

# Plus/Minus, Making The Horse Drink

pack your bags  
and meet me on a plane that leaves today  
waiting for a heart attack  
is no reason for you to stay  
a still life on your bedroom floor  
stripped down to the bone

I'm not dead

So shoot me, I'm no longer scared  
Take me out, I'm no longer scared

Timer's on and going down  
You need to leave a trace  
A seagull in a parking lot  
Too easy to displace  
Arms around the state you're in  
It's the last night of the world

I'm not dead

So shoot me, I'm no longer scared  
Take me out, I'm no longer scared

Waiting on you  
You say it kills you too  
Hollow yourself  
Please save what you have left  
This face on you  
Listless as you're wont to  
Choking on fumes  
The sun in an empty room.