Slow Emergency

Gold Motel

In a town of small talk.
Cicada Summers. Holidays in the park.
Coffee every morning.
In a blue lit room like every other day.

There's a slow emergency.
I can hear the alarm bell ringing.
There's a slow emergency.
I can hear the bell in the dark.
In the dark.
In the dark.
In the dark.

Counting up the small hours.
Our repeating. Clocking in and out.
Television evening.
In the blue lit room like any other night.

There's a slow emergency.
I can hear the alarm bell ringing.
There's a slow emergency.
I can hear the bell in the dark.
In the dark.
In the dark.
In the dark.

I can it make it out.
Things are going okay.
I'm brushing off my doubts.
But then you going away.

Things are going okay.
Things are going okay.

I don't want to know what happens next.
I don't.
I don't want to know. I don't want to know.
I don't.

In the dark.

In the dark.
In the dark.

Lyrics submitted by Danny Fritz.

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