

Dogwood, Juice

Come back again
I need this more than you could know
Stress importance
To tell the truth, don't let 'em down

And make sure that she's a winner
Your expectations only let you down

Seems like everyone is at the top
And I am pulling at the bottom
Grabbing at the air with both hands and heart
Now with both hands apart
Hands can do no more
I give up when nothing ever goes right

Dry and defeated
Still I can't find any reason
To carry this pen
Carry this weight 'til I collapse
Under boulders of confinement
Your expectations only let me down

Put me down 'cause I am sick of writing
Get me out before I break
Squeeze me like I'm citrus
And my thoughts are running down your chin

Drink up
To the vacancy of my head
Feels as if it's gonna fall to pieces
{Fall...}

Fall...
Fall...
Fall...
Fall...