

Cut City

"This Exile Reads Me"

Visit "[This Exile Reads Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Grow to be cold
Voices leave their mark
Hear the message sent
I'm desperate for accident
This might serve a purpose
If we're acting naturally

Through these vacant streets
This exile wears the midnight light
Desperate for accidents
Because we could be all around
We would be the people
That never leaves the ground

I remember when privacy meant I wanted you to
intrude
No written safe-keeping or drunken interlude
Just certain exile from today

Visit [Cut City](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.