Crisis

Jam City

Hold
Your
Best friend
He's low
Hold
Your
Your best friend
She's low
She's lowYou sigh under a bright pink sky
Spit at another Foxtons sign
You imagine alot
Just to rest your eyesAnd do you remember?
The burnt out shell of a car?
The black batons under the stars?
Your friends said we'd gone too far
But I'll try not to beWaiting for your call
Trying's all he knows
Try not to be waiting for that call
The echo from the front
Keeps me holding onYou're my girl, some would call you a vandal
But sadness ain't enough for you
You said "we don't have to live like this"
Then you drew me close for a kissThings were looking bad today
I didn't know what to say
And the sirens aren't far away
Bu I never ever felt this way.

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