Junction 18, Adrift

out my window it rains
it cleanses through you upon you
the eyes of a closer kind
can only see this through
after all it's just a lifetime
fifty yard line the great divide
once again we looked into those
days of wrong and right

this drink has just drained me of my disguise
all right
it's what i've been waiting for this time
weight of this time
i'm out of my mind
shipwrecked here within reach of my peers
should i set myself adrift
any way out is fine
she lives this through
he lives this through
it's not too hard to make your words worth speaking
it's taking our shadows off this ground of recluse

more years and less fears
we've grown old but all we need is one hour
to race back and take back
what was ours and will always be
it's not a coincidence we've come to this point
i'll always be waiting every night
a lonesome night
fight the thought of old times
now did all your missing fridays stop just to get away
to get away
you'll try to become the wall standing tall
this brick memorial of stories from our past
though carved in stone each scene erodes with time

i'm drowning to take in my obsessions
it heals fine
i'll always be here until you die
come out you've dried
try this crowd is not right
this goner's shipwrecked party stalled
i fade away
and did not all your liquid fridays
start to just to get away again
and if all your missing fridays stop
they'll begin again
we'll miss you when you hide

we become the wall
when all our short stories become volumes
in our heads they are reflecting on the sky
and bitter blue
we become the wall when you've seen it all
it reflects off the sky
i've been that blue