

They say the truth's your best defence  
I'm bleeding just to pay the rent  
And broken dreams mean nothing  
When you need something  
Just to get you through the year

And now we're moving out  
So pack your clothes, your books, your doubt  
And bring the piece of paper  
That I gave you, back when you were all alone

Letters sent home  
With no return address  
I've got a bag full of old clothes  
I've got a bag full of stress

I'm so sorry that I'm leaving  
You so little to believe in

Cause we had a house with a perfect door  
And a front room with the right decor  
And I came and wrecked it all  
Yes I came and wrecked it all like I always do  
Cause I didn't think  
And I poured your life down the kitchen sink  
With the dregs of yesterday  
And now I'm going to be late  
I'm sorry

I'm so sorry that I'm leaving  
You so little to believe in  
Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me  
There's weather more reliable than me

I'm calling base command  
As the last bit of oxygen runs out but  
They're down there softly sleeping  
The sun sets over the Pacific region  
I'm sitting here hanging in the balance  
Just barely in the atmosphere  
I'm sitting here hanging in the balance  
Just barely in the atmosphere

I'm so sorry that I'm leaving  
You so little to believe in  
Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me  
There's weather more reliable than me

As lonely as Laika  
Up there all alone  
You miss the atmosphere  
The stars are now your home