

Cameras

Matt & Kim

suns going down lets get together
on the bridge well meet up tonightblack pants red sweatshirt and brown bags
above the East Rivers northern lightsyou see what I see
I thought it make believe
watched the sun rise
on my streetold cement makes for
a solid place to lay
bed of light grey
my bed of light greywhile I know its letters
that can spell
I hear now its words that can sayI decided to start writing less
and Im talking more everydaysixteen of our friends
a five seat bright red van
curbside view
turn off of grandpound my steering wheel
we yell to the windshield
Im finally home
Im finally homeno time for cameras
well use our eyes instead
no time for cameras
well be gone when were dead
no time for cameras
well use our eyes instead
I see flashes of goldevery single car alarm we hear
well steal and throw through their window
my water comes straight from the tap
and those bottles are all just for showI see that were made of
more then blood and bones
see were made of
sticks and stonesdont forget to breathe
need locks for your keys
dont forget to breathe now
forget to breathe nowno time for cameras
well use our eyes instead
no time for cameras
well be gone when were dead
no time for cameras
well use our eyes instead
I see flashes of gold

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