

Snow angels on sawdust  
Sank bottles of wine  
The last of our teenage days  
You cried all the time  
Until your heart finally went cold  
Faded red to blue  
Condensed the summer into poems  
Subliminal clues

Lately I never find my friends  
To be good company  
They lay their crocodile tears on me

You once were a martyr  
For your old brigade  
The last of your free fall days  
But you won't be saved  
Sometimes I miss the way I was  
When you were around  
Superstitions that got lost  
In oceans of sound

Lately I never find my friends  
To be good company  
They lay their crocodile tears on me  
Don't lay your crocodile tears on me