

Against Me!, Sink, Florida, Sink

Not one more word tonight,
between here and there,
we'll put a distance the size of the ocean
so now this heart can beat a skipping rhythm.
As the cadence carries me i almost drift away
far enough to forget
that when it comes you cannot hesitate.
And when found
i will write an account
and seal it in an envelope
addressed to your last known residence.
and we sink,
and we drown,
and what is lost can never be found,
well these arms did swim until the lungs pulled in,
the panic was lost in a deep understanding
that you will see
what is wrong with everything,
what is wrong with you and me,
they make all the right reasons to fuck it up,
you're gonna fuck it up.