## We Own the Night (Tree City Sessions)

## **Dance Gavin Dance**

[Verse 1: Tilian Pearson]

Forget my jealously

You swallowed the demons on your own

There's nothing left for me

I keep thinking back to when you said

"We own the night"[Jon Mess]

Stomp that feeling; your puke is a mutant

Can't think of who did this, well I grew stupid

Say accidents happen, it's admirable acting

Flicking the back of your ear with my fingerSeparate is the way though, no second is the place though

Just fake it through the day and the night is your god

See you in battle; your boat is my paddle

Your life is my business; your plaque on my wall[Tilian Pearson]

Let your hair down have one more round

Drink til you believe it

Sloppy kisses, dirty wishes

Baby, this is living

Roller-coaster

Up and down in random motion

Oh come in closer

Ditch your problems, better days are comingGet up off the wall come on get down get down

Give into moment and live now live now

Get up off the wall come on get down get down

Give into the moment, feel it nowI have the heart of a coward

Here in my arms is exactly where I want you

We own the night[Jon Mess]

Stomp that feeling; your puke is a mutant

Can't think of who did this, well I grew stupid

Say accidents happen, it's admirable acting

Flicking the back of your ear with my fingerSeparate is the way though, no second is the place though

Just fake it through the day and the night is your god

See you in battle; your boat is my paddle

Your life is my business; your plaque on my wallYou'll forget I'm wrong[Tilian Pearson]

Call your phone and open my fate cuz I know you're so connected

I need poison mitigate my pain

Feel my toes go golden up in flames

Give me false hope in my veins

Tranquilize and modify my brainWhere did I go wrong?

There's nothing I can do the thrill is gone

## So I play these nervous songs Pretend that I'm not barely hanging onAnd medicate

Medicate

Medicate me all night long

Medicate

Medicate

Medicate me all night longDo it again, do it again, do it again, now grow[Jon Mess]

I run quickly out of air, by the way I hate your celebration

I run quickly out of air, by the way I hate our aging faces

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