

Big Time

The Milk Carton Kids

I've lowered my glass to the table
I've fashioned this smile from a dream
The stars overhead bear their meaning
With the weight of the sky, or so it seems
Speak to the voices imagined
In stories you sing from afar
The tiniest voices resound from
From the murmur, the trace, and the scars

Sometimes the thread comes bear
Sometimes I look for me to find you there

This'll be the last time
I'm gonna walk the straight line
This'll be the last time
I'm gonna be my last crime
This'll be the last time
This'll be the last time
But we're gonna have a big time
Yeah we're gonna have a big time

Cast out this bad land with witness
Like smoke from a railroad in plume
Stone crumbled soft 'neath the bedside
In colors the earth left to ruin
Speak with a trace owed to tempests
Of grace so unkind, I don't dare
Your mind shows the power, the proof, that
That judgement's a spectre, a prayer

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The weight of your mind holds to capture
Closing your eyes holds the key
Imagine a world that's living
Imagine an air you can breathe
So I raise up my glass to the sky now
I've lowered the lights to a purr
I weep at the sight of your virtue
To ward off the demons for sure

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Sometimes I look for me to find you there

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I'm gonna walk the straight line
This'll be the last time

I'm gonna be my last crime
This'll be the last time
This'll be the last time
But we're gonna have a big time
Big time
Oh now, we're gonna have a big time
We're gonna have a big time