

# The Racing Rats

Editors

When the time comes  
That you're no longer here  
Fall down to my knees  
Begin my nightmare  
Words spill from my drunken mouth  
I just can't keep'em all in  
I keep up with the racing rats  
And do my best to win

Slow down little one  
You can't keep running away  
You mustn't go outside yet  
It's not your time to play  
Standing at the edge of your town  
With the skyline in your eyes  
Reaching up to god  
The sun says its goodbyes

R: If a plane were to fall from the sky  
How big a hole would it leave  
In the surface of the earth

Let's pretend we never met  
Let's pretend we're on our own  
We live different lives  
Until our covers blown  
I push my hand up to the sky  
Shade my eyes from the sun  
As the dust settles around me

Suddenly nighttime has begun

R: