

With Samson In Washington State

Mal Blum

5,771

It's been two and one quarter weeks
Since the week I was first gone
It's not that long
It's not that long
And when I get to you
Make everything alright
Don't want to have to fight to hold you late at night
But I just might
Now the voices in my head are loud
I've said too much
Can't face this crowd
I cannot put the words back in my mouth
How I hoped that you would understand
When it comes from you
It's twice as bad
You're the worst I ever had
Got the worst I ever had out of me
Out of me
Out of me
Nothing to eat

So-

Happy new year, Washington
I never learned to hold my tongue
I wish I could
I would play dumb with you
And all these nights
I've spent alone in front of you
I should have known the things we pay
To get back what we own

5,772

It will be at least another week
Until I make it back to you
And if I do
If I do
We can fashion a rope
From all of my regrets
How I saw you in every person that I met
I'll let you tie me to the bed
To the bed
'Cause I'm not as strong
As I am scared
I'll sit for you in the wooden chair
You don't have to hold me down
I'll help you cut my hair myself
Out of you
Out of you
There's nothing sweet

Happy new year, Washington
I never learned to hold my tongue
I wish I had
I would play dumb
I would
All these nights you've spent alone in front of me

I wish I'd known the things we give
To pay back what we owe
A Folsom man with just one fear
I don't want to die with no one knowing
I was here
I still hear that in my ears
I still hear that in my ears
So Massachusetts
And then New York
It's gonna take a little work
To get back to the place I was before

5,773

Finally out of the eater
You got something you could eat and was it me?
Tie me to the rock
Tie me to the rock
See what I've got

Happy new year
Washington
I never learned to hold my tongue
I tried
So hard
But now I'm done
With it