

Sitting On Top Of The World

The Lost Trailers

Looking out on these back streets that you brought me,
All I see has been bought, kept for safety,
Trade the rift of the change for the landing,
Save the light for the few that's left standing.

You tried to tell me
these are the good times,
Guess we'll find out
Down the line, down the line

Walking out used to be so easy
Close the door while the light was still fading
But those times seem to fade into memories
And bring us here while those streets are left sleeping

You tried to tell me
these are the good times,
Guess we'll find out
Down the line, down the line

It's what we left behind.
It's what we found inside
So what is on your mind
Now that we're wasted, and sitting on top of the world
Sitting on top of the world
Sitting on top of the world
Sitting on top of the world
Sitting on top of the world