

Long October

Handguns

Counting Crows on the radio
ten o'clock late drive home
It's cold and I'm freezing
and it's gonna be a long October
And I don't have reasons to believe
In much of anything

Bouncing souls on my speaker phone
Hertford walking all along
Back and forth from 6 to 4
metal walls, cold concrete floor
Yesterday leaves started falling down
And I hope for my sake, I didn't lose it all

My mind is gone and so am I
Now I see the world through different eyes
So everything around me is starting to weigh me down
But I'm not dead I swear to God I'm sleeping
underground
For everything around me is starting to weigh me down
But I'm not dead I swear to God I'm making my way out

Foo Fighters on my headphones
On the way to the next show
It's still cold and I'm freezing
And it's been a long december
Reason to burry this year
When the past in the past

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So everything around me is starting to weigh me down
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When I was young my dad would always say
The darkest nights before the brightest day
I found my way but it was dumb luck
Took me lying on my back
to start looking up

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