

Fairweather "Concrete Atlas"

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this town is a ghost town, of funerals and lets downs.
The list of dead goes on and on and on.
The sidewalks ache from the weight of holding,
up broken hearts. I'm giving up on moving on.
What used to fill these streets with life,
has thrown a brick right through our lives now.
Don't hold back. So forget about the bricks,
we wear around our necks,
And forget about every second up to this.
Here's to the walking casualties of heavy handed,
subelty. So raise a drink, we'll break the windows

and the chairs, and finally start a fire burning,
at both ends. I might be everything to you need
and you might be the same for me.
We got out fast, burning at both ends

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