Brace and Break

The Thermals

Stuff your sentences Into your boring diary Stuff your senses Into the back of your jeans Take the controls Grab hold Get fuckin' ready

Bring your appetite And break sobriety Stuff your senses Into the back of your jeans Take the controls Grab hold Get fuckin' ready

Brace and break Be quiet

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Brace and break Be quiet

You and I Have minutes between we lie But we're still listening It's too soon I know But I can walk slow It's a couple blocks away

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Brace and break Be quiet We don't have to try We can turn bad luck into a bad joke We don't have to sing We can turn a bad string into a long dream We don't have to bleed We can just repeat when we are alone