

Down on King Street  
Kelly's getting dark at the Pharmacy  
Who knows when he comes home tonight  
Hot breath, Toronto  
Let's get lost again underneath the glow  
High heels hopscotch the streetcar lines

Hear the delay decaying  
Text threads fraying  
Home feels so far away  
And it makes me

Down for getting dark cause the dark gets me  
And all the other lovers make it so heavy  
Takes a little emptiness to feel complete  
When crowds come ever-thicker and liquor it comes free

Drums loop in my head  
Feel most alive when my phone is dead  
All my true friends are within reach  
Cold breath, Toronto  
We go bar to bar through underground tunnels  
Meet up at breakfast for the autopsy

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