

A Left Turn at Best Intentions

Into It. Over It.

What's the point of ever opening our goddamn mouths
When what falls out is drunken disorder?
It's arched backs. It's bad habits. It's just a Slippery Slope
It's false hope and a warm body for less lonely slumber

A left turn at Best Intentions
So what's right when everything I've always known is wrong?
I wake up and wonder
When you left, it was me left leaning to what's right
When everything I've always known is wrong
We still wake up and wander on

All month long
We wake up and wander on
All month long

A farewell toast with our remaining cigarette
As we've drawn through our skin on a slow ride
Of cowboy killers and fixer
It's where we began and the most we'll become over time

So it's a left turn at Best Intentions
Am I right if everyone you've always known is wrong?
I wake up and wonder
When I left, it was you left leaning to my right
As everyone you've always known was wrong
But still, we wake up and wander on

All month long
We wake up and wander on
All month long

We've drawn through our skin on a timeline
Frame the shot for the fixer
Here's to where we began and the most we'd become over time

All month long
We wake up and wander on
All month long