

Better Than Most

A.C. Newman

Better than most at feeling your pain,
Walking wounded through the stars tonight, we wander the plains
,
Pointing pistols at the dawn.

Never looked into your eyes this long,
With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Your lipstick is thick but Paris is gone,
And I wish this was a crowded room, now the challenge is on,
And I never learned to fly.

Never looked into your eyes this long,
With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Better than most at feeling no pain,
Just as soon as you arrive, we'll start,
I want to explain why I never learned to fly.

Never looked into your eyes this long,
With a dollars worth of distance run,
Courtesy of the broken and holy one.

Better than most at feeling no pain.
Better then most at feeling your pain.