

## The Frames

### "Fighting On The Stairs"

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I'm living out in the old house  
And fighting on the stairs  
And staring at the windows  
Breeze blowing through the years

But if I don't get out of this town  
Then something is gonna break  
'Cause I gotta find my own way now  
Through this thick malaise

Well I don't know where else I can turn now  
Makes me often wonder when are we gonna learn

You're wearing too much make-up  
Going to the dance  
And you're looking over my way now  
But some people out there take a chance  
But your glow in this light is so becoming now

If I don't get out of this town  
Something's gonna break  
I'm waiting to find my high/house soon  
And rummage through the age

Sometimes it feels like we don't stand a chance  
And we go, we go with something pure in our hearts

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