

Round Here

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Step out the front door like a ghost
Into a fog
Where no one notices the contrast of white on white
And in-between the moon and you
Angels get a better view
Of the crumbling difference between wrong and white
And I walk in the air
Between the rain
Through myself and back again
Where?
I don't know
And Maria said she's dying
Through the door I hear her crying
Why?
I don't know

Round here
We always stand up straight
Round here
Something radiates

And Maria came from Nashville
With a suitcase in her hand
She said she'd like to meet a boy who looks like Elvis
And she walks along the edge to where the ocean meets the land
Just like she's walking on a wire in a circus
She parks her car outside of my house
And takes her clothes off
She said she's close to understanding Jesus
And she knows she more than just a little misunderstood
She has trouble acting normal when she's nervous

Round here
We're carving out our names
Round here
We all look the same
Round here we talk just like lions
But we sacrifice like lambs
Round here
She slipping through my hands
Round oh

Sleeping children better run like the wind
Out of the lightning dream
Mama's little baby better get herself in
Out of the lightning

She says it's only in my head
And she says "Shh I know
It's only in my head"
But the girl in the car in the parking lot
Says "Man you should try to take a shot
Can't you see my walls are crumbling?"
And she looks up at the building
Said she's thinking of jumping
She said she's tired of life
She must be tired of something

Round here
She's always on my mind
Round here
Hey man I got lots of time
Round here
We're never sent to bed early
And no body makes us wait
Round here
We stay up very very very very late
And I can't say nothing
Nothing
Round here

Oh
Will you catch me if I'm falling?
Will you catch me if I'm falling?
Will you catch me 'cus I'm
Falling down and I
I said I'm under the gun
Round here
Oh man, I said I'm under the gun
Round here
And I can't say nothing
Nothing
Round here