The Last Stand

Koda

Sideshow cars and plastic stars
A turgid affair
Illuminates the dwindling scars
They point and stare

I've been longing for a son like you
I've been searching for a way out too
and somebody - somebody's looking for you

If I find some way out
Then I will stay
With heart split two ways down
Like tears down my face

We'll find our way out
Without a map just our hearts
And when we get out
We'll topple your house of cards

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