

Spring Standards, The "In The Underground"

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Breaking bones breaking hearts
Nothing matters but where it starts
The living room is a tomb for me
And those days, endless days
Rubbing my knees 'til the fabric fades
Thinking of where, when, and why we cried

CHORUS

In the underground
No one makes a sound
'Til the doors are open wide
'Cause when the air pours in
It's whispering
But it's howling right outside

Water and wine is what you seek
A pat on the back each night of the week
Your tired legs are too weak to stand
And those nights, endless nights
Followed by lights and petty fights
Will come home to this wasted land

CHORUS

Place your bet: stage is set
Better face up or face regret
Your voice is tired and it makes no sound
Underground, the walls are thick
Papers don't push and the clocks don't tick
The air is thin when you're not around

CHORUS

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