

Polar Bear Club

"Living Saints"

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I cut my fingers on a broken picture frame
The welling up waxes and wanes. It's not fair and it
hasn't been
All my friends are living saints. Been killing me for
weeks
A garden weed that cracks concrete. It hasn't been fair
for long
Growing up isn't moving on.
Moving on. Nooo. Moving on.

Do you miss our broken reason, the nights spent
treating
Troubles and normalcy to bottles and comedies?
You forgot your necklace upstairs on purpose
It was you golden ticket scam and it always made us
laugh
Do you see me as your acquaintance, your death by
time, age and long
distance?

Broken picture frames
The welling up waxes and wanes. It's not fair and it
hasn't been
All my friends are living saints. Been killing me for
weeks
A garden weed that cracks concrete. It hasn't been fair
for long
Growing up isn't moving on

All my friends are living saints, living saints, living
saints.
Broken still but never breaking ties (X3)

Moving on.

I never pictured this, disperse in fall and don't
reminisce
See it's just not fair, not everyone moved on.

