

The Clouds

The Districts

Talking like your head's in the clouds
Or stuck in another nameless town
Pulling wide awake at the wheel
He's always faceless never real
Swearin' with a mouthful of mud
Like you could escape what's in your blood

Hanging from a thread
In every direction
Barely hanging on
Hanging from a thread
In every direction
Barely hanging on

Well, you know I'm not going anywhere
A chime in the wind, I sing for you
I'm a greyhound on a track
Make a break out the backlot
When all the love you gave's just an artifact
It's all that remains, don't be confused
You're talking like your head's in the clouds

Hanging from a thread
In every direction
Barely hanging on
Hanging from a thread
In every direction
Barely hanging on

No point in blaming
So I'm not saying names
Not keeping tallies to remind you of the pain
And when it's over
All settled and squared
Don't come asking for an encore

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