

Put Us Back Together Right

Headlights

Strange winds are blowing me down this way.
There's no prize in sight but the pain in my feet but I won't remember after tonight.
The clock turns red and the word on the street is that we are getting ready to leave.
Behind me I've forgotten to check all of the things that somehow now I don't seem to need.

Stepping over broken doors down in the street, all the chairs and tables lay on their sides.
We have to turn them over and stand them upright so we can leave them on their feet for the night.
So we can leave them on their feet for the night. (x4)

Take us apart and put us back together right, so we can leave on our feet in the night. (x2)