

Death With Benefits

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Sometimes I catch a broken clock at the moment when
It appears to know what time it is
It's perilous to base your life and stake your death
On just a second of the day

Out of fear that I don't know what no one knows
Like the weather on the day I'll die
For that second I convince myself the time is wrong
Every other second of my life
When the truth is

I just miss the myth of death with benefits

Nostalgia gets you just as drunk as whiskey does

It leaves me talking to imaginary friends
Man, it's hard not to second guess a second guess
It leaves me doubting my doubts and questioning if
The truth is

I just miss the myth of death with benefits

Uncertainty's blade is a very close shave
And it cuts in every direction
Till nothing is left but the thought in your head
That being truly free is an awful gift