

## False Heroics "Carousels"

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Stretching in her seatbelt  
She turned and said to me,  
"If I died today it would be kind of a relief."  
And I said to her, "Yeah, I know what you mean.  
Some days I think the very same thing."

Over the bottle top she turned and said to me,  
"I've decided it'd be nice to have a family"  
And I said to her, "You know, what's bothering me  
is that the slower I move, the more life goes into high  
speed."

She dreams in carousels of white  
Painting them in shades of blood and black lights  
Someday we will be the most beautiful thing  
But until then it's all jokes and feeling a little dirty

You always say...  
You always say...

By the time we got to the top of the road  
These lines were made of gold  
By the time we got to the top of the road  
I was sold

She dreams in carousels of white  
Painting them in shades of blood and black lights  
Someday we will be the most beautiful thing  
But until then it's all jokes and feeling a little dirty

Slouching in her pew she looks ahead vacantly  
Wishing she was somewhere with someone doing  
something  
And halfway through the hymn I go a little off-key  
Just to hear her smile and say, "Yeah, that's why I  
don't sing."

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