

Architects & Engineers

Guster

I live on the second floor
Of an old row-house down in Baltimore
Watching the colors and the shapes
Standing tall up here
My face against the window
My face against the window
These moments, they can never last
Like a sad old man with his photographs
Who's wishing for the things he cannot change
Standing tall up here
My face against the window
My face against the window
So the architects
And the engineers
Build their monuments
Make the souvenirs
We are occupants
It's a trap, this town
We are burning up
We are fading out
We are shooting stars

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