

Strange Days

We Are Augustines

Put up a fight
Like a ghost ship in the night
Count to 2, count to 3!
And fade away

Went overboard
Said curses to the lord
Count to 4, count to 5!
And sink a ways

You hate yourself
Put the bottle on the shelf
Count to 7, count to 8!
And weep that way

Broken heart
Touching strangers in the dark
Count to 9, count to 10!
And drink all day

The days seem so strange
From my windowpane
She's gone, gone
She ain't never comin' back again
So I got to turn the page
Windowpane

Yeah you got scars
But you got savings in your jar
It's your time, it's your time
So board the train

Put up a fight
Like a ghost ship in the night
Count to 3, 3!
And fade away

The days seem so strange
From my windowpane
She's gone, gone
She ain't never comin' back again
So I got to turn the page
Windowpane