

Stationary

Knuckle Puck

Let's get some time and distance between us
A little further than the mind can see
Just give me space to breathe
I'm writing down my memories
But you're so stationary
This is getting heavy and I want nothing more than to see you

How are things back home when I'm gone?
It's getting safe to assume that you're alone
In the same spot where I left you, but I promise I'll be there
soon

My mind is set, there's no turning back
My heart is lit and my bags are packed
You dropped me off in the pouring rain
Then trekked it back to your place
Drunk off boredom and apathy
To have what you have you don't need me

How are things back home when I'm gone?
It's getting safe to assume that you're alone
In the same spot where I left you, but I promise I'll be there
soon

We give our all to hold onto things we should not miss
But the grip is never enough inside of broken fists
I do not miss
The grip is never enough inside of broken fists
(I do not miss)