

A.C. Newman

"Better Than Most"

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Better than most at feeling your pain,
Walking wounded through the stars tonight, we wander
the plains,
Pointing pistols at the dawn.

Never looked into your eyes this long,
With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Your lipstick is thick but Paris is gone,
And I wish this was a crowded room, now the challenge
is on,
And I never learned to fly.

Never looked into your eyes this long,

With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Better than most at feeling no pain,
Just as soon as you arrive, we'll start,
I want to explain why I never learned to fly.

Never looked into your eyes this long,
With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Better than most at feeling no pain.
Better then most at feeling your pain.

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