

Gostation, The "C'mon"

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do you love to love the nightlife,
wishing on dirty stars?
i know the days to be.
and you can dance 'til your feet are sore,
dream 'til you remember no more;
we'll hide it in your sleep.
go ahead and bite your nails
with ladies who lunch on weekdays,
swallow what you want to say.

would you take off all those clothes?
would you throw away what's old,
do a little living in the rain?

soaking up the tears around you,
wishing for another dream
while flashbulbs paint your skies.
and all the streets are turning their backs,
think you're at your last chance
to jump and see if you can fly.
where you are is nowhere
if people always know your name,
and its hard to shrug that off.

would you take off all those clothes,
throw away whats old,
do a little living in the rain?
'cause you can pass on all your chores,
blow away the smoke,
and feel a little more than useless pain.

the sidewalks of this city are too insane.

~the gostation

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