

Starting At An Ending

Banner Pilot

Counting down the days 'til I'm with you.
I cringe at words I say,
I'm swimming with the sharks the work week through,
So I'm drowning come Friday.

Reaching front door, turning on the radio, walking to the liquor store.
You're what I came here for, you're what I came here for.
But I've got nothing left - a couple bucks, some cigarettes.
I pick a day to say I'll quit, I'm filled with hope or full of shit.

It doesn't really matter where I look,
The directions seem the same.
I'm closing out my nights with Fante books.
If you're happy then why change.

Counting up what's left.
I let it ride on easy bets.
Once I traded in free will it got easy to keep still.
You're what I came here for, what's the point of anything