

411

"Fast Escapes And Lucky Breaks"

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We watched the rain come down on our old hometown
every other week
And if I seem a little off it's because I just can't seem to
find my feet.
But I'll make it alright the beating drums strike down
like thunder
And keep me moving faster now, we're falling forward
and losing years like friends.
I called you from a payphone and said "I'm sorry to call
but I gotta know,
What the fuck happened to us all?"

It never ends, so let me off
Because we're going nowhere anyway,
So what the fuck does it matter if I stay right here
With a soul and a song, so sing along.

And it's like holding rain in a worried heart and sewing
up my wounded pride,
So fuck them all and their wrecking balls because this
is where I'll stay,
So it's three cheers for fast escapes and lucky breaks
and a toast to close calls.
Forget every fucking nightmare, count your blessings
and start again.

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