

Goodnight Everything

Liars

Too steep and relatively cold
Our fathers sandwiched us in holes
We tumbled through our lives
Remarked on infant size

In spite of how it seems
Our hopes had turned to dreams
Paroled by dollar bills and fries
Impartial suicide

Soon your little world will fall apart
Soon the falling sun will make it dark

All the flowers leave
And your heart will follow
Can you now believe
You're as loud as rocks into the sea