

Dead Blue Sky "Holding Yesterday For Ransom"

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Now open your eyes
Broken mirrors don't make anything beautiful
Forget what you thought was right
Little boy, you know your scars
And you know they speak lies
So bury your head in your hands
One last tear for old times sake
Everything went wrong and you're weak to not think so
And here you are the smell of rain and rotten flowers

Grit your teeth and make that coward bleed
Until the end of time
Nothing can take you away from this place
They don't listen to what they don't want to hear
And they all speak of bittersweet happiness
You'll make it through
Little boy, open your eyes
One last tear for old times sake
He can never hurt you again

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