

Staring at the Ceiling

Into It. Over It.

Please allow me to bring you up to speed
Oh man, it's amazing how you don't see
You'd still complain if the rope on your noose was frayed
Please forgive me for coming off as rude
I didn't mean to come clean with such an attitude
But it's original sinning to sing somebody else's tunes
And try to say they're yours
For all we've ignored
You act so bored

And talk in circles
As we wax pathetic in a round til the sun goes down
And disagree on your delusions of successful sound
For where you stand, you're much too proud
So you're staring at the ceiling
While I'm staring at a coffee table full of stalemates and click tracks
I'm just one more friend that you sent back
That you sent back
While I sat back
While I sat back