

Hot Water Music, The Sleeping Fan

run motor
run the motor
run spinning rotation
the spinning rotation
and finding the rhythms
the motion
the aspirin
you could wake me up with silence and i could lose all control
cause i said that i can't
that i'd stay and i'd never change
i had the rock but i lost it it's broken
and i spent everything i had
and i gave everything i could to you
and i left myself with nothing but a burning mess
i'm broken on the inside so turn the crack-down on me
i can't sleep alone
(it's all right)
it just don't feel right anymore
(i'll get by)
it's myself that i've lost track of now
(if i have to i'll fight)
it's inside so turn the crack-down
grind my teeth say a prayer breathe as deep as i can
cause i need air i can't dissolve control
where does this fit in with anything and what's changing
don't figure the outcome there's no sure pinpointing
i know that i'm not in defense of admitting defeat
i feel that there's nowhere to go and that's the problem
are you friend or foe