

## Cut City "Blank Calls"

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Everything I censor are the feelings that are real  
And every twist and turn makes somewhat more  
surreal

As blank as they come - inside looking  
As blank as they come - outside's shocking

The weight of the world is life  
The burden of life is love

And if you and I were to clash  
I'm sure it won't last  
It won't last

We're nothing new we're everything that's been  
Our early hours seems to wear thin  
A year of thirst a year of ghosts  
That's us  
A faded polaroid  
That's us

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