

# Cruiserweight, Phantom Writer

when the gravel turns to oil and you're sliding  
was it your intention to be part of it all  
or to never take part at all  
and now you won't be bothered with your past  
but it was never my intention to push you away

so light the torches and turn the ringer off  
let's get back, yeah we gotta get back  
to where we once belonged  
be what may

this hunt for something worth while to make us stick  
well our goal is getting fuzzy  
and our hopes are running dry  
it's all a matter of finding the other half of your brain  
and the whole of your heart  
so these optimistic songs we hear they mean nothing at all  
because things will never be ok this way

so scrimp and save  
and blow your fingernails dry  
and some of the guilt away  
but you know that he's coming  
be what may