Dillinger Four, SELLTHEHOUSESELLTHECARS

I've lost more sleep than I can say And blurred the lines between the days Pour myself another cup Put one out light another up My mind's stopped making any sense I've lost track of the present tense Don't wanna leave, don't wanna stay I'd kill to bring back yesterday Folded up and left for dead The things I wish I would've said The times I should've turned and run But the damage was already done And I dug myself a deeper hole Raked myself over the coals Reason brings redemption But redemption won't be mind

Suppressed my frustation
But it returned
Lost in the translation
I'm not concerned
Smoke 'em if you got 'em
'Cause we're never gonna learn
And dance upon the ashes of this world

Got hours more and miles to go
I feel the clock begin to slow
Play the hand that I was dealt
By the enemy that is myself
If I don't get out from under this
I might never know what I fucking missed
I'm at the breaking point
But don't know where to draw the line

I'm ticking like a fucking bomb
Had the best of intentions
My resolve outlasts my apprehensions
Won't be the first time
Not gonna be the last
I looked ahead through bleary eyes
And wondered what was left
Wondered will I pass the test

I've lost myself and found myself And then I lost it all again

It comes down to me in the end The more I know The less I comprehend It comes down to me in the end