

Gie Few "2nd Place Town"

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This was before you were born
& we were over the hill
down on the street where you lived
the scent of it lingers still
we had a place in the clouds
& there was heartache on every corner
& people that came & that went
had never been so unimpressed

In this second place town
stacks of nothing all around
empty buildings that crumble down on dead avenues
in this second place town
friends are nowhere to be found
they've thrown their hopes into the sound & wouldn't
you
It was a cold day in hell
& no one was paying attention
you kept your back to the wind
& your sights on something else
and left all the locals behind
crying in our rented tuxedos
and wishing that we were the ones
who didn't have to wake up again

So we look up to you now
like a puppet looks up to his strings
you & your championship friends
with all of your 1st place things

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