

The Bloomfields

"In This Town, I Colour The Crayons"

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You've dialed me in, just to count me out.
I'm a phone call away. but you still can't hear the sound
Of the silence that's here, to set the mood,
And the mood just lingers like it awkwardly should.
But I'll do okay,
I'll do alright,
I'll do okay,
Just watch me define tonight.

Can we just cut the the cliché ending,
Where everything's fine and our hearts are still beating
now?
Tell me fragments of our memories' stories that kept
us busy when we,
When we were boring now.
We were just kids, this is it.
We were just kids this is it.

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