

# Sic Transit Gloria...Glory Fades

Brand New

Keep the noise low.  
She doesn't wanna blow it.  
Shaking head to toe  
while your left hand does "the show me around."  
Quickens your heartbeat.  
It beats me straight into the ground.

You don't recover from a night like this.  
A victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless.  
A hand moves in the dark to a zipper.  
Hear a boy bracing tight against sheets  
barely whisper, "This is so messed up."

Upon arrival the guests had all stared.  
Dripping wet and clearly depressed,  
he'd headed straight for the stairs.  
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch,  
unprepared for a life full of lies and failing relationships.

(Up the stairs: the station where  
the act becomes the art of growing up.)

He keeps his hands low.  
He doesn't wanna blow it.  
He's wet from head to toe and  
his eyes give her the up and the down.  
His stomach turns and he thinks of throwing up.  
But the body on the bed beckons forward  
and he starts growing up.

The fever, the focus.  
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell.  
Die young and save yourself.  
The tickle, the taste of...  
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up.  
Die young and save yourself.

She hits the lights.  
This doesn't seem quite fair.  
Despite everything he learned from his friends,  
he doesn't feel so prepared.  
She's breathing quiet and smooth.  
He's gasping for air.  
"This is the first and last time," he says.  
She fakes a smile and presses her hips into his.  
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides.  
He's holding back from telling her  
exactly what it really feels like.

He is the lamb, she is the slaughter.  
She's moving way too fast and all he wanted was to hold her.  
Nothing that he tells her is really having an effect.  
He whispers that he loves her,  
but she's probably only looking for se-...

(Up the stairs: the station where  
the act becomes the art of growing up.)

So much more than he could ever give.  
A life free of lies and a meaningful relationship.  
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides.  
He waits for it to end  
and for the aching in his guts to subside.

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The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell.  
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Up the stairs: the station where  
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[Note: These are the lyrics to the album version of the song.  
There is also a different version where chorus goes as:

"The people, the focus.  
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to settle.  
Die young and save yourself.  
They take all the taste out.  
It used to be the reason that we're even, now it's choking me up.  
Die young and save yourself."]