

tar pit

atlas

The midwest is a tar pit
It seems like no one ever really finds a way out
Indiana is a tar pit
At this point, I can feel it flowing into my mouth

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But I won't die here!
I refuse to!
I won't let it steal my youth
I had one thing
Keeping me here
And now she's gone, too

I hope she's resting peacefully
I hope she's having better dreams than me
I dial her number without thinking
In the morning as I turn on the tv

But I don't think she's ever answering
I don't think she's ever answering

'Cause the midwest is a tar pit
I miss her more like everyday
Indiana is a tar pit
Why does it take the things that I love away?