

Cut And Run

Attack In Black

Shake and stir yourself into a bad excuse
a half-hearted fuck you
imagine all the nowhere places we'd have been
and all the cynicism aside, and let me try to turn these awful
words
into a cure, not a curse
and I'm still drawn by the kid in the corner
and the lovely angels alone on benches
I'm still making pleas
to the kid whose clothes don't fit
who hasn't found himself just yet
let alone the chance to love
you cross him off your list
this shit is piling up head over fist
while you're,
while you're,
while you're making eyes across the room
while you're making eyes across the room
while you're making eyes across the room
while you're making eyes across the room

x2

they got caught standing bored by the sidewalk
they tried to turn the opera into a punk rock stage
they cut and run at such a tender age