Bright Lights for Demise

Bars

Bright lights for dim eyes.,
The falling hills embrace your goodbyes.
Straight down just like your name,
Somewhere else for someone else.
Empty bottles, emptier wealth.
Swallow your last goodbyes.
Head out on your fucking tracks.
Mass exit of the pack.
This is the town you claim to hate.
I can't fucking relate.
And now I see what it's done to you.
Washed up and all through.
Made a mess now run and hide.
See you on the other side.
Straight down to Williamsburg.
Out to Cali is what I heard.
No cleaning that dirty slate.
So dont even try to say.
It wasn't good for you.
To me it's nothing new.
Just wave goodbye.

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