

Sic Transit Gloria – Glory Fades

Brand New

Keep the noise low
She doesn't wanna blow it
Shaking head to toe
while your left hand does "the show me around"
Quickens your heartbeat
It beats me straight into the ground
You don't recover from a night like this
A victim, still lying in bed, completely motionless
A hand moves in the dark to a zipper
Hear a boy bracing tight against sheets
barely whisper, "This is so messed up"
Upon arrival the guests had all stared
Dripping wet and clearly depressed,
he'd headed straight for the stairs
No longer cool, but a boy in a stitch,
unprepared for a life full of lies and failing relationships
(Up the stairs: the station where
the act becomes the art of growing up)
He keeps his hands low
He doesn't wanna blow it
He's wet from head to toe and
his eyes give her the up and the down
His stomach turns and he thinks of throwing up
But the body on the bed beckons forward
and he starts growing up
The fever, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell
Die young and save yourself
The tickle, the taste of
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourself
She hits the lights
This doesn't seem quite fair
Despite everything he learned from his friends,
he doesn't feel so prepared
She's breathing quiet and smooth
He's gasping for air
"This is the first and last time," he says
She fakes a smile and presses her hips into his
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides
He's holding back from telling her
exactly what it really feels like
He is the lamb, she is the slaughter
She's moving way too fast and all he wanted was to hold her
Nothing that he tells her is really having an effect
He whispers that he loves her,

but she's probably only looking for se-(Up the stairs: the station where
the act becomes the art of growing up)So much more than he could ever give
A life free of lies and a meaningful relationship
He keeps his hands pinned down at his sides
He waits for it to end
and for the aching in his guts to subsideThe fever, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell
Die young and save yourself
The tickle, the taste of
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourselfUp the stairs: the station where
the act becomes the art of growing upThe fever, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to sell
Die young and save yourself
The tickle, the taste of
It used to be the reason I breathed but now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourself"The people, the focus
The reasons that I had to believe you weren't too hard to settle
Die young and save yourself
They take all the taste out
It used to be the reason that we're even, now it's choking me up
Die young and save yourself"]

Songwriters

LACEY, JESSE / ACCARDI, VINCENTPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>