

# Tarkio, Kickaround

So I guess I'll make due  
with all that was handed down  
and shyly return  
from this all night kickaround

Quiet and cursed  
these tired bones demured  
to shuffle it homeward  
it's all I could endure

And have I waited too long  
or did I not wait long enough?  
These old walls remind me  
I guess I was hoping for something more

So lost in the live touch  
of comfort and company  
and whisper so coy  
and all that surrounded me

And after we walk  
down avenues endlessly  
and stave the sunrise  
from affirming our misery

And have I waited too long  
or did I not wait long enough?  
I put it all behind me  
I guess I was hoping for something more  
I guess I was hoping for something more