Temporary Basement, Driving

6 am to 7:30 i'm lying in bed, in no big hurry
should i mark targets or set different aims?
when last night turned out exactly the same?

i draw new designs, i never go out
but every day the same chore, a pointless worry
so why'd i drive hours in traffic to stay?
if i can't go from to dc to la

then why show?
dont leave me i hope this carries you home
my weakness convinced me can we just go?

i shuffle my feet
and fake a purpose
though every day it feels like my textbook's worthless
but i can't stand for another 10 years
a new moon changes, my spark disappears

but when i'm asleep, i never give in
my dreams are destinations
long beach in winter
so why must i stay, submit to my fear?
if i can't drive from dc to la, i wont know