

Midnight: Carroll Street

Into It. Over It.

Somewhere between caffeine and nicotine
You will find me unentertained and worn out
Pressed to the steps beside my house

It's somewhere between upset and sick it seems
To still find me the finest quality of pure anxiety
I'm searching for the solace to call you out
To call you at all

So somewhere between midnight and Carroll Street
I will find you a colder shoulder than I'm used to
Bending receivers just to hear the truth

I'm demanding some answers
I'm keeping up with double standards

I am between the words you're telling me
With a fine toothed comb
I'm drawing lines in my hindsight
Until the stories start to line up right

These details bent and broke us down
The finest rivalry of our anxiety
Searching for the courage to hear you out
To hear you at all

Somewhere between single life and sympathy
You will find me
You will find me
You will find me