

Kind Of Like Spitting, Share The Road

Troubled at the office, troubled at the bank
I put my hands against the tree line
I know it's real but it still feels fake
The last thing I remember from that world
Was a drum take clicked out on the tape too slow

Oh what a life we give
Toward obsessions and curled toes
And the death line that's running
Through our friends as well as foes
And the tree line looks over like a bending ghost
As I go down this road of the bored and boring

No one saw it coming, everyone was shocked
So I bummed my roommate's helmet
And keep a tight grip on my bike lock
Take the side streets, keep my eyes closed
Oh, it only takes a second to pass

I've had some really nice people
Say some really smart things to me
I've had really nice people
Bummer out here in this bed next to me

So I sing my life in circles
Through these outrages and I
Have had some really nice people
Have to tell me goodbye
So I give a wish to a nickel, close my eyes and
let it fly and try to stay positive.