

Man Overboard, Dude, Are You Kidding Me?

Where do I start?

How do I begin to describe the way I mistake every shadow
for you being here.

And if I get it wrong one more time

I'll swan dive off the overpass.

(Let's just pretend you know who I am)

I pretend that you're in my car.

Tracing my thoughts and making me whole,
but the never ending solo nights fade into let down days
and I'm back home without you.

You'll never understand.

Your skin looks so smooth but I wouldn't know,
because the lock on your door is keyless.

Cold air has made me numb,
and this town seems so deceased without you.

So I'll write more songs about you.

At night I dream of how it could have went

At night I blame myself for how it's been.

You'll never understand.