

Rough Terrain

Born Without Bones

You're cold, like a stone
How did you get that way?
How did you get that way?
You're cold, like a stone
How did you get that way?
Why did you get that way, with me?

The seasons over, the rest is fine
And I grow colder all the time
With never feeling lonely
And I don't want to break no more
And I don't want to know the score
I don't want to know who's really happy

The summer spun us into rough terrain
And across the country, hung my head in shame
And I don't know what you do with your days
But I don't want to collide so I'm drawing
Yellow lines between you and I suggest, we don't talk about it

All the lines I drew, while waiting for you
All the lines I drew, while waiting for you

The rest is fine and so am I
I won't count the clocks again
Cause if time runs out and I find out
It won't be my problem then

Cause you've pulled me above and beneath
My goals and it shows and grows and grows and grows
Thrashing wildly in the core of my soul
It's getting old
And now it's come to this
Reaching my arms across the empty space next to me
Watching TV to keep away the bad dreams

All the lines I drew, while waiting for you
All the lines I drew, while waiting for you, you

Oh, you will take one step back, for that, for me. You will take
one step back for that for me
Oh, you will take one step back, for that, for me