

Part I - Carter

As we pretend, the city cries
Tears of ashes, fall from the skies
The city streets, are crumbling teeth
Just drink the water, and go to sleep

I'm feeling lost, I'm feeling light
I never gave to the darkness, no
'Cus I'm just out of sight
And paper folds, into your little hands
Just put it in your pocket now
Just like a child can

My hips are shot and my eyes are bad
My hearings gone but I remember what we had
Tear down the buildings, tear down the street signs
I'm 83 but still a put still a punk in your eyes
I'm 83 but still a punk of some kind
Lets not pretend, this ain't the end of the line