

## **Banner Pilot**

### **"Central Standard"**

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You had enough so you moved out  
To find what the world's about.  
Then you hit 21 years old.

Something snapped,  
And now all of your stories don't make much sense.  
Losing touch,  
With your job, your school, parents, where are your  
friends?

Static grew and somehow faces end up black and blue.  
You got me outta bed for what?  
Watch you getting drunk and yelling fuck 'em all,  
The fall it flew in and fell on you.  
Flood the room with wine, you float across the floor,  
The war spilled out I'm wading through.  
Talk about the kid who took the window down  
And found a snow bank, broken man.  
I wonder if he thinks he shoulda took the stairs?  
Aware, some are playing with raw hands.

No there's no reason to doubt  
These chemicals won't balance out.  
You got a hungry lonely look.  
All your intentions get mistook.  
I grabbed your collar hard and shook.

Scratch if off, kinda like the tattoos we'd rub on in  
school.  
Stayin' close, 'cause I know in your head self-  
destruction's cool.

So late - I'd offer to buy, I know you won't take.  
Minds get corrupted; it's too hard to talk.  
How'd another year turn out so bad?

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