

## Spinning Thread

Into It. Over It.

Talk about something new  
I'm goddamn desperate  
I'm fucking begging you  
In a test of recorded afternoons, you've changed  
To an "A" for effort beside the city train

Just spinning wheels spinning thread and my spinning head

Behold a glimpse of the nights you're guarding  
And holding back  
There's a panic button to start the heart attack  
It's the "new you" per your suggestion  
Mostly sad instead  
Inner monologue ingestion  
Curse it off again

Just spinning wheels spinning thread and my spinning head

A conversation forced into becoming such a chore  
Appearing cold and careless  
To keep me on the up and out  
Since I've been writing books you've sewn the binding  
An obligation stitched between careers  
But you've been seaming like a stranger

I could try for the sake of trying  
You could try to say I'm wrong  
Or we could fail at the hands of us failing  
I can rarely bite my tongue for too long

You heard it's better left unspoken  
And you heard it's better left alone  
But what the hell do you know?

I know how we get, we get distracted  
And I know how you are  
A single shot of whiskey, toast the battle scars  
I know it's a common cause for thicker skin  
I know the mourning stage is over, I know I'm right again

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A conversation forced into becoming such a chore  
Appearing cold and careless  
To keep me on the up and out  
Since I've been writing books you've sewn the binding  
An obligation stitched between careers  
But you're still seaming like a stranger  
You keep on seeming like a stranger