

A Cursive Memory

"Erasing Wilkes"

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It's a small town built on novel objections with white local papers with only corrections. There is grease on the collars and ties, and a life conceived to die. And I can pass you by with that look on my face that says "hey go fuck off," I'm leaving this place, so warm up the pavement hot. To make a nice big parking lot for all those drug stores and bars meant to erase the reasoning why we live here anyway. So fire up you're engines and bring the gasoline and we'll burn this city down. Bring the gas, and I'll bring the lighter. We'll dance in flames of this old town as we watch all the buildings come tumbling down. This is love, this is hell, this was home. It's a bar room filled with branded rejections, we're passing the girls we regret that we slept with. There is stains on the mattress and sheets, in a bed so hard to sleep. With the impressions that drunkenness seems to create, and the swallowing sound that you're jaw seems to make, this is me, into you, and it's ending. For tomorrow I'll pretend to be asleep, as you grab up your shit and take one last look at me. So fire up you're engines and bring the gasoline and we'll burn this city down. Bring the gas, and I'll bring the lighter. We'll dance in flames of this old town as we watch all the buildings come tumbling down. This is love, this is hell, this was home.

Tomorrow's skies are grey and looking bleek. It's all the weather guy can tell me. My days are brighter than my property and what it has and what it lacks.

So fire up you're engines and bring the gasoline and we'll burn this city down. Bring the gas, and I'll bring the lighter. We'll dance in flames of this old town as we watch all the buildings come tumbling down. This is love, this is hell, this was home.

Goodbye Home 3x

