

## The Last Royals

### "Backseat Lovers"

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Might fall in love, but it's dead tonight.  
Gonna make it right.  
Feel your lungs get tight.  
Blankets and sheets can't hold the heat.  
Hearts will barely beat on these easy streets.

One, two.  
Can't see straight but you're breakin' on through.  
Three, four.  
Losing your touch on the bathroom floor.

All your life has been a cryin' shame.  
Nobody's gonna know your name.  
We all want someone to love.  
Early morning, everybody feels unholy.  
Livin' with plastic souls, we are  
Backseat lovers jumping out the window.  
The sun's up soon.  
It's gonna back hand the moon.  
And, the song of the sorry is your signature tune.  
Breaking apart, we wait for the dark,  
As the cries of mercy extinguish the spark.

One, two.  
Can't see straight but you're breakin' on through.  
Three, four.  
We are losing our touch on the bathroom floor.

And so we bury ourselves to the neck, in cement.  
Of numbers, and letters and flesh we repent.  
And the bastards (the slime) get rich and decay  
As they shake for a drug, at the start of the day.  
And I suppose it's been proven.  
That satellites watch our every move..  
Tape machines on public corners.  
1s and 0s breathing for us.  
But ask anyone in a falling elevator.  
Does the steel and the mirror, and the glass make it  
clearer?

All your life has been a cryin' shame.

Nobody's gonna know your name.  
We all want someone to love.  
Early morning, everybody feels unholy.  
Livin' with plastic souls, we are  
Backseat lovers jumping out the window.  
Jumping out the window...

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