

Quicksand

Jack Stauber

What are you doing on the floor?
I recant my wording, don't caress the door
Sunk and died like many more
Still to come without relenting of the poor
And whats for sure is the saliva on the shoes
Of best, ensure more worst to lose
That try to patch the blood drew
Still keep jumping into quick sand

Go do what you do
You'll go do what you do
Go do what you do
You'll go do what you do

What are you doing in the sky?
All regrets are painful, don't forget to cry
Five months sitting in the shade
Be reminded that it's something that you made
Don't be afraid of all the cowards dripping cream
On the Americano dream
Not if you try to patch the blood
But you'll keep jumping into quicksand

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