

Tears For Beers

"Start Of The Breakdown"

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Scratch the ice
Let the telephone ring
Sense of time is a powerful thing
And we love to laugh
Love to cry
Half alive
We love to
Go slow when we're dancing for rain
Dry skin flakes where there's ice in the vien
And we love to cry
Half alive

Is this the start of the breakdown ?

Scratch the earth
Dig the burial ground
Sense of time won't be easily found
And ten out of ten
For the ones who defend
Pretend too
Breakdown is a final demand
(we stand firm with our heads in our hands)
As we love to to cry
Half alive

Is this the start of the breakdown ?
I can't understand you
Is this the start of the breakdown ?

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