

Sticky Bastards

The Flatliners

This one goes out to
All of those who love the smell of gasoline
I figured out that where they want to be
Is in the in between
Have you ever seen the world at 6 AM
When it's cold and dark and almost silent
You'll never want to sleep again

Let your blood boil up
While mine stands still
Always the antagonist
Because I'm not at home all year.

Overeager, eat your words
I'll feed them to you this time
One more goodbye

I'm good with the guilt-trip,
Because reconciliation's overrated
I'll be at the Firkin,
In the back room with a stiff drink in each hand

Hammered. Enamored by
The stories being told
It's not that I don't love this town
I just feel like it's getting old

Let all your blood boil up
While mine stands still
I'll always be the antagonist
Because I'm never home all year

Overeager, eat your words
I'll feed them to you this time
To get it right

True believer, do your worst
And sing along to all our goodbyes

And all these days we spent on
pure on adrenaline, I'll take it

I'll take it over dirty clockwork living
What would we tell our children then? [x3]

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