

Orchestras & Highways

STAMPEAD

I've got orchestras and highways
the sound of Friday night
sleeping through my window again

and when friends fail you new ones will come
if we're alone in December, at least we'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

it's hard to find the middle and live without dying
it's hard to make life perfect even when I'm trying
and now I'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 don't care
drown me in guilt I don'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 couldn't help
I felt what I feel
when I remember it now

Lyrics submitted by stampead.

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