

Photobooth

Sleep On It

I'm halfway to hope
Dragging my feet through
Gardens I've grown
With thoughts about you
But the flowers don't bloom anymore
You spun me around
Still feeling dizzy
I let my guard down
So you could see me
Till the morning light swallows me whole

I'll find a new home on the floor
I still see your ghost in the door
I'll find what my hands were made for

You took what you found
Left only pieces
Leaves strewn around
Uproot the reasons
That your memory pulls at my soul

I found a new home on the floor
I don't see your ghost anymore
I found what my hands were made for

I've been trying to say
Everything's finally falling away
But it's hopeless to think that I'll find my way out
Of this shallow grave where I lay

So I'll lay in the calm
Sift through the wreckage
I'll soak up the gray
Find some perspective
My thoughts of you fade (my thoughts of you fade)
My thoughts of you fade even more
You're a photograph left in the drawer

I've been trying to say
Everything's finally falling

I've been trying to say
Everything's finally falling away
But it's hopeless to think that I'll find my way out
Of this shallow grave where I lay.