

These Nights

Matt Simons

These nights I'm out in the weeds
I've been letting loose with my grip on reality
It's playing out in real time
Right in front of me
I'm trying something simple
Light and let it kindle

I'm living with silence
A moment of still
Turn off my devices
But It's lonely as hell
I'll lean into crisis
When I'm climbing the hill
If that's where my mind is
I might take a spill

Cause If it was easy
It wouldn't be worth it
It takes all I have
Trying to get through the bullshit
With nowhere to go now
The fire is burning
I'm running in circles
But the clock isn't turning
Oh I know on

These nights I'm out in the weeds
I've been letting loose with my grip on reality
It's playing out in real time
Right in front of me
I'm trying something simple
Light and let it kindle

I'm sick of the poison
I'm seeing the signs
I try to avoid it
But it finds me sometimes
If quitting was easy
I know I would do it
All the bad habits
I picked up going through it
It might be too late now
Maybe I blew it
All of the years
That I spent being stupid
Oh I know on

These nights I'm out in the weeds
I've been letting loose with my grip on reality
It's playing out in real time
Right in front of me
I'm trying something simple
Light and let it kindle

Like where do I go now?
Where do I go now?
I hear it so loud

Where do I go now?
On these nights
On these nights
These nights
On these nights