

Jump

WHY?

Alone every night
I don't feel right
I can't decide
What to do. I
Try to describe
What I'm feeling inside
But my pen goes dry
I'm calling it off

Instead, I get high
Stare in the eyes of
Some girl from Prague
Scared and lost
Baring it all and
Apparently home on
The screen of my phone
Now I'm calling it off

I need a fucking jump, man
I need something
I need a fucking jump

I need a fucking jump, man
I need something
I need a fucking jump

If someone knows something
Then probably they're lying
Yeah, or living in a dream
I'm living in a nightmare

I could call it a day-
What am I trying to say
It's all gray in the gray
That old fog of the brain
I go soft in the paint and
Stay sopped in the rain but
Still could swallow the bay
Oh I'm calling it off

Back, trapped in the maze
That body ablaze
Refracted in pain
My nowness has waned
It takes valor to change
Out of a pattern of shame
Extract the air from the flame
Now I'm calling it off

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(The thread is fraying
Who are you
Who are you to me?)

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