Slack

Hundredth

Take hold, let go
It's too late to fit the mold
Weeks flow, years don't
Flying by but changing slow

They never said how you get
Is based on your dissent
Ride until your legs give out
They say control feeds the mad
Then it brings them back
Chasing what we already have

Now we're on the run
We're slipping down too low
We think we're havin' fun
Say we're up to nothing good
We think we're havin' fun

And now your old skin wears thin
Shed over and over again
You're fading in the open
Pulling ahead but blind to the bend

They never said where you get
Is based on where you went
Overthinking what my head gives out
Thicken your skin and you win
Give up before beginning and
They'll be tracing it down

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(And you still can't figure out, figure out
You're in a whip and you can't get out, can't get out
If you hold, will it shut you out, shut you out?
You'll never know till you figure out, figure out)

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