

Columbia Lows

Banner Pilot

Seventh street, two o' clock.
Drink until I can't walk.
With new scars see stars fall broken.

Bottle up and abuse, keeping safe from the news.
You can't swallow if you're choking.

You hold your dreams like they were super glue.
Sick with columbia lows.
Mine strung out ask me and I'll leave with you.
Sick with columbia lows.

Past the strip malls, suburban fallout,
or break my heart and let the poison spill out.
Flat lines fill eyes, this patients clear.

Clear!