

Flight 409

"The Street, The Sound"

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Just one more word, I swear that's all I need
I'll concentrate as you dis-engage right in front of me
Are we growing older or getting younger
Or just falling asleep
This signal's breaking up and you're breaking down
Just can't seem to say
Where did we go wrong?

We are the static burning through your stereo
We are the ones who will follow you when you are alone
And hold your breath
I won't let you go
Not another word from behind those blistered lips
If this is bitterness then we're as good as dead
And you're as good as dead

So you say you need closure on this
But when you're gone I must confess
I'm as good dead

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