

Bad Astronaut, Off The Wagon

The ring like a stain in the wood
A drink from years ago I'm sure
A black and white on the wall from years ago when we were good
Somewhere
This house is a pain station
Awaiting blueprints for relief
The party's finally over
And everyone else had to leave
It binds you, reminds me
Pick up the grocery for your head
Take this invitation
Please don't waste another day
Hold my hands above my head
This ride is misery
Between the bars you're clinging to a world of cold embrace
I'm still here to remind you
The world hasn't changed
You're still alone
"No more pretending for him"
A hopeless voice cracks on the phone
It's deafening, reminds me pick up the passport for your trip
Take this one
It's leaving
It's the last bound for repair
I'll be here relieving all your loves and all your cares
If there were words to give you hope
If you would treasure all you have
They'd believe in you my friend
So long, so long
I'll keep the gold