

Trending Back

All Get Out

Pushing off with a photo of most of your life
You say you'll figure it out
Flying level with half of the energy
As when you were young
Caught your shirt, now it's ribboned to pieces again
Always dragging the ground
Baby blues and a bottle of bourbon to trade
Some ticket now
Sundown I'm...

Choking on the metaphor
Stare at the floor
As I was handed my hat
Dizzy disbelief as I was trending back
Oh I know me better than that
Entertain your daughters at the funeral wake
Didn't wanna have 'em see that
Damming up the love so you can drink till your blue
Oh I do the same thing too

Take your time stepping off of the bullshit you brook
You shoot your dirtiest look
Self addressed as the sexiest devil in town
In Roll Stones shirts
I can't hear what I'm lacking the confidence to
I wasn't meant to be dad
Let 'em down cause I'm more of a ketamine man
That win cost more
Just so damn bored...

Of all the metaphor
I stare at the floor
As I was handed my hat
Dizzy disbelief as I was trending back
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I'm gonna leave you to the elements
You take longview, and I'll take the wind
Bore it out 'til there's nothing left but the shape of it
I recall ringing that cancer bell
An overturned verdict just before I fell
If there's a reason that I jump ship
It's I can't remember the names on it

All I know is I won't go slow
Some door yawns open, and out goes a soul
And now I feel more like a phrase
A person turned to words turned to names
An obituary used to host the flames
That'll keep you warm