

# Autograph

## The Tears

And the morning comes with coffee in your chair  
And the smell of cigarettes is in your hair  
There's a sound that shouts outside the hotel room  
And at night the bulbs of cameras flash at you And if we don't have a future  
If our lives split like shattered bits of glass  
And if we don't have a future  
Just leave your autograph  
Your autograph And at night the ball of neon lit our fate  
And our shadows painted many different shapes  
But the movies turn complex in front of you  
There's just a smell of cigarettes left in the room And we made fake conversation  
And we peered through broken bits of glass  
And it's all just complication  
But too complex to ever last And if we don't have a future  
And if this is dissolved into the past  
And if we don't have a future  
Just leave your autograph  
Your autograph  
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Your autograph  
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Your autograph

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