

Senses Fail, Blackout

I just drove under the Lincoln sign to where New Jersey meets the New York Line,
Through the tunnel for the last time with everything crumbling behind.
I stood still until I felt the shakes of two bodies that were parting ways,
I didn't want to be the one to say
I know this hurts but it's time to break
In two pieces, the fault line is not secure.
A boat or bridge needed to get back to her.

I feel like I am paralyzed when I look at the extra space left in my bed
And think about all the things we did.
At least I'm feeling more alive but I still have some old weight that I've got to shed
Before I find happiness.

I make mountains out of my worries and I plant pain instead of sturdy trees.
I have got to wash these old sheets so I can fall asleep.
There are times I reach for the phone to tell you that there might still be some hope,
Holding on to the slack of rope but that's whiskey talking, so.
I hope that you can find some peace in life.
Can you survive without me?
Cause I thought I'd be fine,
Now I am slurring every single line.

I feel like I am paralyzed when I look at the extra space left in my bed
And think about all the things we did.
At least I'm feeling more alive but I still have some old weight that I've got to shed.
I've got to move on before I can find Happiness.

This isn't fair nobody taught me how to let go.
"Just be here now" and you'll be set free from sorrow?
But at this time I don't see clearly.
How will I know, what is the point what is the meaning?

Now I'm struggling.
I black out so I can't dream but I still see you sneaking through my weary head.
I suffer from a drought of medicine to dull self-doubt.
I just wanna drown you out with southern poison.
If I had a drink for every goddamn time I think about your pale skin dressed in pink
Then at least I could sleep.
If I have a shot for every goddamn time I thought about your face and what I lost
At least I'd get some sleep.