

The States

Destroyer

Hide
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You abandon your luggage at the abandoned bus station
You lose your umbrella to the sideways rain
You go over your story again and again

You abandoned your luggage at the abandoned bus station
You chucked your umbrella to the sideways rain
You go over your story again and again
But it makes no sense, not the third or the fourth time
No matter where you stick it, trouble's gonna shine
Through your window, through your front door

You abandon your luggage at the abandoned bus station
Forget about your troubles in the sideways rain
You went to Montreal, you went to Spain
But it doesn't make sense, not the third or the fourth time
No matter how you frame it
Sun ain't gonna shine through your window or your front door

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