Allowance

IsolÃ©e

Skies like angels turn to rust
We hide inside our pickup trucks
Thoughts heavy like aeroplanes
Come crashing down and burst in flames
Memories, I'd cash them in
For peace of mind and some discipline
No turning back, I'm starting to mend

A fortunate man I've always been
I tear at my heart, if I don't concede
I'm only as good as you allow me to be
Friends will come and friends will go
You, my friend, own my soul
Raindrops plummet from the sky
Inside my lungs, a battle cry

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