

Batsto

Into It. Over It.

Remembering the year that you were gone
A series of decisions, unhealthy living
Writing novels in monitored time
Cold pavement under static sky
We're gaining patience, but losing sight
We wrote off our problems as better times

But hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway
Hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway

In a battle with New England of who knows you best
A mediocre vote of confidence
That poor boy won't know what hit him
If and when you tell commitment to take a hike
It's the same old story
So, help me if I try to make an honest effort this time

But hey, we couldn't tell the stories anyway
Hey, we couldn't tell the stories anyway
Hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway
Yeah, hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway