

A Day At The Fair "Cinderblock"

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the weight of the past is cloudy as if it's been raining,
and this sunny city life is held in empty hands, the
pacific is looking so wonderful tonight, with a
cinderblock and a rope tied to my ankle it's closer than
this twelve pack of medicine impairing the thought to
the life I'm living in...

well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up
what I've been fighting close your eyes and make
believe I'm there

the hits have all come back now, as if they've been
waiting, for indifference to settle itself into my soul,
and this skyline is looking so wonderful tonight, under
stars I fall forgetting, in a bed I'll never make without
you sleeping next to me giving me just enough room
left to breathe one more day...

well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up
what I've been fighting close your eyes and make
believe I'm there

in my lonely, ill fated dream of life I've lived to hate by
now it's our's somehow
I can fall asleep believing, I can understand and know it
I can close my eyes and say it's over, it's over now

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