

Bankrupt

"Hold Me Up"

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A look at your it hurts, I can't deny that.
It makes all the blood and bones melt right out of my
knees when you speak.
A picture so perfect - it's framed with the moon, your
face and eucalyptus trees.
All of the streetlights are broken tonight.
I'm broken down.

So let me go with you.
I get through days finding ways to feel alright.
Be the tape and glue that holds me up.
Wanna know where you go when you're not lighting up
the night
And taking lows to drunken heights.
I can't go home.

I grin a crescent moon, it lights the road in a dead
valley town.
You say "can't imagine my days playing out here,
Lawns are so perfect" but you'd be amazed,
Can end up here holds me ways.
So let me stay with you.
I get through days finding ways to feel alright.
Be the tape and glue that holds me up.
Settled in poured hearts out on the floor.
Said on 10th and Grand, I saw a bum leaning up
against a door.
As we passed him by my only thought - could be you,
Could be me, we've still got time.

April 1 and the ground has just thawed out.
The white got black.
Pray for rain and an end to March's drought.
Tell the ceiling cracks we're the same we got tired of
fighting.
Slept it off and I woke up writing.
Places I've been, the people I've known.
Capped the pen, grabbed my bag and headed home.

Bottle days so they spill out into night.
Scattered thoughts on a page polluting white.

I find myself on the kitchen, aim for a couple barks that
bite.

I scratched your name but nothing came.

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