

E For Explosion

"Unit 402"

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I'm standing over the place on the floor that we called
home
Wondering who will fill this space once we've moved
along
Will they feel so lost...
Will they hold on for dear life...
Were we so wrong?
Is it youth or naivety...
fear or love that keeps us hanging on?

I'm already finding myself lost between regrets and
wishes
Such as tattoos and movies in graveyards
And rooftops and serious lack of pictures
Soon they will sanitize
And sterilize
And wipe away all of our soul's glitches
Staring out the window I see way more reflection
Than I do city and I'm thinking I might miss this.

Just get me the hell out of here
Someone please... get me the hell out of here.

They'll plaster all the holes to hide all of our attempts to
make this our own
The smell of new paint will drown the last of your
perfume once we go
If they ever find the place where I hid our names they'll
know...
I never cared if we were young or naive or
Afraid as long as you weren't letting go

Just get me the hell out of here
Someone please... get me the hell out of here

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