Architects & Engineers

I live on the second floor Of an old row house down in Baltimore Watching all the colors and the shapes Standing tall up here

My face against the window Oooooo.... My face against the window Oooooo....

These moments, they can never last Like a sad old man with his photographs Keeps wishing for the things he cannot change Standing tall up here

My face against the window Oooooo.... My face against the window Oooooo....

So the architects and the engineers Build their monuments, make their souvenirs We are occupants It's a trap, this town We are burning up We are fading out We are shooting stars

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Guster