

# Upstate Blues

Into It. Over It.

I think you've had enough to handle  
And I can see it in your smile  
It's become a function over fashion  
As if satisfaction's going out of style

(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)

It's just a blessing of reception  
And I see sorrow in your eyes  
Oh like the candidate for caution  
Crossing your sentimental lines

And if it's okay, could I stay a while?  
Color-coded, a calming hue  
The walls are barren, they're just like you  
Hardly motivated, a destitute design

Upstate blues they could paint this room  
Cold and grey like New York and you

(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh-oh)

I didn't want to stay here  
But you couldn't wait to leave  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
A whole community of people never sleeping, only drinking it alone  
They soak their twenties into tens  
It's like their twenties never end

Upstate blues they could paint this room  
Cold and grey like New York and you

I survey the scene, I see  
If misery loves company than what does that make me?

Dusting for prints here  
And chasing the names of your friends who've escaped you  
I've begged you to leave Niagara  
It makes headstones  
Turn all the tricks beneath your sleeves  
You've become what you've always feared  
Even though this all seems absurd to hear  
But I couldn't follow through

Upstate blues they will paint your room  
Cold and grey like New York and you

(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)  
(Whoa oh, whoa oh)