

Temporary Basement, Back When I Was Sure

For each day spent just staring skyscape up
I missed nine moments where that I grew up
With all this looking forward I forgot to make the news.

And so we all take work that pay each debt incurred
For each mistake that follow us deferred
One more tomorrow night
I can't tell this red from blue, from blue
All I really asked for was to stay at home with you.

I'm starting again
All the things I've said they've followed me to bed and
I'm losing my head
I can't tell about you

list of things to do before I die
Dreams so long, I throw them down the hall
They hit the other side, still I see no ending line.

Broke up time in cubits, bits remit
Commitments fill all days, I stay too late
I go home in darkness, I, I've spent my life in traffic

I'm leaving my friends
Every last one said hey
Don't be comforted and
And losing my head
I don't know about you

I'm fraying at ends, I can't tell you about it
And losing my head, I can't tell about you

The last time I tried to steer uphill
It backfired forward onto my anthill
Can I break from broken records that I never should have been?

If I died now, what words am I due?
The longer I stay, the smaller my worth
Maybe I'm dumb, I can't adjust
Tonight my last night I'll turn around