

Clark Kent Phone Booth "Born To Lose"

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Shy boys sitting near the tracks
Of an unknown station
Still they're waiting for that train
Guess they call it Hope
In this world that blows away our own words
In this world that breaks down promises
In this world that turns us into robots
In this world be stronger than your mask
Born to lose alive to win
Born to lose alive to win
We are just like open books with a secret code
We put lots of pages deep inside our soul
Though we were born to lose
With many tracks to choose
Since tonight
We're alive to win
Rifles in a baby carriage
When the moon gets bloody red
Serious as a prayerbook
Riots in the avenues
CHORUS
Let's wake our hidden nests up
Let's wear what we have inside
Though it could be not in style,
It's what we really are
In this world where people are forgotten
In this world remember who you were
And where you came from

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