

The Swellers, Running Out Of Places To Go

This is for an audience of one at a time,
so I'll sing it straight, I'll sing it loud.
Don't keep it a secret, keep it elite.
If only all your friends could see me now.

How important are the words?
In one ear, already forgot 'em.
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship.
I'll see you all at the bottom.

If there was a shotgun blast from my bedroom
and you were outside the window,
would you see a flash, or hear the sound?

'Cause living out our dreams has been killing me.
Did you hear it die, or is there no sound when no one else is around?

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In one ear, already forgot 'em.
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship.
I'll see you all at the bottom.

I was running out of places to go.
I was running out of reasons
to stay away from here again,
but it isn't over yet.
Was it worth it, then?
Well, it sometimes can be.
It's hard to see, but I think you're still my friends.

I'd miss my bed, but I can't remember
how it feels compared to yours or any other
but thank you for letting me into your home.

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