

Attic Lights

Atlas Sound

When I get to paradise
Play my bass against the wind
I'll look down on the attic lights
I won't be safe or tired
I won't care
I won't care
Something inside the white light
Disengage the cold world
Russia, Czech Republic
Japan

I remember punk
I remember the punk
Came at me with white light
I can still remember the smell
Never washed his clothes
Something about the stained glass window

Paradise
Paradise
I implore you
Paradise
Think twice
Think twice
I implore you
You'll be stuck like me
You'll be stuck like me

Maximum pain, maximum effect
Grow old, grow old
So used to the smell of it