

Lately I've Let Things Slide

Curtis Stigers

With a growing sense of dread
And a hammer in my head
Fully clothed upon the bed
I wake up to the world that lately I've been living in
There's a cut upon my brow
Must have banged myself somehow
But I can't remember now
And the front door's open wide
Lately I've let things slide

I go to the bin, I throw the laundry in
And pick out the cleanest shirt
Then I tell myself again I don't really hurt

Smoking once I quit
Now I got one lite, I just fell back into it

Along with my pride
Lately I've let things slide

I go to the bin, I throw the laundry in
Dig out the cleanest shirt
When all at once I'm seized again by exquisite hurt

That untouched takeaway
I brought home the other day
Has quite a lot to say
The evidence is clear, on every side, piled high and wide
About how lately I've let things slide
I'm just about holding on
But lately I've let things slide