Proper

Into It. Over It.

Every so often I keep my senses checked
I'm such a wreck if I lose direction
So what if...
I should consider self-help
Late nights to interrogate myself
Burning paths between my bedroom and the bar
A finer place to start...

Picking out my poisons from the wall
There's a war inside my head
I'd say I'm getting used to it

Some nights well spent
I'm never sold on self-help
I'm too fresh to interrogate myself
When I have the strength to crawl back into bed

I'm writing lists in notebooks
I'm organizing every word
But less forgetful in dividing lines
You called me right on time

I'm picking out my poisons from the wall
There's a war inside my head
I'd say I'm getting used to it
I'm getting over it
I'm getting back in bed

We all seem overwhelmed
Keeping time will never tell
I really shouldn't stay
I should be proper for a change

Every so often I need my senses checked
When I have the strength to crawl into your bed
I'll change my plans instead

This is a night worth saving
I will pour my doubts onto the floor
And wear away the pavement
Between my back porch and your door

Do you think that I could stay?
I need to be proper for a change...

Well we'll be at home...

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