

## 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.