

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
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Brace and break
Be quiet

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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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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