Van Buren

Spitalfield

The day after Independence Day
There's no laughter and nothing left to say
We all fall back to our patterned lives
Our hearts turn black, pursue the dollar signsEither way we will all fall down
The beating clock is the only sound
Close our eyes as we hit the ground
And wake up blindedEither way we will all fall down
The beating clock is the only sound
Close our eyes as we hit the ground
And wake up blindedWe're all burnt out from working overtime
From eating pills that control our state of mind
We drink ourselves asleep just to forget the day
Then medicate again just to stay awakeAre we living just to die
Or are we just dying to live?Either way we will all fall down
The beating clock is the only sound
Close our eyes as we hit the ground
And wake up blindedEither way we will all fall down
The beating clock is the only sound
Close our eyes as we hit the ground
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