

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