

The Racing Rats (Original Dem

Editors

When the time comes that you're no longer there
Fall down to my knees, begin my nightmare
Words spill from my drunken mouth
I just can't keep them all in
I keep up with the racing rats
And do my best to winSlow down, little one
You can't keep running away
You mustn't go outside yet
It's not your time to play
Standing at the edge of your town
With the skyline in your eyes
Reaching up to God
The sun says its goodbyesIf a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave in the surface of the earth?Let's pretend we never met
Let's pretend we're on our own
We'll live different lives
Until our cover's blownI push my hand up to the sky
Shade my eyes from the sun
As the dust settles around me
Suddenly nighttime has begunIf a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave in the surface of the earth
The surface of the earth?Come on now
You knew you were lost
But you carried on anyway
Oh, come on now
You knew you had no time
But you let the day drift awayIf a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it leave?
And if a plane were to fall from the sky
How big a hole would it make in the surface of the earth
The surface of the earth
The surface of the earth?

Songwriters

Smith, Thomas Michael / Urbanowicz, Christopher Dominic / Leetch, Russell / Lay, Edward OwenPublished by
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