

Racecar Bed

JANK

The way I see it in my head
Sinking into a race car bed
I can see your words just slip right into your beer
But maybe I can catch you sometime this year

And I'm wasting time, worrying about who I can really count on
And picking up a book is so goddamn straining on my eyes
Cause I'm not reading for me, I'm reading for you

And I can see you sideways, and I can see you sideways
And I can see you sideways, and I can see you sideways
And I can see you sideways, and I can see you sideways