

American Minor

"Cape Canaveral"

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I should trade my heart in for a watch
'cause all I do is watch the numbers slip away
My lips silently repeat the countdown
'cause it's too hard to say

I always knew that you would leave

Do you know where the hell we are
All the birds are too quiet in the trees
Frightened by the sweet things we say to each other
Frightened by the things we make them see

I always knew that you would leave

Like hunger that you always have to feed
Like when don rickles' spotlight goes blue
The countdown tells me I'm better off alone
And so empty without you

I always knew that you would leave

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