Labor Day

Microwave

The slightest move, the smallest touch
We've built such an incredible distance
You'd find me there by that yellow street sign
life can change in an instant

Sixty-five miles an hour on a twenty-five mile an hour road
we thought it was an accident until we found your note

I can't get it out of my mind
You really oughta start hiding my keys at night
Running away only makes it feel more authentic
I told you I was joking, but you knew that I meant it

"Don't take you're thoughts so seriously
Sometimes weird shit gets up inside your head."
You probably thought I wasn't listening,
but I clung to every word you said.

I can't get it out of my mind
I just can't leave it all behind
You really oughta start hiding my keys at night.

So where are you now?
And where is that line?
Cause forgetting you ever lived doesn't feel right
But God knows I'm trying.

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