Orchestras & Highways

STAMPEAD

Iâ€™ve got orchestras and highways
the sound of Friday night
seeping through my window again

and when friends fail you new ones will come
if weâ€™re alone in December, at least weâ€™ll be drunk

and my old loves a lush, my new one not mine
a girl to laugh and cry and mean it in one time

prettiest in winter with the window open
sheets scattered around, the light on her skin
and for a moment the orchestras and highways were quiet
like a tear on a pillow or a worm in the snow

and I felt what I feel
when I remember it now

quiet is too easy, my bed no help
confidence killed the kitten
one story too high

itâ€™s hard to find the middle and live without dying
itâ€™s hard to make life perfect even when Iâ€™m trying
and now Iâ€™m stuck on the low end of a letter from court
not one fucking witness will come forward to talk
so I take my last dollar, I swear I donâ€™t care
drown me in guilt I donâ€™t need any air

because I felt what I feel
when I remember it now

like the one at fault in an accident
or a doctor who just couldnâ€™t help
I felt what I feel
when I remember it now

Lyrics submitted by stampead.

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