

# San Francisco Serenade

Bad Astronaut

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

My worth is you  
My worth 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 breeds conclusion  
Our world marches to drums of death

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

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

The stories read of hospitals and alcohol  
And empty households  
The bars were steeped in honesty  
While your retreat  
Was East of me

The buildings fail on everything and everyone  
Fed incoherent  
Our time is now  
We're leaving

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

La la la la  
La la la la

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