

Day Drunk

Tiny Moving Parts

Getting day drunk all through the week
Scared of breaking up the routine
It seems like nothing matters to me
Nothing matters anymore

My heart still beats
Beats like a bass drum
Off tempo, no rhythm, but still
Plays a melody

Please don't come over
You're not allowed
I promise I will figure myself out
Don't come over
It's just me in the kitchen looking up at the clouds
I wonder what they talk about
Wonder what they talk about

The lightning strikes in my garden
Where I have planted all my courage
One day, they'll blossom again
Until then, I must prepare for any accidents

Please don't come over
You're not allowed
I promise I will figure myself out
Don't come over
It's just me in the kitchen looking up at the clouds
I wonder what they talk about

A jolt of energy, may bring the death of me
When the lights go out, do the clouds roam around
Or do they stay above my head?

My heart still beats
Beats like a bass drum
Off tempo, no rhythm, but still
Plays a melody

It seems like nothing matters to me
It seems like nothing matters to me
It seems like nothing matters to me
Nothing matters anymore