

## Facing New York

### "We Are"

Visit "[We Are](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We are the young men, we are the desperation.  
We are a nervous wreck, we are the anxiety.  
We are the broken coin, the begging boys at your door.

Call me the wasted time, the aging adolescence.  
Call me a bad sign of everything that's to come.  
Call me the crooked line, the field of ice.

And I know I must move on.

We are the broken hearts that got lost or set astray.  
We are the unemployed, still tangled up in our dreams.  
This is a new sign, the last changing of the day.  
It's time to grow up, and move away.

Visit [Facing New York](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.