

Sunday November 5th of 23
We fell back in time, I rolled my eyes
While watching trees shake off their leaves
When the night comes early
I can hardly sleep
So, I found an old familiar movie
I used to love, and I could rent for cheap
About an asshole who meets his younger self
But he hates the boy in front of him who's only trying to figure out
Where he is and how he got there
Stuck inside a loser's house who just turns out to be him in 30 years
And it makes me wonder
Yeah, it makes me wonder
And it makes me wonder
How long it's been

Yeah, it makes me wonder
How long it's been since I've cried my eyes out so hard I lost track of time
and where I am
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I'm a good man
If it takes something atomic to blow my heart to bits so I can feel again
(Why)
Yeah, it makes me wonder
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I got (time)
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I got time to come alive

In Grove St. Cemetery, walking with a friend
While surrounded by the brightest minds the world had ever met
One rock boasts of pedigree
Another etched in all degrees
Though most stones you can't quite read
Their buried bones still speak

And they make me wonder how long it's been since I've cried my eyes out so hard I lost track of time and where I am
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I'm a good man
If it takes something atomic to blow my heart to bits so I can feel again
(Why)
Yeah, it makes we wonder
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I've got (time)

I don't get emotional about things like this usually
But buried underneath my skin
A critic dies to be naive again
I don't get emotional about things like this usually
But buried underneath my skin
A critic dies to just feel anything
To just feel anything

Yeah, it makes me wonder how long it's been since I've cried my eyes out so hard I lost track of time and where I am
Yeah, it makes me wonder if I'm a good man
If it takes something atomic to blow my heart to bits so I can feel again