

Crescent Saints

Built to be Broken

Dont know what you will say
But Ill go anyway
Grab the keys, a v-neck shirt
I-4 then 95
Wont stop till sand is in my eyes Pull in a parking space
Gather my thoughts and wait
Wayfarers on, my throat is dry
The ocean on the side
You look so beautiful tonight Its like the stars hung low tonight
To let the ocean kiss the sky
Well they got nothing on your eyes
Nothing on your eyes
Oh as the moon hangs in the night
Wrapped in remnants of the light
They got nothing on your eyes
Nothing on your eyes Well I
Sway with the ceiling fans
While you go wash your hands
Laugh at the rooster in the dirt
So nervous that it hurts
I hope whats next wont be as worse

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