

diary in a bar

Valley

Concrete Days are gone
Now my bag sits by the door
And my life is a shaky floor
I can't balance on

I'm meeting strangers in the dark
I wrote a diary at the bar
It read a really tough year to start
And I can't balance out

For a second I got caught on the psychology
Behind a million other people that look like me
I'm in a city I don't recognize
Put a blindfold on my eyes
Run me down a dead end street

I put some money aside
I'm gonna leave tonight
I'm a one-way street
And I hate my life

Home for the week and
I'm tired of the hotels
Key cards, bus calls
Wearing me down
Burnt-out properly
Learning origami
Mom and dad miss when I would just hang around

Home for the week and
I'm tired of the hotel
Key cards, bus calls
Wearing me down
Burnt-out socially
Sleeping through the mornings
Mom and dad slip some cash in my account

I put some money aside
I'm gonna leave tonight
I'm a one-way street
And I hate my life

I put some money aside
I'm gonna leave tonight
I'm a one-way street
And I hate my life

New Year's eve and I'm home for the champagne
Wishing I was snowed in
So I could stay
Friends make families
I made enemies
Living off a dream in Silverlake