Oh How Cliche

The Audition

It's just passed midnight and I'm staring holes through the back of your head
because under nightfall everything seems a little more nostalgic
so here goes nothing as I throw up all these words all over younew romance is becoming saturated in our eyesoh how cliche it is to sing about the stars
when they burnt out about ten years agoits just passed midnight and she's laughing at every word that I said
another frightful moment and
I need a mayday when I'm burning down
so much for spilling out my guts
because you never even gave a damnselfish agenda blaming everything on meoh how cliche it is to sing about the stars
when they burnt out about ten years agowon't toss and turn tonight
we ride out fast
we'll burn the houses
and we'll torch the souls until they get it rightthis letter is scarlet because it's addressed to you

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