

# Tonight

The Whitlams

You can go to bed Wednesday you're a wanted man  
And wake up someone else  
Your oldest friends on the sweetest night  
Now even they can't help

And you run to stay still  
You hope your heart explodes  
Your beating wings

Tonight is made of all the space  
In all the empty arms where lovers left their place  
Before the love had passed

All drowning men are cowards out at sea  
She wouldn't cry with you  
Try and be kind to yourself when you're feeling bad  
'Cause there's no better way through  
And you wander down the hill  
And you've lost it all  
Into the sky again

Tonight is made of all the space  
In all the empty arms where lovers left their place  
Before the love had passed.  
You spin the lover's curse  
And trapped without the words to get her to agree  
Together you'd be free

Sometimes you got to look into the sky and become small again  
The note of a single star, it don't matter where you are  
It's an arrow saying goodbye, goodbye