

# 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