

There Was Something Just Gramatically Incorrect About Her

Inkwell

A new way, we'll find a new way
A new way, we'll find a new way
A new way, we'll find a new way
A new way, we'll find a new way

Blank, white walls surround his sleep
Minds are empty, as the shadows creep
They were wasting time on wasted smiles

A new way, we'll find a new way
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A new way, we'll find a new way

Lost causes and long, long pauses
Red runs deep and stains the past
Veins like interstates pushing too fast
Will the people we know
Be the people we know in 10 years?

Will the people we know
(A new way, we'll find a new way)
Be the people we know in 10 years?
(A new way, we'll find a new way)

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