

## Dead Hearts

### "Small Town Tragedy"

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It seems downtown is dead tonight  
Empty storefronts, broken window panes  
I like to think of these city nights as a tragic comedy

Killing me  
There's something in the air we try to breathe  
That leaves our hopes and dreams gasping

No one gets out of here alive, but still we try  
But this city keeps us inside  
No one gets out of here alive, but still we try  
But this city keeps us inside

There's something in the water that we drink  
That dulls our our very sense of feeling

No one gets out of here alive, but still we try  
But this city keeps us inside  
No one gets out of here alive, but still we try  
But this city keeps us inside

It seems downtown is dead every night  
We want something  
We want something  
It seems downtown is dead every night  
We want something, not this small town tragedy  
We want to forget, even for a night  
We want to forget  
We want to forget  
We want to forget, even for a night  
About this small town tragedy

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