

Westmont, NJ

Into It. Over It.

Twisted and turned
All roads lit and burned
As we watched every move that we made
And the time crept on slowly like miles per hour
On your dashboard as we look the same
As we do every year
Red and green reflected lights from ear to ear

But I bet you take all the boys here
A baseball player's front lawn failures
Will choke on the note inside his mailbox
It reads
"Don't give up, try hanging more lights from your rooftop"
But our suggestions hardly ever work

I twist and turn through sarcastic groans
While we've measured the weight of our days
With souls the size of dinner plates
But does he understand you like you need him too?
Which one of us two has really heard the truth?

I bet you take all the boy here
A baseball player's front lawn failures
Will choke on the note inside his mailbox
I write
"Don't give up, try saving a night in December"
But my suggestions hardly ever work
We hardly ever work

Save my side
Ten mile ride
Safe, sound, and silent tonight
Safe, sound, and silent enough to prove me right