

# Falling Sick, Floorspace

crusty eyes and greasy grins  
inhaling smoke from the valve gasket again  
coffee 4am, drunk again by noon  
shit stained couch through the midwest  
blasting 80's tunes  
ups and downs, vague smiles and frowns  
in a van they last forever  
complications take control  
when you're not so clever  
what matters now is floorspace  
inside jokes and sleeveless t-shirt tans  
cardgames I'll never understand  
14 cents, cue ball in hand  
laughing at all the latebreak bands  
drugs are boring, the world's exploding  
sometimes nothing's ever changing  
I swore I'd never grow up  
sick and slowly aging  
what matters now is floorspace  
one more city, another name  
I can't quite put the face to  
four digits to a club, we're 2 hours late to  
one quick set with no soundcheck  
but no here's nostalgic yet  
I thought I had this life figured out  
I'm dumber than the dumbest fuck  
so full of complex feelings  
and so shit out of luck  
what matters now is floorspace