

Thursday "Paris In Fla"

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Now it's time to wrap our fears in the night
And on the first day I'll dress this city in flames
After the things you say
You hate me for being this way
Still you won't let go of old ideals
There is no headline to read at night
When the record skips, and you're not holding the
needle

CHORUS 1:

We all sing the songs of separation
And we watch our lives bleed out through our hands
That's how it was on the first day
When we saw Paris in flames

CHORUS 2:

Rain, rain down
Think it's gonna rain, rain down
Think it's gonna rain, rain down
Think it's gonna rain
Think it's gonna rain, rain down
Think it's gonna rain, rain down
Think it's gonna rain

Here in this collapsed lung of a borough
There is no sunlight
The sunlight is manufactured in a windowless room
Distant and incoherent
Businessmen hang themselves

(CHORUS 1)

The lower east side is a jukebox
Playing the dead man's crescendo
The needle is a vector
An intersection that we all must cross

A dimly lit hallway where shadows of moths decorate
the walls
Discard this message

Discard this message
Discard this message

Burn your city down
Down
Burn your heart
Now burn it with this song
You were on the first day

Discard this message
Throw this bottle back into the ocean
Rip this page from the history book
Smash all the street signs
Erase all the maps
Forget my name
Forget my face
Forget my name
Because it's gonna rain
It's gonna rain
And it never ends

We all sing songs of separation (CHORUS 2)
Watch our hearts bleed through our hands
That's how it was on the first day
We saw Paris in flames

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