

## Your Back Porch

Knuckle Puck

It's 4am again and I'm falling asleep with the headphones in  
It shouldn't be like this.  
And it's so hard to act like I'm over this  
When everything you said tore my heart out of my chest.

I just wanna feel something again.  
I'm not innocent.  
Not in the least bit.  
Selfish wishful thinking.  
And if this mess that I left in the southwest is in your head,  
Then I'm not the only one digging up the dead.

You swear you're a safe bet, but I know that you're not  
And I think that's why I'm here and you still think I'm wrong,  
But there's nothing between you and me.  
Not anymore.  
Not on your back porch at 4am,  
I'm in this van hoping I won't see you again.

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Not in the least bit.  
Selfish wishful thinking.  
And if this mess that I left in the southwest is in your head,  
Then I'm not the only one digging up the dead.

(My family gets smaller every year) (8x)  
Does your conscience keep you awake?  
Because one day all that you've felt in those bones will make t  
hem break.  
But now I know just how you see me, and I want you to know  
You won't grow out of selfish, you'll just find better ways to  
hide it.

(2x)  
If you gave all that you take, the weight would take it's toll  
and your skeleton would cave

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