

All-Star Me

Saves the Day

This isn't the way we planned
Wasn't supposed to forget your taste
Like nights spent figuring all the ways
That we came to this place There we were alone on top
Of your old rooftop in Highland Park
But ask me now, say, "Chris look out across the sky
And tell me which way the wind blows" A core of coal, a core of coal and starches
A core of coal and starches within me
A core of coal, a core of coal and starches
A core of coal and starches within me Even now that you're not here
I climb these mountains of houses every night
I say your name and I wish
I could have done things right

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