

Hell Is Other People

Echo Orbiter

Where the three streets meet, under bent street light
Talk of how far space extends

There is nothing else; we are not alone
On this dumping ground for misfits

It's hide-and-seek week after week
A rotating cast playing all the parts the same

Huddled in the fall smoking cigarettes
Arguing how fast clouds travel

Continually placed in this little world
Until, one by one, it became too dull

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>