

Tandem: City to City

The Faint

We hear the talk
We settle down
Release the thought
We get along
I don't know which is better now
This backwardness or my own imbalance
We can stand each other
When there's nothing else
There is no way to compromise
When no one cares
When the action dies
The crowd awakes to the truth
This city was cut from your saga

So hold yourself for the first in line
Or wait until the action dies