

## Oh How Cliche

### The Audition

It's just passed midnight and I'm staring holes through the back of your head  
because under nightfall everything seems a little more nostalgic  
so here goes nothing as I throw up all these words all over you  
new romance is becoming saturated in our eyes

oh how cliche it is to sing about the stars  
when they burnt out about ten years ago

its just passed midnight and she's laughing at every word that I said  
another frightful moment and  
I need a mayday when I'm burning down  
so much for spilling out my guts  
because you never even gave a damn

selfish agenda blaming everything on me

oh how cliche it is to sing about the stars  
when they burnt out about ten years ago

won't toss and turn tonight  
we ride out fast  
we'll burn the houses  
and we'll torch the souls until they get it right

this letter is scarlet because it's addressed to you