

The Polyphonic Spree, Section 7 (Hanging Around

Well, you like what you're given.
A lot of us are standing in line.
And you find that you're missing,
What others thought you had all the time.
And it's high but you're reaching.
The trees are getting harder to climb.
So you try to begin there,
Cause life is such a wonderful slide.

You're hanging around the day.
You're fooling yourself with blame.
You're taking it all to a future sight.
Hanging around the day, but God only knows what you're missing.

Well, you know where you're going.
And knowing is a comfortable fight.
And your wish is pretending,
To slightly move over the light.
And you sigh at the rainbow,
That's coming from the other side.
And you slide with the message.
This trouble seems to give me some life.

You're hanging around the day.
You're fooling yourself with blame.
You're taking it all to a future sight.
Hanging around the day.
You're hanging around the day.
You're fooling yourself with blame.
You're taking it all to a future sight.
Hanging around the day.