

# Drmanhattan, Minds Like Ours

It would have been easier to tell me to leave when I sat down.  
Giving up love for leisure like losing everything I found.  
It feels meaningless to tell me what goes wont come back around.  
If you've got a home leave right now.  
All thanks to the gods for our logic and feeling.  
It hurts knowing.  
Only minds like ours find our words on the ceiling, but we're growing.  
Sicks of seizable moments passing as I open the door  
Letting their steps drift farther from mine.  
Their eyes cut deeper every time.  
But my courage upon a pedestal shares  
Likeliness with miracles.  
It's not the end  
It's just one town.  
It's such a shame.  
We had so long.  
So grab your friends.  
And don't look down.  
Cuz when you look up they'll be gone.  
Screaming at the top of my lungs  
But you can't hear it.  
My voice is going.  
Swearing we won't come here again  
We'll come near it but we're growing.  
Diggadiggabdat.