

## At the Burnside

The Twilight Sad

And we can't all be there so far  
At the Burnside  
We're taking everyone in the car  
To the Burnside

The brothers were born with a lump in their heart  
And wearing no clothes, and someone knows where they are  
And sharing their lungs, seeing ghosts in the park  
In houses, in trees, holding hands with a spark

And we can't all be there so far  
At the Burnside  
We're taking everyone in the car  
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You're bending the truth with your hand in your heart  
And games for a laugh jump from my mark  
And we can't all be there so far  
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And hope for the best when you're flying your kite  
It happened before, taken from her side  
And wearing no clothes, and someone knows where they are  
And holding our torches through the night

At the Burnside

No sign, no sign, no sign anymore  
No sign, no sign, no sign anymore  
No sign, no sign, no sign anymore  
No sign, no sign, no sign anymore  
Anymore, anymore