Wrecking Yard

Switchblade Symphony

Gather round to hear this tale
A story which has grown old
Torn of their pride
Stars crash and collide
The wrecking yard's grown cold
They may laugh and they may say that
This doesn't happen oh no
If you happen to see them just listen
Take away some of their pain tonight
These are saddened times today
This sickened place we live
We walk right through the wrecking yard
It's nothing that we give
Listen now to the songs they sing
They try to stay warm
But the cold it stays
Houses are worn
Absent of storm
They're learning how tonight
Dancing in the night
They're shining up above the sky
Laughing in their darkest times
You'll see them asleep in the rain tonight
These are saddened times today
This sickened place we live
We walk right through the wrecking yard
It's nothing that we give
These are saddened times today
This sickened place we live
We're walking right on through the wrecking yard
It's nothing that we give we're going
We're going
We're walking right on through the wrecking yard
It's nothing that we give
Gather round to hear this tale
A story which has grown old

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