

running in place at the edge of the map

Runnner

Stuck on the couch
Slow sinking down
The room's getting quiet
There's dust in my mouth
I fucked up the rice
I cooked it too long
The TV's alight
The moment's dissolved

And I know, I know
I know, I know

Was I better then
When I sang 'bout my dog with my friends?
Can I understand
What's curving away from my hands?

Wasting the day
Painting the scene
Stuck on the ceiling
Repeating
Wasting the day
Painting the scene
Stuck on the ceiling
Repeating
Wasting the day
Painting the scene
Stuck on the ceiling
Repeating
Wasting the day
Painting the scene
Stuck on the ceiling
Repeating

I wanted to speak
I'm just choking now
At the edge of the map
I'm still trying to run out