

Flatliners, The "Mastering The World's Smallest Violin"

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I've always said after we tear it down, burn it to the
ground
That we'll dance of the ashes of this town
Our patience is wearing thin as we all drown
Home's only home 'til you're sick of the sound of the
peeling ground
And we're waiting around, pushing our lives down and
down

Hold on for dear life
My hands are blue and I...
I've never been so cold
I've never felt this way before
You've got that look again in your eyes...
Where everything that I say could just kill it all
Unless this kills us all

Well you know that the world doesn't end at the end of
your block
But is your life the one that feels like a ticking clock?
I think its time to cut out those envious eyes
And I wouldn't be surprised if you were utterly shocked
When this plane crashes down there goes all our luck
When you watch the smile fade from their face...

Everything that I say could kill it all
It'll kill us all

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