That's Not Your Real Name

The Early November

Slow down, fade out. It's almost a pattern for me. Laid down mistakes out. They're all just like motions to me.

And yeah, I could be wrong.

Wake up. You're faking. I know that you're lying awake. Break off, shake down. I'm tired of obeying the brain.

Crossed arms and crooked eyes. Begging like I'm on the line. I hope that there's more here in me. Stale from the middle in. My bro comes off, consider it. I know that it's played and it's weak.

Wake up. You're faking. I know that you're lying awake. Break off, shake down. I'm tired of obeying the brain.

And yeah, I could be wrong. Taking off. And yeah, I could be wrong. Jumping off. And yeah, I could be done.

Slow down, fade out. It's all just a pattern for me.