

Built to be Broken "Crescent Saints"

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Don't know what you will say
But I'll go anyway
Grab the keys, a v-neck shirt
I-4 then 95
Won't stop 'till sand is in my eyes

Pull in a parking space
Gather my thoughts and wait
Wayfarers on, my throat is dry
The ocean on the side
You look so beautiful tonight

It's like the stars hung low tonight
To let the ocean kiss the sky
Well they got nothing on your eyes
Nothing on your eyes
Oh as the moon hangs in the night
Wrapped in remnants of the light
They got nothing on your eyes
Nothing on your eyes

Well I
Sway with the ceiling fans
While you go wash your hands
Laugh at the rooster in the dirt
So nervous that it hurts
I hope what's next won't be as worse

We
Sat as the stars play
And watched the daylight wane
Held your eyes for a while
Told you how I felt that night
Your hand felt good in mine alright

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