

So you chose to be here
Waiting out all your time, you're never gonna leave here
Tell me what's on your mind, is there something that you need here?
Or are you just passing by until you are free?

I'm weary
Trying not to fantasize imaginary ceilings
Holding incandescent light, are floorboards creaking?
Singing all through the night until you're asleep, oh

Who are you seeing?
Are they telling you to look alive? What do they believe in?
Is there anyone on your side? Is anybody grieving?
Or letting in the sunshine? Are the curtains closed?

Are there even windows?
Furniture made of steel? Are you wearing clean clothes?
I know none of this is real, how'd you ever get so
Easily erasable, I'll never know

You've got a thing that you can't get out of
Got a rhythm that you can't step out on
In a dream that you can't wake up from
This may be quicksand, may be quicksand
Gotta think who do you belong to
What kind of prism do you see your life through
Maybe quicksand, this may be quicksand
Maybe quicksand, this may be quicksand

So you chose to be here
You waited out all your time, you never got to leave here
Or tell me what's on your mind, so I will just be here
Sing the chorus of the left behind so you can be free

I'm leaving
I would've stayed with you 'til the end, there's someone else who needs me
And I'll never have to pretend, I wish you would've seen him
But I'll send him all your love instead so you can stay free

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