

The Shit That We've Been Through

Atmosphere

Seven in morning, locked the door
Put the keys in my bag, next to the passport
Feels like I'm headed towards war
Trying to pretend that I remember what we're fighting for
You're upstairs, passed out asleep
While I'm on the front step staring at the street
Patiently wait for my Taxi, come save me and take me away from reality
The car pulled up at dawn, I put the seat belt on
Everything felt wrong
Stubborn ain't the same as strong, but try to tell that to Queen that the King rides on
Took a look before I hit the road
Your silhouette didn't show up in the window
Well all right then
It's all right then, but something's missing

Girl I miss you
But I wish you
Good wood
Look all of this becomes the shit that we been through
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When it goes straight to voicemail
You might as well tell me go straight to hell
Ain't nothing new, just suffering through
And that's something that I've become accustomed to
But I'm in love with you
Passion born
Like a resource torn
From a planet's core
Stole my crown just to examine the thorns
Scatter them around on the bathroom floor
A little ink, with a kiss and a wink
But the bigger the stink, the steeper the drink
And I think this fight started in a past life
Got you sitting on the dark side of the gas light
Pick up your phone before my plane departs
I'm trying to make a mark in the shape of a heart
Well all right then
We all right then
But something's missing

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