Coney Island

Good Old War

I found a letter in the mailbox today
And i said "thank you for your thoughts but i am done"
I said that i would never build this up right here
And he said thats why i caint work with you son

I caint let this go im on my way
You can only hold my dimond ring
I go crawling back to the city i love
Because its already taken everything

Im going to Coney Island to have myself a dog
And reminisce why i still hate it here
Its all these people with their cotton candy eyes
Its so sweet now put the train in gear

I caint let this go im on my way
You can only hold my dimond ring
I go crawling back to the city i love
Because its already taken everything

The ground is swallowing my options for release
And if it rains it might just disappear
I counted twenty-seven birds up there today
Im thinking thats why i still love it here
Im thinking thats why i still love it here

I caint let this go im on my way
You can only hold my dimond ring
I go crawling back to the city i love
Because its already taken everything
Because its already taken everything

Lyrics submitted by Adam.

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