

# 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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