

Recycling

Pinegrove

Rolling on his back like an ocelot
Crawling on his stomach you make the lids stick together
Nothing really bugs me out
Nothing really bugs me

Tightening the slack on the millimeter tape
Trudging through your stomach I make the walls split forever
Nothing really bugs me out
Nothing really bugs me

Anymore. I've had enough
Now we're on the same page

Circling the gap like you don't know what you hold
Drying out my knuckles you tucked it between the folds
Nothing really bugs me out
Nothing really bugs me

Recycling the cans at the center by the boxcars
We've been carving little symbols in the bark
Nothing really bugs me out
Nothing really bugs me
Out

So let it go:
There's nothing I could tell you
That you don't already know