

The Boy And His Machine

"All That We Make It"

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And all that I can remember...
Is picking up the pieces to an unexpected night..
And is the real?
I'll be back seat staring through the window...
All night until you find...

That I'm ok, and my hands aren't shakin' this could be
all that we make it my dear.
And I fear, that we've been chasing after something,
time just can't erase...

And this is the only thing I know... to live.
And hold my tongue, oh oh...
So raise your glass... and toast to the one's that
needed you the most.

I'll hold my tongue...
And this could be all that we make it...

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