

# Head Rush

Gordi

I swear it was the Hudson  
You're convinced I remember it wrong  
Lost our minds in a cold December  
I hadn't seen you in so long

Head rush down to Division  
Take no blame  
Sandpaper the rough  
Indescribable simply because words are not enough

Something's gotta give  
We can't keep waiting for better  
Something's gotta give  
Or we can go down together  
It's alright, it's alright  
It's alright, it's alright

Co-conspirator kingdom  
Widened eyes  
No conscience or care  
Daylight creeping across the floor  
We stayed too long at the hometown fair

Quiet withdrawal  
Constant fever  
As you're saying my name  
Fearlessly I will run towards pleasure  
And wait patiently for pain now

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