

# Cluttered Sign

## Trash Boat

I feel my footsteps getting deeper  
I feel my knees as they get weaker  
And I wish I could just go to bed

My head  
Two halves of me at constant ends  
Holding me down  
Full of everything I never said  
As my life unfolds  
I'm digging myself deeper in this hole

I feel my footsteps getting deeper  
I feel my knees as they get weaker  
And I wish I could just go to bed  
And sleep it all away  
I fill my lungs then they collapse  
I dug too long and now I'm  
Trapped again inside my head

This is everything I feared  
And I try to be sincere  
You use my words against me cut me ear to ear

I feel my footsteps getting deeper  
I feel my knees as they get weaker  
And I wish I could just go to bed  
And sleep it all away  
I fill my lungs then they collapse  
I dug too long and now I'm  
Trapped again inside my head

If a cluttered desk is a cluttered mind  
Of what then is an empty desk a sign  
If a cluttered desk is a cluttered mind  
Of what then is an empty desk a sign  
I'm walking in circles

Everything I'm thinking, I'm second guessing  
Cos the weight of these words, is pulling me down  
I'm losing my grip at this rate I'll probably drown  
Cos the weight of these words, is pulling me down  
I'm slipping, I'm sinking

I feel my footsteps getting deeper  
I feel my knees as they get weaker  
And I wish I could just go to bed  
And sleep it all away  
I fill my lungs then they collapse  
I dug too long and now I'm trapped again inside my head  
It's louder here than I remember