

The Story So Far, 680 South

My thoughts are my doctor's excuse for medicine
But I find it healthy to get lost inside my head
And come back with all that I can find
And write it down on light blue lines
It's far more useful than reading the Contra Costa Times

55 up YV road
Encina on my left
All you tried and failed to do was justify your theft
And I get that you're bereft of other things to occupy yourself
But keep my goddamn name out of your mouth (you're just a shade of gray)

And all I want is forward progress
And maybe next year I'll miss your face but right now its still worthless.
Wasted time, mostly mine its not my fucking fault
So get lost and find your way home

Leave my mind alone so I can rate and number my thoughts 1 2 3
On a list that weighs and measures my priorities
It goes 1-friends 2-bands 3-that green two-tone van
And losing my money it's not about money

Cuz all I want is forward progress
And maybe next year I'll miss your face but right now its still worthless.
Wasted time, mostly mine its not my fucking fault
So get lost and find your way home

And all I got was a blank stare
Right between the eyes like I wasn't there
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Right between the eyes like I wasn't there