

Black Hole Town

Cursive

Got a job at the paper mill
Building boxes for retail
Getting a little over minimum
Maximizing all my time
Big thoughts keep me occupied
Daydreams of a different life
Wondering where these boxes go
Filling up some daydream home
A world that we will never know

This town's a black hole
This town's a black hole
This town's consuming you
It's a vacuum of light
If we just left tonight

I forget what's keeping me
From boxing up my own things
This is where I was born and raised
In that regard, I guess it's safe
Or is it something sinister
That holds my old bones prisoner
Somedays I can't get out of bed
For all the voices tearing through my head
We hang our hats in our own hell

This town's a black hole
This town's a black hole
This town will steal your soul
And before you know it
You're 50 years old

This town's a black hole
This town's an asshole
This town will drag you down
It won't let you get out
We've gotta leave now

This town's a black hole
This town will steal your soul
And before you know it
You're 60 years old