

Strung Out "Ghetto Heater"

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I can close my eyes and make my way through these
silent empty streets.
And can I hear the sound you make when you don't
want to be heard.

Now you can run and you can hide and you can be
someone else.
But you can never wash this place from me or the
things that make you blue.
What did you really come here for, what do you think
you will find?
I've been where you are now, I know one thing.

It's already way too late cuz we've wasted every chance
as a the romance dies.
We are the bloom that's dying in your eyes.

Some people spend their lives in search of answers in
someone else's eyes.
Some people fear they're gonna fade away so they live
just to remind.

Now you can run and you can hide, this ain't no place
for wasting time.
I don't think I can give you what you need tonight.

It's already way too late cuz we're wasted.
And down some strange road I never thought I'd find
myself with you.
Diggin' a grave for the hearts we break and lost time.
You go your way and I'll go my own and I'll meet you at
the end.

Two strangers lost, two strangers found
on the wrong day in someone else's town.
Like a bad moon kiss on the superstitious lips
of a photograph stolen from the things you burn.
Everything lost turns new ahead.
Somewhere in the time we get it back again.
So don't stand beneath my blue sky and come pray for
rain.

It's already way too late cuz we're wasted.
And down some strange road I never thought I'd find
myself with you.
Diggin' a grave for the hearts we break and lost time.
You go your way.
I'll go my own.
You go away.
You go away.
You go away.
You go away.

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