

Beautiful Song

CSS

Flying high on the rug
With the ones you know
With the ones you love
With the ones you trust
Riding the van, the bus
The plane... again
And hit the sounds
Needed air to breathe, needed work to kill
A nice table to sit, a clean pillow to dream
Needed streets to ride, another place to start
It's better to break a bed, than to break a heart

I want to grow wrong
If we do, we can stop the time tonight
Bring all the bad ones
You know you got it raw and yes we got it right

Feeding lies with stories, making up a weird glory
Young puzzles on dark lights
Twisted minds, how we got it?
Numbers try to resist, through your watch they disappear
On our memories we can't trust, all the voices talk too much
On the photos you'll see what matters for someone
Like me, like he, like she...
Like me, like he, like she...
It's better to break a bed than lay down and sleep

I want to grow wrong
If we do, we can stop the time tonight
Bring all the bad ones
You know you got it raw and yes we got it right

How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?
How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?
How many times, times, times, times... we've had good times?
How many times, times, times, times...

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