

In The Morning

Built to Spill

In the morning
Feeling half-right
If it was more than just one day
I'd feel alright

Today is flat beneath the weight
Of next day, next day, next day, next day
Next day, next day, next day, next day

In the morning
Feeling half-right
Ignore my condition
Just an isolated incident

In the morning
Feeling half-right
Appearing normal
Another isolated incident

When my mind's uncertain my body decides
What it will do to get through the hell of the night
As I trip on the ocean that leads through your eyes
Well my eyes can't wait till they finally see through you

When I get this feeling like I'm gonna start
I just have to stop