

## Spit Out

Banner Pilot

Cracked paint, faded signs, she said "I'm done  
I feel a lot like this town I'm so rundown  
Did the job but it up and died  
I've got to find something new that I can be now  
So what defines me  
Are all my best days and years behind me?  
Far from the places we used to talk about  
Picked up, chewed on and then spit out"  
We kicked rocks a couple blocks and no one talked  
"It's amazing I can fit five years in a broken cardboard box  
Well I guess I'm still alive"  
Blueprints they blew up the story's old  
You grab a hold of what gets thrown or else you drown  
See ideals and my visions all burn up  
When the sun and nothingness beat down  
Then we caught our reflection in the window  
She said "I act tough, but we both know  
That this puffed up face is safe in well worn places  
Hurts to let it go  
Give me some answers 'cause now I'm lost  
So just where are we going now?"