

# 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 signs 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 blinded 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 blinded We'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 awake Are 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 blinded 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 blinded

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