

Food court fountain's bubbling
In a ghost arcade
Slim fingers sieving through the rubble in
Bittersweet nightshade

No lie I would lay down my life
For any rat in the road
Yeah I'd lay down my life for you
Depressive episode

Some golden oldies radio
Plays your first kiss (later than your friends did)
Bin bag blackout, your landlord pinned for curtains
Two brine-soaked kids

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Yeah I'd lay down my life for you
Depressive episode

It's a medical condition to hold such inhibitions
Second serving, sophomore slump (so called 'cause you suffer more)
Paid partner validation is no route to salvation
Sewer swimming, down in the dumps
A wave away

Scratchcard inside an envelope
Little effort for fleeting fun
I truly hope that both our luck is out
I'd kill myself if he won