

Pleather

Strung Out

A plain and lazy afternoon still fresh inside my head
An echo of a simpler time, a reflection that's yours and mine
That car would take us anywhere, get back before the sun
Return to that uneasy place where you are father and I am son
We're going for a drive
It's all in my mind
The smell of pleather and gasoline
We are chrome that turned to rust
The years that separate us now are the years we lost to our mis
trust
I'm sorry for my absence but it isn't all my fault
I've come to a place where I can say
that I'm not angry at you anymore
Well thought we tried
it's still in my mind
Let me steer us home, I promise to get us there
Looking straight ahead I'll be alright tonight
I look inside myself and find a piece of you in spite of me
It's getting easier to accept I've become a lot like you again
I look inside myself and find a way out of this tangled way
I'm doing things to spite you now
I'm doing things that tear me down
So turn the radio up and we'll sit inside a rivalry
A stolen moment locked in time
A signal that it will be alright
Well, it's getting easier to be me everyday
I look inside myself and find a piece of you