

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 frustration
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