

# Sarah Masen, Stories In My Pocket

Monday's got us running to our knees again  
It seems we're always waiting on the floor  
Our destination Sunday is full of the unknown  
But we're building our own bridges to the shore  
In hopes for so much more  
Silent eyes are watching we're beginning to explore  
But the lights are growing dim because we are poor  
Isn't this the place we're practicing belief  
Seems we're always looking at the door In hopes for so much more And the  
stories in my pockets are the best I've ever lived  
So what if they don't sell sell sell  
I'll take you out for coffee and we'll talk about D.C.  
And Philly underneath October moons  
Fall is walking us into a cold December wind  
And maybe we won't last too long  
But maybe we will make it to play a brave new song  
Mixing up the failure with the new  
In hopes for something true  
And the paintings on the walls here are the best we've ever done An experiment  
in abstract dreams  
And the colors are colliding in strange redemptive hues  
What we got here is a good slow burn  
What we got here is a good true thing  
A good true thing, a good true thing  
Stories in my pockets are the best I've ever lived  
And so what if they don't sell sell sell  
I'll take you out for coffee and we'll talk about D.C.  
And Philly underneath October moons  
And Colorado's sweeping news  
And L.A. keeping four in time  
You're always setting dreams on fire  
Always setting dreams on fire