

Clay

Stand Atlantic

Oh I, I'm vibrant as an ashtray
Still better than I have been
Falling over my skin
To keep the dust from settling

Oh well, I can feed into the fire
No fury, no desire
Bending with the wind
That I keep to fuel the apathy
I'm restless to the point where I'm stuck

Stop saving your words
And hit where it hurts
I hear you speak and I'm biting my tongue
I'm feeling absent again 'cause I live in my head
I take for a taste
To throw it away, to throw it away
Hit me where it hurts

Sometimes I roll back into old ways
Where I stir and misbehave
Holding onto my skin
To keep the rust from crawling in

Some nights I sleep in crowded hallways
At least that's what it feels like, ignoring all the voices
It's sweet, but they don't need it fake

Stop saving your words
And hit where it hurts
I hear you speak and I'm biting my tongue
I'm feeling absent again 'cause I live in my head
I take for a taste
To throw it away, to throw it away
Hit me where it hurts

Mould me like clay
To a shape that's not the same
Nothing more to say
(Nothing more to say)

Stop saving your words
And hit where it hurts
I hear you speak and I'm biting my tongue
I'm feeling absent again 'cause I live in my head
I take for a taste
To throw it away, to throw it away
Hit me where it hurts