

Matt Pond PA, Basement Parties

When you wake up on your face on the bedroom carpet
Count back all the ways that you ended up there
You can't remember someone else's story
You can't remember that you don't feel sorry
Get up, get out -- the lines are gone, with the green you're leaving

I don't mind silence, I don't mind sitting
I can be quiet, I wish you could hear me

You go back, you repeat, trace the veins that you don't want to see
With your hands, in your hair -- don't leave your fingers buried
Do you think that we could try forgetting
The places we've gone with the ceiling spinning
Slow down until we stop
We have to steal this night back

I don't mind silence, I don't mind sitting
I can be quiet, I wish you could hear me

I'm tired of going to these basement parties
Everybody wants to leave their body
I'm hiding in the bathroom with no witness
Speaking through the door about some sickness

I don't mind silence, I don't mind sitting
I can be quiet, I wish you could hear me
I don't mind silence, I don't mind sitting
I'm keeping the quiet, I wish you could hear me