

It's fucking futility
This post-teen slavery
The sweat burns that form on me
Holds in everything
Everyone that I know
Has some sadness about them
Could this be the theme
Of letting it all go?

What I brought, I brought down on me
I'm not accepting that I'm running out of steam
That's us, and that's us
We've got each other to watch for
There's a spark and some life in us yet

I'm glad I have you with me
'Cause it's a long fucking drive from the city
Cat's eyes burn like beacons
We're burning our way home

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