

Architects & Engineers

Guster

I live on the second floor
of an old row house
down in Baltimore.
Watching all the colors and the shades
standing up here
my face against the window.ooooooo
My face against the window
ooooooo
These moments they can never last
like a sad old man with his photographs.
Who's wishing for the things he cannot change
standing tall up here
my face against the window.ooooooo
My face against the window.
ooooooo
So the architects and the engineers,
build the monuments
make the souvenirs.
We are occupants.
It's a trap this town.
We are burning up.
We are fading out.
We are shooting stars.ohhhhhh

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>