

Gaslight Anthem, The "We're Getting a Divorce, You Keep the Diner"

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We were the magnificent dreamers
In secret lamplight hideouts
We swore the world couldn't break us
Even when the world took us down

So here I am struggling out in the mighty jungle
Moving eighteen miles a minute, not slowing down for
nothing
I look to my left and I look to my right
And I'm calling out for my brother
But it's so dark in this night, am I alone?

Did they fall down by the wayside?
Was I moving too blind to see them?
Were they calling out to me?
Or did Despair set in?

Were the things that we wanted when we were still
sixteen
Only passing and fleeting, or just too far out of reach?
Were you hard up or broken man, I woulda helped you
out
Were you numb and distracted when I was calling out?
I was calling out

On a Sunday morning the whole crowd assembled
I've done some things that I'm not too proud of
I've never left you, a deaf ear for longing
Some hearts are gallows, I'm not here for hanging
around

It's all right, man
I'm only bleeding, man
Stay hungry, stay free
And do the best you can

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