

Goodnight Sunrise "Champions Of The Weekend"

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The roof is caving in
And I'm searching for signs
Of open doors and open, and open...

Please don't speak when I'm trying to say goodbye
This is a moment that I can't help but to think about
Our cramping limbs upon four tyres

Air raids have proven there worth back at our
temporary retreat
We know instability helps promote tragedy inside

The roof is caving in
And I'm searching for signs
Of open doors and open skies

As we set our sights on anything we want
To help forget where we are from
It seems with every place I've been to;
I'm in love with every face and monument
That won't remind of home

Could a caption help explain these nights and
photographs
To prove I might be better off?
Better off living stories I'd dream up
I know these words mean more than
What I've written down on paper
What's been typed in my computer
It's just their meaning can't be sent

The roof is caving in
And I'm searching for signs
Of open doors and open skies
As we set our sights on anything we want
To help forget where we are from
It seems with every place I've been to;
I'm in love with every face and monument
That won't remind of home

I'd better sink this quarter, to brace my wish
And lift it from the ground

From where people are only pacing sidewalks
At noon hour, over any time of day
Sleeping is healing, but it could hold us down

As we set our sights on anything we want
To help forget where we are from
It seems with every place I've been to;
I'm in love with every face and monument
That won't remind of home

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