

Drones

SPRINTS

The graveyard's filled, the dancefloor's filled
The bar stool's filled, but everyone's empty
The desk chair's filled, the sickbed's filled
The car park's filled, but I'm still empty
The church bell rings
And the cold heart chills
My glass is empty
And your glass is filled
And you're getting better
You're getting better
And you're getting better
And I'm getting bitter

The graveyard's filled, the dancefloor's filled
The bar stool's filled, but everyone's empty
The desk chair's filled, the sickbed's filled
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Maybe I always wanted to be like you
Maybe you always wanted to be like me

Maybe I always wanted to be like you

Maybe I always wanted to be like you
Maybe you always wanted to be like me