

Better Than The Worst

Days N' Daze

This city has plagiarized your thoughts
This city has ruined all that there was left in me
Cigarette stained teeth chatter in the winter's air
And broken people quench the cycle
Of these broken habits these broken habits
And I'm looking through the window
To a life I could have lead
Where I would be sober and normal
If I just walked through the door
Through that door

But darlin' I can't lie to you
That the sun feels so good out here
Yeah darlin' I can't lie to you
That the sun feels so good out here

I'm not growing up I'm slowly dying
Pokin' holes in the pixels
Of this decaying portrait
This life we lead is a bittersweet distraction
As the grown child screams
For more and more attention
And the muffled ears of the spectators
Render indifferent
Wrinkled brow shy to anything
But solitude and silence

But I'm begging you darlin'
Don't lull your thoughts into compliance
Yeah I'm begging you darlin'
Don't lull your thoughts into compliance

Even after the match is burnt out
The fire that it lit still rages on
Even after the match is burnt out
The fire that it lit still rages on
Even after the match is burnt out
The fire that it lit still rages on
Even after the match is burnt out
The fire that it lit still rages on
And on and on and on and on

So darlin' bottles up and carry on