

Curtain Call

ROAM

His streets were paved with gold
Til his heart broke in the mould
He tried to fix it, he tried to fix it
She knows and still pretends
She's seen the bitter end
And it don't look good

Now I'm falling into place
With grey skies and bitter ends
And it felt like such a waste
But I won't let it happen again
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
I'm waiting for this to fall
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
So make this your curtain call

Salt and gasoline
All the pieces that he needed to keep things alive
His own worst enemy
The spark he tried to keep from setting words alight
Emptied a half-filled cup
No scented roses up
Dead roses up

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So he walks alone
All he's ever known
Is lying on the floor again
If he let it go, would she ever know?
Would it be the way it was before again?

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