

# Facing New York, Tell Everyone

Burning down the house again  
burning in the autumn wind  
aint that comical, sympathetic, beautiful

watch the roof become a blade  
caving in on what i made  
its just so logical, tragic, magic, pitiful

tell everyone that you know  
that i wont be coming around no more  
tell everyone i'll be fine  
but i had to get out of here sometime

sinking on a crowded ship  
reaching out to next of kin  
call me cynical but i'd rather die alone

when the water reached the deck  
i had lost my self-respect  
don't get personal, apathetic, critical

mourning what has come and gone  
is healthy only for so long  
call me terrible but i'm trying to move on

use what's left of love to give  
find another life to live  
overcome the pain and become the razor blade