Were you surprised that we never spoke?

Then in the still of the night when nothing stirs

I woke and I gathered up some clothes

I never planned on this but it's the way it goes

And now it all seems so familiar like pages turned on calendars We get the same twelve months to fuck things up-year after year And I can't believe how down I am like the well I'm being lowered in Now water stops, the bucket drops us farther and farther down Farther and farther down

Well, I guess that you never knew me
Or at least not well enough
So I fill my gut with the dark red wine
Until my brain shuts off and my eyes go blind

You won't see me there in that thick black air, yeah I'll finally make something disappear 'Cause I've been practicing disappearing And I think that I've got it down

Now there is no sun it's just a cellar Nowhere is sky it's just that black, black dirt Now there is no sun it's just a cellar Nowhere is sky it's just that black, black dirt

Expanding outwards just echoes for answers Not that it matters if its back or its forwards Unhappy lovers with baskets of flowers Use them as markers

The place where your bed once stood A time when it still felt good But you'll get that feeling back You just need sometime to think

Into out of the hell, getting straight in your mind But you calculate cause, let me take some time But I'm sure you get to feelin' better And I just need some time to drink

So I'll fill my gut with that blood red wine Until my insides swim and my veins unwind I'll be lying there in that hot white air Once that something's gone it might never reappear

It might never reappear It might never reappear It might never reappear