

# Quitters

The Flatliners

A dying breath  
Your life to words  
On display for those with Presidents on paper  
And it turns  
Blue skies to grey  
While we say  
All the wrong things anyway

I'm running low  
Was once misfortunes foe  
Today we drive as the earth it turns  
In hopes of finding happiness in a room  
Behind a stage in a city you could burn  
To the ground  
Because this aint your home is it?  
I'd normally try to smile but fuck it!

I'm running low  
Was once missfortunes foe  
Dont cut the tension  
Let it flow  
Burn all your bridges as the crow  
Clutches the night  
And your insides

Reserve the morning (woah oh!)  
For saying only what you don't mean  
Too much to drink not enough sleep  
Living far beyond (woah oh!)  
Your means with a transient mans reach  
Incredulous you stop and think  
You stop to think!

I'm running low was once misfortunes foe