

Daly's Gone Wrong "The B.B. Fiasco"

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We can sit on the rooftops, tapping our shoes to the
sounds of the city.
Gesture at planes searching the skyline, they can't see
us.
I swear we were there.

There's a plan meet at a quarter to nine.
Dress in black and patiently wait for the sign.
They spoke of painting this town cherry red.
Pop your collar, have money to spend.

There's a girl at the bar with a pen and a name.
Tell her softly she's the reason you came.
List her vowels; hold them up to the light.
Whisper closely the thoughts and words of your...

Tell our mothers that we ain't coming home
That we love them so sleep because now that they
know.
We were gentle souls supported by butchers' hands.
We'll wait in heaven if God let's us pass.

I've been waiting far too long now for you to stop and
make me smile.
The calendar is laughing again; crossing squares
leading up to the weekend.
Tonight will be like no other because tonight all we
have is each other.
Save me the improvisation of the morning
There's only eight hours left.

This Sunday there's a week to take pictures
And run the frames through next week's edition.
We were bad news, they're just readers, baby this is
our youth.
Too explicit for print, this is our youth.

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If tonight was your last
How would you move?
Damn boys beat for the break down.
Damn girls beat for the break down.
Swing your fists like it's your last dance.
Throw your kicks like it's your last dance.
Burn down the discotheque.

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