

Of The Pillar "Champagne"

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Lacing your sneakers on the soles that you have worn
so thin
Timber wolves hunt on a night like this
Your headache prone
Your muscles groan
You better be ready for the heat
From the coal beneath your feet
Run.

Oh run.

Yes I know now,
I know now
They are trailing close behind
They are trailing close behind

So run.

They're gonna get you
They're gonna figure you out
They're gonna get you
Ditch the ghost town now.

Run run run run
Rubber to the pavement
Glasses break
From the screech of the sirens
Trivial pursuit
Yeah you're shaking in your boots.

You've got your champagne screams
That's what you wanted
You're drinking by yourself
Because you've got no body else

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