

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