

Aubergine

Kirkoid

(You make a man feel safe.) I live in a town where the streets are paved with glass

Where the thriving upper-class just can't be bothered

I live in a town where the weeklies are just trash

Where pretty faces dominate the present and the past

I live in a town where no money means no friends

Where the party never ends

Can I borrow a fiver?

I live in a town where I made this demo tape,

It's called "The Wagon Wheel falling off our Record Deal"

The hit's called "Make You Wait" I'm no victim; broke is different from poor

I'm still learning what my heart is for

Overall it's overwhelming

Feels like a punch every time I come home

Hits like a fist every time I come home

Running out of excuses for ever explosion I live in a town that reminds me what I owe her.

I'd like to roll along but Volcano won't turn over

I live in a town where I want to be alone

Where I'll never build a home, feel stupid for trying.

I live in a town where I made this demo tape.

It's called "The Wagon Wheel falling off our Record Deal"

The hit's called "Make You Wait" I'm no victim; broke is different from poor

I'm still learning what my heart is for

Overall it's overwhelming

Feels like a punch every time I come home

So many songs sung in shrill thinning tones I'm no victim; broke is different from poor

I'm still learning what my heart is for

Overall it's overwhelming

Feels like a punch every time I come home

Hits like a fist every time I come home

Running out of excuses for ever explosion

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