

## **Working Title**

### **"The 2nd Floor"**

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On this level there is mystery, no one's around and I can't open the glorious door. This room is squeezing me and I know I'm leaving with everything mixed up in my head and I know we're leaving with everything we know left unsaid as if we knew nothing and not a word escapes our lips. This stairwell threatens to spit me out so I'm waiting to thank you for being beautiful. Too many times I drive away with my heart still sitting in the door and my foot filling my mouth. Simple goodbyes are choked out and this train ride tastes of bitter and sweet. More time with myself than with you just means I have to make you out of something artificial like the scenery that flies by and taunts me to break this glass and jump into a word that will hold me and never let me go. Several times I find myself wishing for this train to end, releasing me into heaven far away, far from you leaving me to thank you.

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