

# Rilo Kiley, Paint's Peeling

The paint's peeling off the streets again  
And I drive and I close my eyes in Michigan.  
And I feel nothing, not brave.  
It's a hard day for breathing again.  
The heat is chasing off all your friends  
And their scattered bodies part to the shore again.  
And I feel nothing, not sane.  
It's a hard day for dreaming again.  
I'm not going back to the assholes that made me  
And the perfect display of random acts of hopelessness.  
I wish I could stay here but I think we're all ready.  
I think we're all ready.  
And I feel nothing, not safe.  
It's a hard day for dreaming again.  
Now that you've seen almost all of America,  
All you can say is, where is all the water?  
And the war has been over for years since you gave up.  
And last night, where the road had started  
And last night, when my hands were choking you.  
Last night, when the room and your mood was dipping  
And last night, when the ropes were pulling you in.  
You said, Hey, how could you love me this way?  
You said, Hey, I think we're all ready.  
I think we're all ready.