

We Are The Union

"Strange, Slow and Old"

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There is no use for damage control
when heroes become villains
with counterfeit morals
forget going out in style
substitute giving up on
everything that you stand for
Forget going out in style
in New York on a Saturday
no one's working on a dream
Just saving face for the character it seems
in New York on a Saturday
Someone has diamonds in their eyes
Baby this town rips the bones from your spine
Fighting to keep the mask on his face
An actor nothing more chalks betrayal up to mistake
Baby this town rips the bones from your spine
We gotta get out while we're still alive
in New York on a Saturday
Someone has diamonds in their eyes.

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