

Wide Mouth Mason "Rained Out Parade"

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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

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