

Junkdrawers

Benjamin Stewart

Some people like dancing
Some people like getting into bed
Some people like going on holidays inside of their heads
Me I like drawers full of junk
The broken, forgotten, the old
Everything you've ever held is somewhere
You just don't know
The next ones on me

If you wanna be a spaceman believe it
Darling I know that you can
Sometimes when you're the punchline
It just means you're about to land
Take it with a grain of salt, all I do is play in a band
But you gotta get through to that boy before he's a man

Some people like Friday to Sunday
Some people like breakfast in bed
Me I like boxing the shadows
Breathing down the back of my neck

There's a baby that sleeps in my house
I just want to get it right
I don't know what I'm doing
But I'm gonna try
The next one's on me

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Have you ever seen one of those sunsets?
Purple and yellow and red?
While it's bleeding out across rooftops you just wish it'll never end

I'm gonna leave behind junkdrawers
I'm leaving it all 'til I'm dead
I'm so glad that I got to that boy in the end