

fleahouse

Static Dress

Sir sparks up another
As the ash falls down, you crumble to your knees
Clench your glass, the rouge décor
Come back from begging and broke it more
Soul destroyer
Crippled wings
A crisis almost lost to everything

But most of all
Did you really need me?
Were we just a passing phase?
Like cigarettes in movie scenes

It's too much for me
Keep your eyes on me
Concrete in ceilings
Clothes hang from our broken frame
We split our nerves between our words
You took this from me
She never looked the same

But most of all
Did you really need me?
Were we just a passing phase?
Like cigarettes in movie scenes

In cheap motels
On beds of lies and broken dreams
Took a perfect picture moment
Traded it for quick flings

Cover every surface as failure stares back
But most of all
These words you said to me
In cheap motels and broken dreams

But most of all (But most of all)
Did you really need me?
Were we just a passing phase?
Like cigarettes in movie scenes