Break It Down Camacho

Iwrestledabearonce

We all want to feel like we have a purpose
We're all just numbers in the end we're time traveling
Turn the lights off
Turn the lights off, where do we go from here?
Winter comes round' the bend
When you're not plannin' our escape
September is such a trend when the leaves fall red
We bow our heads to the dead, we bow our heads
A funeral for a good friend, to the dead
(un funerale per un buon amico, per i morte)
You still swim around in the sound,
The Long Island Sound
I can still see you swimming around
You'll never let me drown
In the sound, you swim around
When the whistle blows, you know it's time to go

Lyrics submitted by susana.

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