

Moving Beyond

Rare Americans

This ain't in my head, this is for real man
I'm sitting at a new kitchen table, trying to get a start on a plan
I'm bending it back and I'm breaking it down
In a different spot now, but still the same part of town

Withdrawn, withdrawn
My feelings are gone
Withdrawn, withdrawn
My feelings are gone
I can feel it
I can feel it

I fell in love with this data
It made me a guy I hated
I'm not sure if I can go back
I think the two are related

I'm lost within myself
A shadow walking in my own shoes
I can't get off a drug I've never even used

Spent a couple years in my head
Lawyering, arguing sides
Ya gotta care pretty hard to fake it man
It's a tug of war inside

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Go for an overdue meal with an old chum
He asks what's new?
I say forgiving doesn't make them right man
It just frees you

Spent too much time for my own good
By myself in bars
It's really hard to keep a secret
Or judge from afar

Tell me how many out of ten
Can come all the way back?
I will be in that camp
That my friend, is a matter of fact

Beyond beyond, I'm moving beyond
Beyond beyond, I'm moving beyond
I can feel it

I can feel it

I can feel it

I can feel it

I can feel it

I can feel it