Dorothy Dreams Of Tornadoes

Cursive

You said we'd leave next year
Each year for thirteen years
Each year, it gets harder to hear
It's getting harder now just to stay in loveAnd now our roots grow deep
Beneath these barren streets
I have the darkest dreams
The city's pipes and wires
Went through our nerves and veinsAnd those nights, after a double shift, I feel it
The test plans you never dared to live
They used to light up your eyes
Those bulbs have long burned outLet a tornado tear through
Let it tear straight through our roof
And let the rain pour in
I'll scream, "Babe, this is it!"
We'll leave the house in ruins
If we escape right now, we just might make it outThis city, this city's killing us
This city, this city's killing us
This city, this city's killing us
It's killing us
It's killing usThis city, this city's killing us
This city, this city's killing us
This city, this city's killing us
It's killing us
It's killing us
It's killing us
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