

End Times

Tiger Lou

Picking through the bones of a sentimental kiss
And an end-all conversation
Laughing at your own jokes in the last couch you
Ever though you'd buy

Me, I never could stand the quiet and the discord
All this in between

We waited so long to let go
Waited so long
To let go

See you at the end times, waving from a burning plane
Rising like ash or falling like rain

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Rising like ash or falling like rain

A boring routine of a tedious scene
Of drinking and saying the same things
Hoping you would crawl out of your own skin
And never go back in

Me, I never could stand the colors or the bright lights
All this, nothing in between

We waited so long to let go
Waited so long
To let go

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