

Your Mantra

Into It. Over It.

Piling old knickknacks into the back of her car
A now swollen four-door Honda in blue
Leaving one worn-out industrial town in hopes of selling off gifts I had gotten from you

But, I haven't sold a thing
Which leads me to believe
I'm just repeating repeating repeating repeating
The same sorry cycle as when I was fifteen

Well, I'm completely aware of how boring this is
My back's grown sore from still standing still, standing those
Who brought chairs as they can sit back and watch
As all of the small crowd files out
And, as we close up shop, I've spent more than I've earned
A trait in me you'd seem to admire
But you've spent the last of our common sense on selling off the old and expired

We hadn't sold a thing
Reminding me of you
Just repeating repeating repeating repeating your mantra
"Out with the old and in without you"