

Bad Astronaut, San Francisco Serenade

We run like it kills us to stay
If judge, I'd be nothing 'till the day that I stopped you
He's tried as these things might seem to anyone else
I wrote them down to document

My wealth is you
My wealth is you

Excessive city we can't afford to stay
But home to the same somehow safe now we can afford to leave
Transformation and tragedy needs conclusion
Our world marches to drums of death

You're my rest
Stories will sleep
Say goodnight to them
And know it's ending

Slow my mind
Silence the truth
Take my broken hands
Watch the world remain

The stories read of hospitals and alcohol
And empty households
The bars were steamed in honesty
While your retreat
Resisted me

The buildings fail on everything and everyone
Fed incoherent
Our time is now
We'll be there

You're my death
I'm your disease
Together we will bleed
devotedly conceive

La la la la
La la la la

Take my broken hands
Watch it all ending
We watch it all ending