

The Middle

Trampled by Turtles

I wasn't higher than I was supposed to be
But the walls froze through then they shatter
I'm partially peaceful sitting in an empty room
While the lights outside never matter
There's a bitter pill on the other side
Smoky shaded space in a double-wide
We could come to the middle
Let it all pass through

I'm a pretender
It's like being the morning sun
All the lies I live make me wonder
I had a bottle
Filled it with the only one
That could turn my nights into thunder
How I wish it could be another way
And I wouldn't stumble and go away
Yeah, it makes you cry just a little
If it does us any good
I cannot see it

And I am shaping a madness
[?] were planned
While the world spins faster than ever
And they say it's burning
All the things you need to say
You better get out now while you're limber
Morning never cuts like I want it to
There's a canyon in between me and you
And I would bleed just a little
And never be the same

Why am I so tired when all I do is sleep
Is it the same dream that I keep having
You there with me lying in a naked seat
But there was ample shelter and padding
But the wind whispers in a darkened street
Selling simple warnings to you and me
Yeah it makes me die just a little
A little every day