

Tim McIlrath**"It's Late"**

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Wrapped up in a short black coat worn thin
A hand around her match to block the wind.
She smiled as the smoke escaped her lips
Then let her hand fall gently away from this.

Cause it's late now, and I'm tired of all these games
And the cold night stings my skin.
I won't say it now, but I get closer everyday to letting
this world win

And the city chokes on everything it makes
But the sunrise heals every heart it breaks.
And I am like the birds, we all sing songs
Celebrate till morn' or just hang on

Cause it's late now, and the day has not been kind
So I came here to forget
It's a hard time, but I hold my head up high
Like a death row cigarette

Cant this all wait 'til the morning
I can't think straight right now
Seems like we're better off without these clenched fists
I'll box in your sin, I want out, I want out

Christmas lights left up 'till mid-July
we kept alive something that should have died
And everyday another light burns out
'till on this street we are the darkest house

Cause it's late now, and everybody's left
And I think I might too
Like my mother said, you always leave with who you
bring
And I came here with you

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