

Stars

Barcelona

Tuesday came and I feigned happy
I'm so lonely here
This thing between my lungs is
Making me so tired
It's bleeding me You know me and how I hate this
We've said enough for now
Although it's been three hours
We haven't spoke at all Oh, inside this empty cabinet
Nothing shines in here On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick, so I drove back And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts This crowd incites my riots
I'll try to calm them down
Criminals compound my weakness
I'm barely hanging on
They're bleeding me Oh, why can't I feel it?
Nothing hurts down here On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts

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