

# Ditches

## Cayucas

I told myself  
That I won't end up down in the ditches  
See I lit a match, and I watch the fire burn through the town we grew up in  
Oh Suburbia  
You left us here end up by the fences  
Off the diving board  
Into the deep end  
Woah-Oh  
With an empty lots filled with parking spots  
We will go-o-o  
And the memories  
Not yet forgotten  
Don't wash away  
There lurking in the dark in the end of the day  
Ooo ooo no  
No I don't want to end up  
Like this  
Down in the sewers  
This sound you aren't use to  
Ooo  
Throwing balls up in the air  
The silhouette through her bedroom window  
Is gone  
Is no longer there  
But you were never lost  
Second thoughts no hesitation  
Monster years of isolation  
This town is quite looks like background  
Trophies on the shelf, no one go round  
Base of cigarette is at the end of your mouth  
Flames still burns and it won't go out  
No I don't want to end up, like this  
Down in the sewers  
Throwing balls up in the air  
The silhouette through her bedroom window  
Is gone  
Is no longer there  
But you were never lost

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