

Hot Water Music, One More Time

Last night, laid down and couldn't sleep.
All overload crashing down through me.
Another clouded examination of where the course slipped, where it failed.
But all the old things are like they were before, one more time.
All the same things are lying on the floor, one more time.
Through all this time there's been changes
Through all this time, how have I returned?
Another one lost in his questions when all the answers are staring at me.
All the old things are like they were before one more time
All the same things are lying on the floor, one more time.
Don't short it down before the rise one more time.
Don't pull it under, smother it all, one more time.
I'm not sinking, not going under with the regrets
and what has been around my neck,
pulling from under the waters that I've been in