

# Junction 18, Above The Avenue

Hey guys I'd rather stay at home  
Leave you these barren streets to roam  
Got better things to think about  
My head is all you now  
I can't go on this is too real  
Can't show you any mass appeal  
A thousand tries and no replies how hard is it to feel?  
The afterglow is now fading  
The interest is now sinking  
This world is gaining off my cries  
It's all just playing dead to live

Hey guys I'd rather stay at home  
Leave you these barren streets to roam  
My bed is far too comfortable  
The fan is turned on low  
So here it goes again  
Insomnia my friend  
Toss and turn and let it bleed  
Its better than the backseat  
Where were you when I'm in need  
I close my eyes so I can sleep  
On the picture fits the frame  
I'll lay and hope till day  
Where did I ever lose faith?  
How did I drown you out this way?  
Why can't it be like yesterday?  
Losing less mind than today  
Where did I lose myself in you?