

## Editors

# "The Racing Rats"

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When the time comes  
But you're no longer there  
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 mustn't go outside yet  
It's not your time to play

Standing at the edge of your town  
With the skylight in your eyes  
Reaching out to gods  
The sun says its goodbyes

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

Oh, 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?

And 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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