

Frying Paint

Archive

Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight

See us through the cracks, we're staring at your backs
We're crumpled under foot, scared to look
Like a thing I thought of for a second
Then just took what was that my friend

Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight

Meet the saint, the frying paint maker of the sun
On the track of dirt he's glued, nowhere left to run
Crusted lips, happy lies
He tells himself the rain won't hurt
Just a drop could make it stop, make it stop

Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight

All colours washed away again
All colours washed away again
All colours washed away again
All colours washed away again

Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight

Hit the bars, the dusty bowls
Cars are taking empty souls 'round rabbit holes
The saint is looking to the sky
The clouds they have a story yet to come
Illicit loving with the sun

Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight
Set this city alight

Washed away again
All colours washed away again
All colours