

Little Hands Of Asphalt, The "Some Things We Need To Forget"

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It's so hard to recall all their names.
And at 2 AM most of these streets look the same.
There's no reason to lie, you look pretty when you cry.
But we don't want to dwell on that.

Â 'Cause there are some things we need to forget.
And no, I don't mean the war,
the decisions or regrets. Now you start getting loud,
oh you always were proud. And it's true;
you have things to be proud of.

Through the muffling thickness
of multiple scarves, you said: "the terrible truth is love
has torn us apart".
But a side street bar will bring warmth to our hearts.
And the past will turn to longing once again.

Then January tightened its grip.
We swerved into silence, the frost sealed our lips.
And the detour derailed,
we went back from where we came,
where they greeted us like we're strangers.

It's getting harder and harder to try and fight time.
And now the DJ plays our favorite from 1999.
But if you hum along and remember the song
we may move on to the next one.

But all the tones bounce off these walls.
Just like the paint has peeled off of city hall.
It used to look beautiful.
But it's a fucking disaster now.

Well, the stains on the tracks
are the proof we have been bleeding.
But it's only where they've taken us,
not where they're leading.
So let the telephone poles
become beacons on the road to a place that's just your
own.
That you can call home.

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