

## 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