

Dirty Little Heart

Lostprophets

Another night, another year that's gone
"Raise your glass!" I'm not home tonight
Nothing's changed, but everything is different
Getting cold in the bus stop light
All the days, all the times we spent making plans for another life
Staring out of a back seat window, making cuts with a plastic knife

This dirty heart still longs to beat
Back in your arms
Back on your streets

These open wounds you gave me
These broken bones will take me
Crawling on through the debris of my dirty little heart

Another flight, still I don't belong
An empty glass, still not home tonight
I look for change, but only find indifference
I'm growing old in the glare of a spotlight
All those nights, all these hearts I've haunted
All the memories we've shared
I wonder if this will ever be different
I wonder if they will ever be spared

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