

Local Anesthesia

Covey

Memory's such a funny thing to me
Like I remember local anesthesia surgery I had when I was young
But I don't remember the last thing you said to me
Was it that you loved me
Or that you have had enough

And is it necessary for me to even know that it's so arbitrary
The fact that I could even still be thinking of you
Ten years from now

A semi automatic, systematic tendency to let myself down

What the hell have I become?
Sleeping through that summer sun
And all my friends are walking away
As I'm sleeping through that summer sun

Depression is such a fucked up thing
Don't you think
Those days you're feeling half alright is comparatively ecstasy

But tomorrow's a new day
And you're battling your brain chemistry
It's all smoke and mirrors
And I'll be choking through for the better half of plenty more
years
Bent at the core

Semi automatic systematic tendency to let myself down

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