

Wrung out and Hanging (On West Coast Time)

The Districts

It occurred to me in this moment
That we're all just specks of dust in a lung

We try to breathe into mirrors
Our reflections misshapen
And catch yellow birds but our hopes leave us stung

We watch over oceans, over seas, and debris
We try oh so hard but refuse to disagree
And I wish I never learned for my own feet to carry me
And the distance never pulled us apart

I still feel underneath me the creek at my feet
I still hear your goodnight ringing in my heart
It's ringing my heart, wringing out my heart

Sometimes I wonder as I stand on a stage
With such indecision as if the floor did give way

If nothing else matters
I guess I should know
Am I really anything at all?

I will float on your breath as it leaves your body

I'll leave your body and I'll let you be

The California moon
It's a stubborn comfort
But my love it can't replace or even replicate
The grip you have on my poor heart
And I can't stand and I can barely wait

I wish you would tell me
What this is I'm feeling
Cause I'm dying to tell you too

And who's going to see me crumble?
Who will be there to see?
I wonder if it'd be talked about
Or fade like a yellowed memory

And who's going to see me crumble?
Who will be there to see?
I wonder if it'd be talked about
Or fade like a yellowed memory

And who's going to see me crumble?
Who's gonna let me sleep?
I wonder if it'd be talked about
Or fade like a yellowed memory

And who's going to see me crumble?
Who's gonna watch me fall?
I wonder if it'd be talked about
And they won't even remember at all