

Segment

Runnner

I was six years old last night playing basketball outside
I don't know how I came to cry I dotted off a single line
And now I'm sleeping on this plane trying to stay so entertained

I fogged my hands against the pane like sliver ghosts I don't sustain

I'm wasting time but it's okay
I'm mostly fine I'm not in pain
Probably not dying today

I call my congressman too much and ask her please don't fuck this up

Cause I'm so scared of all this stuff and we're not doing good enough

I slept for days without a question but I'm not leaving 'till the end of my segment

Still wasting time learning to play
Still on my mind won't go away
Probably not dying today
The odds are against it, maybe
Learn to accept that I'm not an exception
I'm not holding breath for a real resurrection