

I Will Play My Game Beneath the Spin Light

Brand New

The time has come for colds and overcoats
We're quiet on the ride we're all just waiting to get home
Another week away, my greatest fear
I need the smell of summer, I need it's noises in my ear
If looks could really kill then my profession would be
staring
Know we do this 'cause we care and not for the thrill
I make collect calls to home, tell 'em that I realize
That everyone who lives will someday die and die alone
And we won't let you in
Though we're down and out
No, we won't let you in
You win, you win, you win
I wrote more postcards than hooks, I read more maps than books
Feel like every chance to leave is another chance I should have took
Every minute is a mile, I've never felt so hollow
I'm an old abandoned church with broken pews and empty aisles
My secrets for a buck, watch me as I cut
myself wide open on this stage
Yes, I am paid to spill my guts
I won't see home till spring
Oh, I would kill for the Atlantic but I am paid to make girls panic while I sing
As we won't let you in
Though we're down and out
No we won't let you in
And we won't let you in
We don't want what isn't ours
We won't let you in
You win, you win, you win
And the coastline is quiet
While we're quietly losing control
And we're silent but sure we invented the cure
That will wash out my memories of her
The harpoon in loaded
The cage is lowered
The water is red like you
Like you
And we won't let you in
Though we're down and out
No we won't let you in
And we won't let you in
We don't want what isn't ours
We won't let you in
You win, you win, you win

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