

## Hiding Out Loud

### "On Margins Of Old Books"

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Scenes flashing into fading views...  
Sometimes nothing is the best news

All that's left is nothing but this sentiment  
Of cutting ties and losing touch  
And I can hold my liquor  
Like a fishnet that holds water  
I'm taking giant steps in circles

The lack of wind won't help my sailboat drifting  
So tired of being tired but I'm not sinking

THIS TOWN IS DEAD  
BUT I'm NOT READY TO DIE JUST YET  
BURNING EYES LIGHT UP THE NIGHT (BURNING EYES  
OUR FAVORITE GUIDES)  
LIKE DRUNKEN FIREFLIES IN FLIGHT

The lights are on but no one's home  
And the sidewalk's been abandoned  
This lack of change scares me to death  
This place is fucking poison

Winter overstayed last season and  
Colder my bones have never before been

THIS TOWN IS DEAD  
BUT I'm NOT READY TO DIE JUST YET  
BROKEN HEARTS WILL MEND IN TIME (TEARING EYES  
HAVE FAILED TO CRY)  
SLEEP IT OFF TO REIGNITE

Tonight I walked these friendly streets  
And came to realize everything  
I've got this fire inside me

Your words cut deeper than you know  
When we just needed time to grow

THIS TOWN IS DEAD  
BUT I'm NOT READY TO DIE JUST YET

HOPEFUL SOULS, YET SHALLOW MINDS (SEND ME  
WINGS SO I CAN FLY)  
I'LL KICK MYSELF IF I DON'T TRY

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