

Can't Leave

Birds in Row

Forever, nailed to the same old benches
We used to wear out together
Trying to forget all the shit we wouldn't eat if we'd flee
And the final path to the domicile
It ain't no city to give the fear of heights
It ain't no city, it ain't no town, just a goddamn trap

So, I stopped pretending this was good for me
Still I cannot leave, cannot flee, cannot run away
I'll spend my time waiting for something better
I guess it's a matter of temper

You cannot leave your heart glued into asphalt
And cannot love being out of the goddamn fight
You been searching for a home, searching for a reason
Cannot love, cannot breath, cannot lie, cannot leave