

Not Again

Ratboys

All the little faces that make up the sky
Will fall and replace us when we die
Take it from me, I am alive
Or if not, at least this feels right, to be tied

Coffee-sick and spacing, my car drives itself
Down Central, up Harlem, aimless like I'm everywhere
I always took care of how I felt
Or at least tried to listen well for the bell

The time we've taken has been
Every second, a little bit more restless
The sounds have always been right there
To help me hear myself again

(It's you, all you)

Back then, my teenage energy
Would take a thousand shapes
I would wrestle with my wanting
Then laugh it off and fill another page

But, now it's not back then
And my face has hardly changed
I would let it happen back then
Just gotta do it the same way