

Oak Street

Knuckle Puck

should i let the words flow
from my mouth right down your street
while you're still home,
i hope you'll hear me
cause if i feel this low again i'll scrape the deep end
but maybe then i'll stop pretending
yeah, maybe then i'll stop pretending

that things just felt so cancerous for a while
i'm in the in-between
like new buffalo & oak street
I hope the thought of me keeps you away from the beach
cause don't care if you can't sleep
no, i don't care if you can't sleep

don't think i care if you can't sleep

stay away from the lake
cause if you see me i'll be skipping memories i swore i'd keep
with me
in constant hopes that they'll erode just like the glass we'd t
ake home
left to rot in a window well
they're left to rot in your window well

some things just felt so cancerous for a while
I'm in the in-between
like new buffalo & oak street
I hope the thought of me keeps you away from the beach
cause i don't care if you can't sleep
no, i don't care if you can't sleep

when i close my eyes
i feel your summer skin
it pulls me apart and rips me open
when i close my eyes
i feel the warmth of the sun
it takes me back where i was where my youth was stolen