

The Letting Down

Turin Brakes

All of the stars just fell out of the sky
The perfect painting peels before your eyes

A useless empty gesture

Like a broken scarecrow
Like a punch line that you already know

A useless empty jester

Lay back, let long grass camouflage your skin
Take refuge in people that don't know where you've been

Just perfect empty blue skies

You're a broken halo
You're a seven forty seven coming in too slow

Just useless empty blue skies

Just let us drift away
Just let us drift away