

End of a Spark

Tokyo Police Club

Spend all our Sundays in a row
Ten feet from Chinatown, like it's dead
But we know
'cause when he put you to bed
Your great-grandfather always said
Wasting is an art
Like the nights we spent in backs of cars

A piece of the part
The end of a spark
A piece of the part
The end of a spark
A spark

Under our bed, a monster lives
We fight his teeth with superglue and paper clips
Mark the end of an age
The way that your handwriting changed
We should always pretend
Well, you just start and I'll say when

A piece of the part
The end of a spark
A piece of the part
The end of a spark
A spark

When he put you to bed
Your great-grandfather always said
Wasting is an art
Well, it's a good thing that I was young then

I am a gear
I am a spool of thread
As long as my teeth, they turn
We will always be newlyweds
The end of spark
A flash in the dark
A piece of the part

It's the end of a spark
A piece of the part
The end of a spark
A spark
A spark