

# Wide Mouth Mason, Rained Out Parade

I never wake up 'til my shadow's longer than I am anymore  
My cheeks are hollow as I feel

You're really gonna hate this  
I still can dial your number in the dark  
But whenever I pull  
I'm pushing us further apart

I keep my fragments of you in a closet bottom bag  
And I take them out and stitch them up

Caught in the open in the rained out parade of you

You're really gonna hate this  
I still can dial your number in the dark  
But whenever I pull  
I'm pushing us further apart

You're really gonna hate this  
Pieces of you swimming in my brain  
Drenched to the bone  
Waiting for you in the rain

And it pours

Life becomes the things you're putting off  
If you're not sure what you've turned on  
I should just throw this bag away

Caught in the open in the rained out parade of you  
Fumbling for cover in the rained out parade of you

You're really gonna hate this  
But my fingers know your number in the dark  
Whenever I call it  
I'm pushing us further apart

You're really gonna hate this  
Pieces of you swimming in my brain  
Drenched to the bone  
Waiting for you in the rain

I'll take back what you took from me  
I'll hide where you won't look for me  
And I can't see that being too hard