

Editors

"Racing Rats"

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When the time comes
You're no longer here
Fall down to my knees
Begin my nightmare

Words spill from my drunken mouth
I just can't keep them all in
I keep up with the racing rats
and do my best to win

Slow down little one
You can't keep running away
You musn't go outside yet
It's not your time to play

Standing at the edge of your town
With the skyline in your eyes
Reaching up to god
The sun says its goodbye

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave
In the surface of the earth

Let's pretend we never met
Let's pretend we're on our own
We'll live different lives
Until our cover's blown

I push my hands up to the sky
Shade my eyes from the sun
As the dust settles around me
Suddenly night time has begun

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave

In the surface of the earth, the surface of the earth

Come on now
You knew you were lost
But you carried on anyway

Come on now
You knew you had no time
but you let the day drift away

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave

If a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it make

In the surface of the earth, the surface of the earth, the surface of the earth

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Live Acoustic at QOOB 2007

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