

20 Years

Bad Suns

Stumble through a hallway,
Staying up for three days
Sitting in a walkway,
Parking in driveways, you can

Focus is a virtue
You know what you're allured to.
Every day is progress,
every day feels just the same.

She looked around.
How did I get here?
Twenty years goes by so fast.
How did I get here?

Doesn't even like cake,
lamenting on a birthday.
Two bed in a parlay.
A dreaming when her eyes aren't shut.
Looking in the mirror,
smiling at her fear.
Nothing really matters,
these eyes have so much to see.

She looked around.
How did I get here?
Twenty years goes by so fast.
How did I get here?
The home I know,
how do I get there?
Twenty years,
that's what it takes.
I know I'll be there.

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staying up for three days.
Sitting in a walkway,
and parking driveways you can.
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you know what you're allured to.
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every day feels just the same.

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