

# COIN, Atlas

Isn't it obvious  
When my sheets are tangled up on the bedroom floor  
It's not that I'm bothered by  
My kitchen sink can't hold much more

Sleepless lonesome nights  
Haunted by due time

Hope is dying for now  
Haven't you heard?  
Atlas folds at the thought  
Of what he's just learned

A chain letter trap with one weak link  
Maybe we should talk before I speak  
Borrowed thoughts from a bitter end  
Blame is ours and mine to

Bend it by the fault  
Pompeii set us up

Hope is dying for now  
Haven't you heard?  
Atlas folds at the thought  
Of what he's just learned

Hope is dying for now  
Haven't you heard?  
Atlas wants a way out  
Before it gets worse

Haven't you heard?  
Haven't you heard?