Collected

Ratboys

If you could walk the Earth and
Never draw breath would the fear
Come and try to arrest you?

Your fingers slowly fell off like
A raindrop, stop: don't play it
Louder than you really need to

'Cause if you cry at the smallest comment
Your feelings will have been in vain
It takes some time to really want it
To know and to be something is the same thing

Every day I dream of 58
And how it will be so nice to finally
Have some answers

But if I know the G-scale
At the same point, I will
Freak and weep so hard until I fall over

And if my time was faster than a bullet
At least I spent it sitting down
I wiped my hands clean as you stood and
Dialed the knobs on your bass amp

If the sounds follow where you run to
Within the ground, into your head
Running after something that's above you
Will probably cause a ragged heart rate

And tell me how your body and your breastline
Made a mark on what you made
If faking exhales feels like undressing
Then maybe the key is to relate

Take your life, a dime for a dozen
Put it in the pot of what he said
About your self, what it was and wasn't
How does it feel to be collected?

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