

Radio 4 "Coming Up Empty"

Visit "[Coming Up Empty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Suburbia, climb out the window to the street
Flock to the animals on the corner while they feed
Sell off your soul for a chance to be freed
Brush off the want and you give in to the need
It's the ones that no one ever thinks

5 am and we rush back from the scene
Visions of comfort too far for the eye to see
Hold back the tears was the promise forced to keep
If I can't see you soon then I'll meet you in my dreams
Slowly heading down to New Orleans

Always runnin'
Always runnin'
Always runnin'
Always runnin'
Comin' up empty
Comin' up empty

Carried him home, a broken sack of bones
The stink of stale beer worn like a cheap cologne
Make the mornin' round of apologies
Never wanted to hurt any one

Always runnin'
Always runnin'
Always runnin'
Always comin' up empty
Comin' up empty
Comin' up empty

Visit [Radio 4](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.