

Materialistic

Remember Sports

I look around for a picture of me, I don't see one
I make a note of the shape of the room, it's pretty long
And I'm going through all the noises you put in my head that night
It's enormous and wide it would hurt too much this time around
Push it back down

Archive the past with some shit that won't last you a lifetime
Materialistic or are we inquisitive, nevermind
And just when I thought there was no one still left in my inbox
So I write you again, pause before I hit send, come unwound
Push it back down

I look around for a picture of me, I don't see one (Do something different, we fall every time)
Maybe some day I'll turn into someone you can lean on (Wasting your mind, you're just wasting your mind)
And all of our options just feel like a bottomless pit right now
And I'm getting sick of the big world you've got in your head somehow
So I try to forget how you lost me again, settle down
Push it back down