

Brett Anderson**"The Exiles"**

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You're playing with matches
Got paper cuts from paper planes
An endless majesty
Within the pattern of the rain.

Your hatred is weakness
Your carelessness is no mistake
There's no stupidity
Within the chances that you take

And it feels like endless nights
And it feels like jealous rage
Setting all the clothes alight
I am burning, I'm still learning
All our houses have been shut
All our races have been played
Setting fire to paper planes
I am burning, I'm still learning

You show me the exiles
With paper cups and paper plates
There's endless majesty
Within the chances that they take

And it feels like endless nights
And it feels like jealous rage
Setting all the clothes alight
I am burning, I'm still learning
All our houses have been shut
All our races have been played
Setting fire to paper planes
I am burning, I'm still learning
I'm still learning

Setting fire to paper planes
I am burning, I am burning
I'm still learning
I'm still learning

