

Cameras

Matt & Kim

Sun's going down let's get together
On the bridge we'll meet up tonight Black pants, red sweatshirt and brown bags
Above the East River's northern lights You see what I see
I thought it make believe
Watched the sunrise
On my street Old cement makes for
A solid place to lay
Bed of light grey
My bed of light grey While I know it's letters
That can spell
I hear now it's words that can say I decided to start writing less
And I'm talking more everyday Sixteen of our friends
A five seat bright red van
Curbside view
Turn off of Grand Pound my steering wheel
We yell to the windshield
I'm finally home
I'm finally home No time for cameras
We'll use our eyes instead
No time for cameras
We'll be gone when we're dead
No time for cameras
We'll use our eyes instead
I see flashes of gold Every single car alarm we hear
We'll steal and throw through their window
My water comes straight from the tap
And those bottles are all just for show I see that we're made of
More than blood and bones
See we're made of
Sticks and stones Don't forget to breathe
Need locks for your keys
Don't forget to breathe now
Forget to breathe now No time for cameras
We'll use our eyes instead
No time for cameras
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Songwriters

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