

Architects & Engineers

Guster

I live on the second floor
Of an old row house down in Baltimore
Watching all the colors and the shapes
Standing tall up here

My face against the window
Oooooo....
My face against the window
Oooooo....

These moments, they can never last
Like a sad old man with his photographs
Keeps wishing for the things he cannot change
Standing tall up here

My face against the window
Oooooo....
My face against the window
Oooooo....

So the architects and the engineers
Build their monuments, make their souvenirs
We are occupants
It's a trap, this town
We are burning up
We are fading out
We are shooting stars

Oooooo....
Oooooo....
Oooooo....