

Escanaba Firing Line, Broken Beat

The hardest part of today; stop, rewind, hit play.
Back here once again with nothing more to say.

Tossing you back and forth in my head.
Clock ticking to remind me
Many times this like tomorrow.
Broken eyes can't shut to save me now.

Watching you, watching me, watching our cemetery.
Where my feelings go when they're through...
Wasted thoughts, i waste on you.
Take a retrospective glance at all the time that has come to pass.
No single song, no single word, a single voice never to be heard.

Laying thoughts on a dashboard.
Rain drops reflecting on a face.
Never was much for conversation.
Never was much for anything.

Lines and rows, rows and lines.
Questions asked, no reasons why.
Concentrate to close my eyes all i see are all just lies.

Dig a hole to throw me in.
Pick a fight that i can't win.
Pack it tight so i can't breathe.
Broke and beat when the end of me.