

All These Things

The Cinematics

This place is on fire and I Set it burning
I just can't stand to be another night here
I've watched you take your clothes off
A hundred times too many
I've watched you turn that light out
And I feel the weight of my lie beside me
We lie here in the dark
I pull faces in the dark

This is how they do it here
They pay your rent and they buy you beer

All these things that you've given me
I want to take them and throw them away
All these things that you've given me

In the morning I'll find the love I've known
If they'll have me back in Spanish Harlem
I'll say I'm sorry and I'll mean it this time
And I'll tell my ma' it was the vodka talking

Though they're still born the son of a bitch
Fifth Avenue dogs scratch a different itch
No one will ask me who I've seen

There's not a real bit of me here
It's just a story that I've weaved
A three minute song that you believed

All these things that you've given me
I want to take them and throw them away
All these things that you've given me