

Count Your Bruises

The Flatliners

From the echoed streets of the mission
Where the night can save your life
To the rows of narrow corridors
Where the world looks nothing like
Anything your eyes have ever seen
In your entire life
San Francisco can be short and louder
Than the world at night

And the world exhales
And none of us can even stand still
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade
'Cause we're smiling still

Count your bruises one by one and laugh it off
And stick around down here with us

There's unity in detachment
We're not on trial
So let the time you spent on the back bench
Make the life you've lived worthwhile
In a city blanketed with revolution
You can't live in denial

And none of us can even stand still
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade
'Cause we're smiling still

Count your bruises one by one and laugh it off
And stick around down here with us

HEY! HEY!

Don't go living life inside
Those quotations

HEY! HEY!

Look to your friends for your
Inspiration

HEY! HEY!

Chicago rooftops
Will take me away
From the ugly city
By the 405
Where every palm tree dies
And the world is burning alive

And none of us can even stand still
Let it rain all day on our asshole parade
'Cause we're smiling still

Count your bruises one by one and laugh it off
And stick around down here with us

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