

Exhausted

Headstones

Never thought you had it in ya
Never thought you'd burn me down
Never thought you'd reassemble
Somehow I lost count you know
It's something different
It's lost in the simplicity
Tolerance and appreciation
Well they're lost in the poetry
Can't stand up, exhausted from trying
Barely lit with a dull compliance
Enjoy the pace of a life's embrace
Every breath you take will guide you

Never said you had it in you
I thought we'd compromised
It's getting harder to breathe here
Tolerance is in short supply
You make a fool of me, I'll keep you company
Just so you don't pick up the pieces
And then it's lost in the poetry
Every sunset both good and bad
Ain't necessarily behind you

Never thought you had it in you
Now I see the monster in me
And now that dog's reawakened
And he's got no self esteem
Maybe I should go on instinct
I hate to second guess
Maybe I just won't pick up the pieces
No way back and no regrets