

Flight

Casualties of Cool

And So it goes
The Window left open
I find myself drawn
To the evening
Or throw me out
I'm already leaving
Or float me down
To my dreaming
Paint the streets red
With my decision
Feed the pigeons
With my colluded vision
I am beyond all this
I wash my hands of this
This is my request
Wish me the best
This is my request
Wish me the best
Now I'm falling
Now I'm calling
I go
Ave Maria
All we wanted to say
How much I miss you
How much I miss you
All we wanted to say
How bad I miss you
How bad I miss you