

Crush of the Year

Give Up the Ghost

The future could be ours or it could just be yours
We could just be walking closer to closed doors
It was spoken then broken, we're hoping arms are open
A wedding ring's surrendering and dying pretty is living well
Just press stop, take it out, turn it off, return it
I've got reasons for everything, everything except this
We could be the b-side to the hit song without no soul
We could sound like things were fine and find out they weren't at all
We could go back to where we was, live life and feel so small
Back where we started which was nowhere at all
This is a remix of the same tears you shed before
This is a remix of the same fears you shared before
I thought that they made it clear (and they did)
Our sound is not welcome here (you should know)
This is the crush of the year in our night-vision dreams,
know what I mean?
You see yourself where you should be

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