

Little Sheets

The Brook & The Bluff

Closing on your axis
I was spinning backwards
Thought I could get past it
Just fatal attraction
Because the space I wanted was full
I was never meant for you
But I'm getting past it
Don't wanna live for has been
Still my only action
Is to sit and miss those habits
Sitting lighting matches
Burning in the past tense

Because the space I wanted was full
I was never meant for you

Keep it moving, by design
Smoke myself stupid
Feels like ice
Stuck in my forehead
Maybe that's just what I wanted
To forget and just go on then

Little sheets broke the feeling
Kicked my feet, shot through the ceiling
I'm just looking for some meaning
Stop this beating in my forehead

I was never meant for you