

Even On Bad Days

Flyte

Even on bad days
The phones are going to ring
Even on bad days
The world is going to spin
Our arms are going to cradle
Our hips are going to kiss
And around the table
We will sway and slowly swing
And never miss

Even on bad days
The baby's going to kick
Kicking old habits
And catching up quick
There'll be miscommunications
'Bout what we're in it for
But we'll wake up in the same bed
Always and evermore

Even on bad days
A sin is still a sin
Even on bad days
We'll know where we've been
The locks are going to change
And the roads are going to jam
We'll go to see my father
And he won't know who I am

And the band plays
Down the hallway
And the cat sleeps on the stairs
If the window let's the rain in
It'll always be a place to stay
Even on bad days

Even on bad days
I will fold your clothes
Even on bad days
We open and we close
You hold up the mirror
And show me what you see
A family curse
The churning of the earth
Still turning in me

Even on bad days
I still really want to win
Even on bad days
I'll kick you in the shins
I do it all for you
When I do it for myself
Cause really what's the difference
All our shit is on the same shelf?