

Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause

"New York Rain"

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So I flip through the pages of this magazine.
And I read about the celebrities,
And who is dating who this week.

And then I wonder who really cares about the washed
up actor,
And his affair with his young co-star...
But don't you see? It's good publicity.

[Chorus:]

So baby let's board the next train.
I've got some pills I think just might kill the pain, but I'm
not sure.
What's your name?
You know it doesn't really matter anyway.

So I flip through the channels on the T.V screen.
And I see all the reality.
And who is voting who off this week.

And then I wonder who really care about some island,
In the middle of nowhere...
But don't you see? It gets such good ratings.

[Chorus:]

So baby let's board the next train.
I've got some pills I think just might kill the pain, but I'm
not sure.
What's your name?
You know it doesn't really matter anyway.

[Bridge:]

So I'm standing on the side of street and I'm waving at
all of the taxis.
And here I am yawning in the city that never sleeps but
still manages to dream.
And then I realized while I was standing out in this New
York rain,
That I was no more than a thumb print on the window of
an airplane.

[Chorus:]

So let's just try a little taste.

She said I've got loved ones I need to replace but I'm
afraid.

What's your name? You know it doesn't really matter
anyway.

She said I've got loved ones I need to replace.

She's afraid.

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