## Over It, Ninety-Six Brakelights

sleepless nights end back at tuesday morning they insult every dream i might have had till i get used to all this breathing recalling walking distance in the summer sun dotted lines to window panes and telephones so we spent sunrise face down in the sand and still found our way sweat drenched and weary ask me how i thought we played and whether tomorrow night will be the same understand this is my chance to be aquot; these days have meant the most to me. understand something my friend, aquot; he said aquot; these days have meand the most to me. aquot; with brakelights relationships have gone but these days still mean the most to me