

The Apples In Stereo, Yore Days

Life, your days
are never gonna let you stay
sunken into the same place
it's not how you want to be

A day will come
when all you want to do is run
press on your heart with your thumbs
leaving nothing in its place

Look on the page
where everybody wrote their names
all of the lines are the same
is that what you want to be?

There's the space
where they've blackened out all the names
cut out the words that you said
leaving nothing in its place

What are you thinking?
you're not out of time
I keep forgetting
how do you feel?

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