

53% Accurate

Into It. Over It.

(Give me one more week and don't remind me)

Cool

I've seen this look on faces two other times before
Full of sickness, with signs of terror, on my front porch
You drove it all the way home
And parked on the shop's bathroom floor
To send a message to my pocket which should have said, "These tests are hardly accurate"

Oh please, don't let this get the best of me
It's probably nothing
It has got to be nothing

A perfect chance to right my wrongs where I've made mistakes before
In stoic anticipation on my front porch
But, our teeth are sore in places from the bullet we haven't bit
So I'll ball my hands into fists
To take the shaking from my fingertips

Oh please, don't let this get the best of me
It's probably nothing
It has got to be nothing

Any other news is good news on a day like today
Give me one more week and keep me busy
Any other news is good news on a day like today
Give me one more week and don't remind me

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