

San Francisco Serenade

Bad Astronaut

We run like it kills us to stay
If judged, I'd be nothing 'till the day that I stopped you
As trite as these things might seem to anyone else
I wrote them down to document

My worth is you
My worth is you

Excessive city we can't afford to stay
But home to the same somehow safe now we can afford to leave
Transformation and tragedy breeds conclusion
Our world marches to drums of death

You're my rest
Stories will sleep
Say goodnight to them
You know it's ending

Slow my mind
Silence the truth
Take my broken hands
Watch the world renew

The stories read of hospitals and alcohol
And empty households
The bars were steeped in honesty
While your retreat
Was East of me

The buildings fail on everything and everyone
Fed incoherent
Our time is now
We're leaving

You're my death
I'm your disease
Together we will bleed
devotedly concede

La la la la
La la la la

Take my broken hands
Watch it all ending
We watch it all ending