

Our Show by Florian Tristan and the Garage Band

The suicidal singer rips his heart out of his chest,
While everyone is listening no one hears the message.

And after the show he takes a lonely soul home,
Just to feel more wanted, just to fill her hole.

Refrain:

So come on,
Come in,
You're welcome,
With your sins,
At our show.

No one kinda fits in so he buys another pack,
While the smoke fills his lungs his mind is drifting back.

To the mirror that used to show him a happy face,
To a long forgotten past where laughter filled his days.

Refrain:

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