

Apartment 413

The Rocket Summer

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Last day of January
Snowing but hard to see
Just tiny ice I think
Kettle's not whistling
But the sound of it rings

Reaching out
Reaching out
Unlock the door to the room you're in, Lord
Feel your bass through the wall
Got my face on the floor
Reaching out

Apartment 413
Just trying to get some sleep
Hoping to not believe
The thoughts that you don't want me
I'm chained to my brain
Fires
No fire escape

I'm reaching out
Reaching out
Unlock the door to the room you're in, Lord
Feel your bass through the wall
Got my face on the floor
Reaching out

Perhaps there's silence in protection
Silence in a test
Silence in the growing
I suppose silence is for the best
I guess...

Reaching out
Reaching out
Unlock the door to the room you're in, Lord
Feel your bass through the wall
Got my face on the floor
Reaching out