

Stars

Barcelona

Tuesday came and I feigned happy
I'm so lonely here
This thing between my lungs is making me so tired
It's bleeding me
You know me and how I hate this
We've said enough for now
Although it's been three hours
We haven't spoke at all
Oh, inside this empty cabinet
Nothing shines in here
On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick, so I drove back
And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts
This crowd incites my riots
I'll try to calm them down
Criminals compound my weakness
I'm barely hanging on
They're bleeding me
Oh, why can't I feel it?
Nothing hurts down here
On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back
And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts
On the edge of night
We look down on our streets and houses
You felt sick so I drove back
And if we go back to stars
We won't need any money
We won't need these poor hearts

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