

Color Scheme

"Todas Las Estrellas"

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I remember a beautiful girl standing right beside me.
Crowds, they gathered on east river banks.
The sun is slowly dying on the 4th of July, fireworks in
the sky.

Cheers that rose, a thunderous roar, a thousand
faceless strangers,
the father handed me drink to wash down, just to take
edge off.
And the flash, it went off, but the memory's lost of a
happier time.

That photograph's not burnt away 'cause the memory,
it is killing me.
And our war was lost on common ground, but the
enemy,
he was always me.

So, I raced my way down Baxter Street, I couldn't wait
to find you
and taste the absinth on your mouth. The heavens
started raining.
I was terrified to lay down by your side in a bed that
had
never been mine.

I should have said that this was real, but my head and
my youth fear reality. So, now happiness is lost on me.
It's a joke I don't get, but I'm starting to see.

That bridge was burned straight back to me. Soon I'll
drink it away,
erase this memory. And our war was lost on common
ground.
And I'm sorry to be your favorite enemy.

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