

LaGrecia, Slower Than Manasses

At the top of my lungs Ive been screaming and scheming
My high screaming from midnight into morning and in sunlight
Reflecting too much makes my heart tired
I left a paper trail, the span of Jersey
Of course Ive lived it to shreds to remain a mystery
So if youre thinking about getting close, closer to me
You just better back off, oh, back off
Hey hey, whoa woo, I feel lost
Maybe down in the gutter and I want out
But not for long
Cos the gutter, I figured out
Is the last place that I would be found
I remember this and that
I recall what is useless
I recollect and I recollect
But theres no need for specifics
Ive been back to square one so many times
I hid it in every corner
But the circle prevails
And my history gets filled
Hey, na na na na, oh oh
Havent dug a hole I couldnt lie myself out off
So why do I feel like I owe some sort of apology?
For all the songs outta wack, the whisper high rack
And the friends that I gotta go back
Hey hey, whoa woo, I feel lost
Maybe down in the gutter and I want out
But not for long
Cos the gutter, I figured out
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