State Lines

Between You & Me

We've spent some time apart across state lines
As we both tried to find ourselves
But you found something else

The tip of the cigarette that you grip so tight
The regret, and your fucked up state of mind
You smothered the fire that burns inside
Lost all the fight I once saw in your eyes

Seven years and you're still wasting light
You cave to the urge that drains your life
I'm starting to see you just can't cope (just can't cope)
While I hear "Son, pick up the pen and say what's on your mind
Let the ink fill up the page till you've covered every line"
You've always filled me with such hope

(Hope)

Grit my teeth, puncture my lungs
Until these words run off my tongue (run off my tongue)
And I'm never happy till I'm done
While you got washed aside with the wrong ones (the wrong ones)

You can't expect things you haven't earned
But I guess you'll never learn
Why don't you tell me something that I've never heard?

So grit my teeth, puncture my lungs (puncture my lungs)
Until these words run off my tongue (run off my tongue)
And I'm never happy till I'm done
While you got washed aside with the wrong ones (the wrong ones)
With the wrong ones

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