Matt & Kim "Cameras"

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sun's going down let's get together on the bridge we'll meet up tonight

black pants red sweatshirt and brown bags above the East River's northern lights

you see what I see
I thought it make believe
watched the sun rise
on my street

old cement makes for a solid place to lay bed of light grey my bed of light grey

while I know it's letters that can spell I hear now it's words that can say

I decided to start writing less and I'm talking more everyday

sixteen of our friends a five seat bright red van curbside view turn off of grand

pound my steering wheel we yell to the windshield I'm finally home I'm finally home

no time for cameras we'll use our eyes instead

no time for cameras
we'll be gone when we're dead
no time for cameras
we'll use our eyes instead
I see flashes of gold

every single car alarm we hear we'll steal and throw through their window my water comes straight from the tap and those bottles are all just for show

I see that we're made of more then blood and bones see we're made of sticks and stones

don't forget to breathe need locks for your keys don't forget to breathe now forget to breathe now

no time for cameras
we'll use our eyes instead
no time for cameras
we'll be gone when we're dead
no time for cameras
we'll use our eyes instead
I see flashes of gold

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