

# Count Your Bruises

The Flatliners

From the echoed streets of the mission  
Where the night can save your life  
To the rows of narrow corridors  
Where the world looks nothing like  
Anything your eyes have ever seen  
In your entire life  
San Francisco can be short and louder  
Than the world at night

And the world exhales  
And none of us can even stand still  
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade  
'Cause we're smiling still

Count your bruises one by one and laugh it off  
And stick around down here with us

There's unity in detachment  
We're not on trial  
So let the time you spent on the back bench  
Make the life you've lived worthwhile  
In a city blanketed with revolution  
You can't live in denial

And none of us can even stand still  
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade  
'Cause we're smiling still

Count your bruises one by one and laugh it off  
And stick around down here with us

HEY! HEY!

Don't go living life inside  
Those quotations

HEY! HEY!

Look to your friends for your  
Inspiration

HEY! HEY!

Chicago rooftops  
Will take me away  
From the ugly city  
By the 405  
Where every palm tree dies  
And the world is burning alive

And none of us can even stand still  
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade  
'Cause we're smiling still

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And stick around down here with us

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