

# Over It, 3AM Eastern

its 3am again thanks for your patience  
repeated last night, to watch the harbor ripple in your eyes  
and we watched sailboats spoil our view as if we had a choice  
knew all along that there was something more inside than distance had it been a test  
of my security missed something there but i'd be blind to see you missing me  
so footsteps trace our way back to night-time skies  
and clouds diffuse reveal your eyes your secretes aren't mysteries  
and i wouldn't feel so alien if you weren't so me  
im just a boy, im lost and confused and distraught from misuse  
and i've given up my head for you  
because nothings logical so tell my i can't be the things you need  
when its you i've need all along and im waiting  
because its all on this moment when you'll slip between my arms again  
so even if you aren't that way thanks for your patience sleep still i'll watch you sleep