

Smokestacks and Skyscrapers

Face to Face

We used to live here in glass houses when we were
younger
Eight millimeter black and white my memories they
surrender

Another time in another place
We're never going to go back again
So say goodbye
You're still a little bit homesick
We never seem to find things better than we left them

Tumbling down
Crumbling down
Pick up the pieces

Voices of a better vanished time still echo out there
Smokestacks and skyscrapers we almost can't remember

Another time in another place
We're never going to go back again
So say goodbye
You're still a little bit homesick
We never seem to find things better than we left them

Tumbling down
Crumbling down
Pick up the pieces

It always seems a little better than it was
It's such a shame to see the way things have become

Tumbling down
Crumbling down
Pick up the pieces