

# Mastering The World's Smallest Violin

The Flatliners

I've always said after we tear it down, burn it to the ground  
That we'll dance of the ashes of this town  
Our patience is wearing thin as we all drown  
Home's only home 'til you're sick of the sound of the peeling g  
round  
And we're waiting around, pushing our lives down and down

Hold on for dear life  
My hands are blue and I...  
I've never been so cold  
I've never felt this way before  
You've got that look again in your eyes...  
Where everything that I say could just kill it all  
Unless this kills us all

Well you know that the world doesn't end at the end of your blo  
ck  
But is your life the one that feels like a ticking clock?  
I think its time to cut out those envious eyes  
And I wouldn't be surprised if you were utterly shocked  
When this plane crashes down there goes all our luck  
When you watch the smile fade from their face...

Everything that I say could kill it all  
It'll kill us all