

Quicksand

The Weeks

I know I'm supposed to talk about
The things I said just when I stormed out
Honestly I don't remember much
My eyes were tired, my mouth was drunk

Well all the windows were painted shut
I gotta get out, I gotta get out
To hell with lies, we've lied to much
I gotta get out, I gotta get out

Quicksand she said
Let me run and get a rope
Hold still, she screamed
If you panic it could take us both
Well quicksand she said
It's best if you pretend to float
You move too fast
And quicksands to slow

Remember to chew and spit me out
I hope my name tastes bad in your mouth
He pushed his hair down in his face
A fake last name and a brand new place
He watched a lie become himself
And smiled a lot so no one could tell
She tried too much for no one good
And loved a man when no one else could

But all the vultures circle me
I gotta get out, I gotta get out
Fresh clean start, but afraid to leave
I gotta get out, I gotta get out

Quicksand she said
Let me run and get a rope
Hold still, she screamed
If you panic it could take us both
Well quicksand she said
It's best if you pretend to float
You move too fast
And quicksands to slow

He threw his hands up in the sky
Said strike me dead if I told a lie
He promised he could fix himself
A story he learned to tell so well

She closed her eyes, said I'm done with it
I gotta get out, I gotta get out
He's a broken record, let him skip
I gotta get out, I gotta get out

Quicksand she said
Let me run and get a rope
Hold still, she screamed
If you panic it could take us both
Well quicksand she said

It's best if you pretend to float
You move too fast
And quicksands to slow
You move too fast
And quicksands to slow