

Years So Much

Trophy Scars

The landlord's a cut throat
We've gotta calm down before he wakes
And I'm trying to breathe right
I'm closing my eyes in hope she disappears

She's crying an ocean about me
I tell her:
"Lock it up."

And that's when the dish breaks
I swear to god it was the loudest bang
She's holding a pistol
Goddamn, I bet she's never felt so...

She's shaking like a nine millimeter
I tell her:
"Rat-tat-tat"

Now I'm leaving for the rest of my life tonight
And I kissed her neck and I hugged her tight
No need to jump through the window
You know I'm a sucker for crescendos

And I begged her to tell me that she loved me the same
She shook her head and said she'll never love again
I made a dash to the window
Fuck it, I'm gonna kill the crescendo

So it goes.
So it goes.
In heaven so it goes.

Everybody knows
How far the rabbit goes
A clone of copied xerox
From the hanger in his throat
I gathered up my evidence
I threw on my winter coat
A black cat crossed my path
And then I saw his ghost

"Stand still."
Can't you
"Stand still."
"I can't beat your case of bad blues unless you tell me you love her still."

And I could see it meant more to him than anything had before
He shook his head in horror and said "Now I love her more."

And as he hit the window he stopped to say "goodbye"
She was running towards him with the devil in her eyes

He fell
Face first
Ten floors
With her
On top of him beautifully tumbling - dancing almost

He laughed
She winked
The flag burns
Ship sinks
Both of them smashing and breaking so brilliantly

(sax solo)

He was always saying:
"If it's broke it's not worth saving,"
Regretfully the irony
Was never more so fitting
He was always cheating
And she as always dreaming
Of him coming home one day
And tell her that he's leaving

"Stand still."
Can't you
"Stand still."
You can't avoid the window unless you leave the window sill.

My blood fills with ice, I thought
"Damn how it's nice to feel
Sober and bright,"
I thought
"Goddamn, it's nice!"
My dreams filled with ice, I thought
"Damn, how it's bright
I never treated her nice
I should've killed myself twice."

Bad dreams
It was like a bad dream woah

The story of my life:
"Climbing up stairs felt like:
Gripping the ledge
Clearing my head
She pushed me
Over the edge."

(Get your hands off of my hands lover)
Bad dreams, it was like a bad dream woah