

# Some By Sea, The Things We All Carry Around

Promises, oh promises, where are you hiding yourselves?  
In the heart of some pretentious love that is better off alone  
For several weeks I've known this is my last chance to whisper  
Some nonsense sentence of mild repentance  
For the things we all carry around

Coffee grounds, a cold sore in April  
Your hair in my mouth  
It was all requested  
The bedroom eyes of a fallen angel  
Make for a clouded mind  
But how long did you know  
That someday you'd pack up  
And push off gently with a photograph, a cold memory  
And a letter that I didn't deserve?

On the first line, it said wait and see  
And so I toppled to the floor  
Then the next time, you said wait and see  
And now I carry this around

Tasting this complex device of the sounds that you make  
They were quite the anthem

To correct a borrowed drama  
And a headful of nothing but a wound-tight ego  
A flowery speech, it's not  
This is my last chance to whisper  
Some boring line about frozen time  
And the things we all carry around

On the first line, it said wait and see  
And so I toppled to the floor  
Then the next time, you said wait and see  
And I pulled my hair out from its roots  
On the downside, this was all my fault  
I know I chose the long road again  
But on the flipside, there's a wait and see  
And now I carry this around

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And now I carry this around