Criteria, Rescue Rescue

a memory lapse
a heart that collapsed
a fragmented time
that's turned into math
i can't stand the sight
i turn my eyes

a pressure here
a pressure here

when i say "i don't know"
it means "i don't want you to know"
my plans will change
i will pack then be ready to go
and drive away from this tar-heeled state

and go back to omaha
a place i know i will be safe

(your eyes are blind)
what i'm listening to
it's not logical
that's why i'm leaving you
because that's possible

now i can't pretend
to be someone i am not
the bed that you made for me
used to put me right to sleep
but now i lie awake
slowly devising this speech
your plans have failed
you are shaking, you're chilled and you're weak

(your eyes are blind)