PATTERNS

atlas

I know you don't see me
You sleep with your eyes open
Oh no it just can't be
It can't

I've wasted all my time
On shit that doesn't matter
And now I'm feeling blind
I'm falling into patterns

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Tell me how you really feel
You know I never grip the steering wheel
I don't really understand how it works
I want to get better
It's cold in the wintertime
Too hot in the summer
You and I, dumb and dumber
When you're not such a bummer

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You sleep with your eyes open
Oh no it just can't be
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Na na na na na, na, na, na, na
Na na na na na, na, na, na
Na na na na na, na, na, na, na
Na, na na na na na, na

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