

Laika

Boston Manor

They say the truth's your best defence
I'm bleeding just to pay the rent
And broken dreams mean nothing
When you need something
Just to get you through the year And now we're moving out
So pack your clothes, your books, your doubt
And bring the piece of paper
That I gave you, back when you were all alone
Letters sent home with no return address
I've got a bag full of old clothes
I've got a bag full of stress I'm so sorry that I'm leaving
You so little to believe in 'Cause we had a house
With a perfect door and a front room
With the right decor
And I came and wrecked it all
Yes, I came and wrecked it all like I always do
'Cause I didn't think and I poured your life down the kitchen sink
With the dregs of yesterday
And now I'm going to be late
I'm sorry I'm so sorry that I'm leaving
You so little to believe in
Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me
There's weather more reliable than me I'm calling base command as the last bit of oxygen runs out but
They're down there softly sleeping
The sun sets over the Pacific region
I'm sitting here hanging in the balance
Just barely in the atmosphere
I'm sitting here hanging in the balance
Just barely in the atmosphere I'm so sorry that I'm leaving
You so little to believe in
Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me
There's weather more reliable than me As lonely as Laika
Up there all alone
You miss the atmosphere
The stars are now your home

Songwriters

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