All Sweet Things

No-Man

the run-down streets, the civil wars,
you don't go there anymore -
it's how you used to live.the trampled hopes, the made-up laws,
the itchy feet, the pub quiz bores -
it's so hard to forgive.weekend slimmers count their chains,
still wanting someone else to blame.
you watch them come and go.
empty nightclub escapades,
they tell you more than words can say -
that open doors get closed.the empty rooms, the empty house,
someday soon, you'll work it out -
still finding the way back home.the schoolyard ghosts, the playtime fears,
you take your pills, they disappear -
the people that you've known.chorus:
all sweet things,
all sweet things will come again.when the heartbeat slows.
when the silence grows.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/