

Asobi Seksu, Familiar Light

I stared at the ceiling to regain some feeling
The days mixed with let downs and calm downs and put downs
There's words and their feelings but none of them sit well
You say that you're happy when no one believes you
So I just take my time
We're treading deep water and can't seem to come by any place
Where we can force ourselves to know
Where is the space in our heads for hopeful thoughts to grow?
So now I hope you'll rush to my side
A wish can't just choose to fall down by the wayside
There's bees in the attic acidic with panic
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh
There's pills straws and bottles for all our bruised feelings
They mixed well in person but sting when they're leaving
So I will make up my mind
We're treading deep water and can't seem to come by any place
Where we can force ourselves to grow
Where is the space in our heads for hopeful thoughts to grow?
So now I hope you'll rush to my side
We've threaded the needle and can't find a way out
There's bees in the attic acidic with panic
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh
Bees in the attic acidic with panic
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh