

Chamberlain Waits

The Menzingers

I've been awake for hours,
As I watch a sunrise come over nothing,
While outside the cars start racing,
Searching for something we could never seem to find or afford.

Maybe I owe the Devil a little something,
Just to keep things stable,
Because last night I realised I was nothing more,
Than just a serpent for his plans.

Chamberlain's waiting down at the bottom of the city of hell,
Or heaven itself,
As the whistle she sings,
My hands building weapons for kings.
While somebody's drinking my last rations of victory gin,
I'm sober as sin,
As my hands start to shake,
I fill with post-modern debates,
While Chamberlain's waiting.

Build our mistakes to the clouds,
Then blame us for dreaming out loud.