

Kids In The Way "Last Day Of 1888"

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Crowded streets and the memories of all the faces you see

You don't know who I am when you're looking at me

Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, it's playing with our eyes

Sharpened tongues and the loaded guns of all the fortunate sons
You're the jack, back in black, ripping air from our lungs

Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, shadow's playing with our eyes
Shadow's playing

I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve
If I thought you'd think differently of me
I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve
If I thought you'd think differently

Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing

Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, it's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, it's playing with our eyes
The shadow's playing with our eyes

