

100 Strangers

Circa Waves

You've got to get out son,
you got your back against the wall
and the end has just begun.

And this place, there's a hundred strangers and i hardly know o
ne face.
And I sold my soul to the night
I'm a waste of time yet I've got to try

We're all worrying, about the same things
The end cannot begin at the start.
We're all worrying, about the same things
The end cannot begin at the start

Spit your words out son, they cling to your lips like they're t
rying to hold on
And i like to tread the boards of avenues with open eyes

But I'm fine, my head isn't there
and I'm losing out but I'm trying not to care

We're all worrying, about the same things
The end cannot begin at the start.
We're all worrying, about the same things
The end cannot begin at the start