

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: