

Calexico, Grip Tape

Wait to rise long after dark
Been asleep at least three solid days
Wandering round this house just like a ghost
Searching for something in this life
That would fill the holes and satisfy
Your need to please everybody else
While your nerves shatter and fall apart
Wear out the grip-tape wrapped round your heart
Now you're dressed and ready for the kill
Check if your friends are asleep in bed
Same ones who left you to yourself
Make some noise and take a walk outside
All those years you kept the pain inside
Strangled any chance to love your own
And veer from your collision course
But you'd rather go out in a ball of flame
Grip-tape your name