

Wasteland

Augustana

now I'm sitting on a plane, lonely flight back to LA...
don't come back with me
so I'll drink myself to sleep, cut my skin until I bleed
hold my breath all the night

hear the sound, she was naked on the ground,
till I whispered in her ear..
come away, watch the dawn break through the day,
till the sun, is underneath...

cause it's 5 o'clock, the hour stops the sunlight,
the buildings shade the masquerade and kill time,
here we're nothin more than fools and whores and sad highs,
through the summer sand, we're living in a wasteland