

# Wide Mouth Mason, Alone

Out in the rain for the last time you stumble home  
Telling yourself that you're better off all alone  
Nobody complains about the dishes in the bedroom  
Or counts all the corks of the bottles you consumed

The cat in the grocery bag on the kitchen floor  
Is the sound you mistake for your lover coming through the door  
The radiator could've been the sound of turning keys  
As you hear it from the bathroom where you're crying on your knees

Tried to steal my soul  
Spinning out of control  
Took what I thought was mine  
It's my turn, it's my time