

Clear Voyance, Midwest Tragedy

Lying face up next to me,
as we try and count the stars
through this thick blanket of nothingness,
it's a great place to be.
for a new beginning and a better ending,
but this time in between,
slips through my hands and through my fingers.
misleading.

Wasting away time and time again,
because every single day is a midwest tragedy

you always say you want to leave,
but we know you will always be here.
all you words sound so naive,
as my beating heart starts to leak.
it seem that I pour my thoughts out on this paper
through this ink
all the times we've had,
and the days we've wasted away,
it's just another sleepless night in our midwest tragedy.

this place gets to my mind,
and this place gets on my nerves
so I'll sing this one last time
and I'll spill my guts out with these words.