

Waxwing "Laboratory"

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You can spend your life, trying to reach the highest
But know, most planes make awful boats,
So sink to the lowest of the low,
Hello, I've made my home in the second guess, Always
second best
The taste of my skin, is purest bitterness.

Till I remember january may be cold and wet here,
someone's singing summer songs in Australia
It seems each new day, has got a job to do,
to take its days worth of pain
Out of me and you.

Tireless Traveler, I don't care anymore how I appear
Tireless Traveler, Things are going to be different
around here

Let the sunlight shine to give me distrustful eyes
I've seen happiness before, I know what it means man,
I know how it looks ya.
More eerie irregular than it was when I was a kid
It's teaching me a constant lesson in how to keep
learning nothing.

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