

Dropping Daylight, Waiting Through The Afternoon

Contagious, like
the rhythm of a record
through my mind
Played slowly to emphasize
the condition of a dead line.
So hopeless so let the record
play on and on and on...

Can I speak?
Can I speak now?

Without a voice to call my own I'm left
walk these streets alone,
Waiting through the afternoon again.
Time can't get the best of me.
Surely I will never be
Waiting through the afternoon again.

Don't rush it,
Cause I'm not living my one life without danger.
(The stakes it takes making what we make giving up to
the page) and then I'm Left waiting,
Let the record play on and on and on...

Can I speak?
Can I speak now?

Without a voice to call my own
I'm left walk these streets alone,
Waiting through the afternoon again.
Time can't get the best of me. Surely I will never be
Waiting through the afternoon again.