

Corrugated Windows

Into It. Over It.

Ten times out of ten
I know I'm nothing special
My clothes are so worn out, a soft breeze could burst their seams
I've torn right through my jeans in a valiant effort
To prove that I'm a master architect, constructing a structure
in which we'll spend the night
If I balance the walls just right
We could carve a folding door out of our discarded cardboard
And brace the night's display with poor support

Until the sun went down
As a storm came through and crushed our town
Of corrugated windows and crudely duct taped shingles
So, I'll say what I have to say and split

So, you can keep the wreckage
And our tarp as your reminder
Because the cause is only as good as the people left behind it
And they're here because they have to be
(Not because they want to be)

Anna seemed so down
As a storm came through and crushed our town
Of corrugated windows and crudely duct taped shingles
So, I said what I had to say and split

All as the sun went down
A storm came through and crushed our town
Of corrugated windows and crudely duct taped shingles
So, I said what I had to say and split