

## 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

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The bar stool's filled, but everyone's empty  
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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