

R: Broadway is dark tonight
A little bit weaker than you used to be
Broadway is dark tonight
See the young man sitting in the old man's bar,
waiting for his turn to die

1. The cowboy kills the rockstar,
and Friday night's gone too far

The dim light hides the years on all the faded girls

Forgotten but not gone,
you drink it off your mind
You talk about the world
like it's some place
that you've been

You see you'd love to run home,
but you know you ain't got one,
'cause you're living in a world
that you're best forgotten 'round here

R:

2. You choke down all your anger,
forget your only son
You pray to statues when you sober up for fun
Your anger don't impress me,
the world slapped in your face
It always rains like hell on the Losers' Day parade
You see you'd love to run home, but you know you ain't got one,
'cause you're living in a world that you're best forgotten

when you're thinking of a joke,
ain't nobody's gonna listen to the one small point
I know they've been missing 'round here

R:

You see you'd love to run home, but you know you ain't got one,
'cause you're living in a world that you're best forgotten
when you're thinking of a joke,
ain't nobody's gonna listen to the one small point
I know they've been missing 'round here
'round here

R: