

Eleven Days

Max Frost

Eleven more days, waiting around here in the city
Thinking that I'm gonna escape this fucked up feeling
I got on a flight, economy class
I couldn't sleep, I listened to jazz

Eleven more nights, staring at nothing on the phone screen
Feeling alive, and hoping that you call me
I tell myself rise, you hate me to try
I came over here, thought you were sincere
But I guess that I was wrong

I was getting nervous that I finally met that person
Maybe we just moved too fast, 'cause I woke up in the moment thinking
Why'd you leave so fast? You left without your purse
And by the time I called you back you were gone

I got eleven days till I go
I don't got the change to change my flight home
It's 5 O'clock in Mexico, and breakfast time in Tokyo
I got eleven days till I go
I came here for a reason but the reason's gone
It's 5 O'clock in Mexico, and breakfast time in Tokyo

Eleven more days feeling hungover in the morning
Kicking my heels, feeling unreal, retail shopping
Walk in the mall, getting new kicks, I'm feeling sick
Taking a sip from this iced coffee

Eleven more nights, losing my mind
Seeing city lights, wondering how the hell to get you off my mind
Wondering how the hell to get you off my mind

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I gotta be out of my mind, thinking everything woulda been fine
To come across the ocean on some frequent flyer miles
I know I'll be feeling alright
When I finally get on a flight back home
But I got eleven days to go

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