

David And The Citizens "Sore Feet + Blisters"

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Come, step into the sunlight
the parade is marching
up and down this ghost-town,
with sore feet & blisters
from too much talk of nothing
step into the sunlight and say something
- anything will due

a great day/ a long wait
alarm-clocks screaming out loud
a warning
streets like chess-board
we're check mate and that is all
step into the sunlight and do something
about this suicide-view

come save me
with your hands
I'm pretty
pretty tired
of balancing on the edge of this knife

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