

Last Day of 1888

Kids In The Way

Crowded streets and the memories of all the faces you see
You don't know who I am when you're looking at me Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, it's playing with our eyes Sharpened tongues and the loaded guns of all the
fortunate sons
You're the jack, back in black, ripping air from our lungs Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, shadow's playing with our eyes
Shadow's playing I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve
If I thought you'd think differently of me
I'd cut my heart out of my chest and attach it to my sleeve
If I thought you'd think differently Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, murder's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing Hang me tonight in this false and jaded light
In the center of the square, it's breeding in the air, we're all innocent
The shadow's playing with our eyes, it's playing with our eyes
The shadow's playing with our eyes

Songwriters

Steven Eric Carter; Austin Ty Cobb; Nathaniel Craig Ehman; David Paul Pelsue Published by
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