

## Allowance

### Our Lady Peace

Skies like angels turn to rust  
We hide inside our pickup trucks  
Thoughts heavy like aeroplanes  
Come crashing down and burst in flames  
Memories, I'd cash them in for peace of mind and some discipline

No turning back  
I'm starting to mend  
A fortunate man I've always been  
I tear at my heart  
If I don't concede I'm only as good as you allow me to be

Friends will come and friends will go  
You, my friend, own my soul  
Raindrops plummet from the sky  
Inside my lungs a battle cry