Fighting On The Stairs

The Frames

I'm living out in the old house
And fighting on the stairs
And staring at the windows
Breeze blowing through the years

But if I don't get out of this town
Then something is gonna break
'Cause I gotta find my own way now
Through this thick malaise

Well I don't know where else I can turn now
Makes me often wonder when are we gonna learn

You're wearing too much make-up
Going to the dance
And you're looking over my way now
But some people out there take a chance
But your glow in this light is so becoming now

If I don't get out of this town
Something's gonna break
I'm waiting to find my high/house soon
And rummage through the age

Sometimes it feels like we don't stand a chance
And we go, we go with something pure in our hearts

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