

Sarah Jaffe

"Procrastination Shmosmashtismashion"

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I've bled, and I've celebrated life.
I've danced and I've dug my grave one to many times.
Here it stops now.

These walls are like story lines; we brought these
streets to life.
On all those summer nights, the streetlights they lit our
way home.

And they took my breath away.
Oh ya you took my breath away.

These walls are like story lines; we brought these
streets to life.
On all those summer nights, the streetlights they lit our
way home.

Do we sing a different song,
Than the ones that echo through the halls of our youth?

Echo through the halls,
When you are in your grave there's no turning back,
When there is no breathing, there's no breath.
Just think of all you have lost and loved,
You've bled but you can't get through this one.
God help me tonight.

There's no escaping this.
Escape.

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