

Small Brown Bike, Deconstruct / Rebuild

We bury ourselves alive in a cold, steel van.
This pain isn't getting better.
The cities, they haven't changed.
I'm not the same.
Because of one and each other, we stay together.
This silence is getting scary.
The people, they haven't changed, I've changed.
Deconstruct this love, replace this time.
Rebuild or nail yourself to the ground.
The blinder I am, the better I think that I am.
The songs that are playing are still too loud.
Tiring myself from these walls that I tore to the ground, drown.
We destroy ourselves at night and we fall apart.
Just like every magazine stand, we try to find the right words.
Just a telephone call, it makes things better.
So I stare out the window and I wish that I was alive.