

# Over It, B-54

From this grizzled bench seat; bolt-on frame all the stains  
Of a junkyard sale  
I'm wondering if it's not just youth...you know?  
Old woes won't waste a conversation.  
If only you could see my narrow throne's got a view to everything.  
You won't win to bind a heart that's found belief,  
Hope doesn't disappoint it only dreams.  
So take your take your time,  
Gaze while the air streaks by the static,  
Doesn't make much sense with your back to expectation.  
This battered second guess reflex just lost its grip on me.  
Regrets misplaced in time won't hope to choke ambition now,  
And for all you know, friend you can't afford to miss the ratio.  
These rusty suburbs leave no space for truck stop raids  
And these dedication songs,  
Just hold the meantime for something more.  
Through all this time did you really think I'd let you run my aspirations dry?  
Give it up, cast up your eyes, just let me fill my life with light.  
Friends shouldn't have to wage these wars, so let's stop here.