

Riverside

"Making A Scene At A Scene Party"

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One last drag and we'll go inside
Nicotine smears on a bitter cold night
And we're bathed in the yellow, from the streetlight
halo
Above my head

He's filling his breath with half heart lie
Another walk down the road he walks into the night
He tells of what he can't see
He's choking, he can't breathe
We thought the set-up it was perfect, it was something
he could never miss
And now he's out on his own
And he'sÂ...

Tripping on his shoes, tripping on his shoes
Can't see were he's going
Tripping on his shoes, tripping on his shoes
And it's four in the morning
It's what is gone and what is dead
The things that I thought but never were said

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