

Runnin' Out of Excuses

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

In a snowstorm, I watched the Bills lose
In the playoffs, from the common room
On the first night I checked in
Another replay, off a lost youth
Thought it was our year, guess I always do
I'm a stranger in my skin

I let you down in LA
If there's a way to fuck it up, I'm gonna find it
I'm beaten down. I can't stay this way.

I checked in on a Sunday
They took my sneakers and my phone
And my roommate caught me staring
Out our second story window
He says there's no point in jumping, kid
Unless you're tryna break some bones

Says his name is Bobby
It's his third run of the place
I thought the pill lines were just in movies
I thought the nerves were gonna fade
He says hold out for a smoke break
It'll help you with the shakes
Feels like hell when you get going
But by Wednesday you're okay

I'm writing a love song
I'm singing at brick walls
Getting my voice back
And I'm patching up new faults
With resin and sea salt
Fill in the old cracks

This place smells like a hospital
I got meetings twice a day
I wrote letters to my father
I tried to let go of the pain
I do most of what they tell me
I keep quiet when they pray

So when I walk past the window
I tell the shadow on the wall
What a cosmic fucking miracle
It is to exist at all
But I never asked to come
So I'm leaving when I want
I still got shit to do
So I'm staying 'til it's done

I'm writing a love song
I'm singing at brick walls
Getting my voice back
And I'm patching up new faults
With resin and sea salt
Fill in the old cracks

I let you down in LA
If there's a way to fuck it up I'm gonna find it
I'm digging out, I'm gonna set it straight