me, so I refill the cup
Burst of applause as the clown gets dragged by the cuffs

Twin city lights
Ten thirty inbound flight
Find out what's left make right
Punch through the winter night