

Cruiserweight "Phantom Writer"

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when the gravel turns to oil and you're sliding
was it your intention to be part of it all
or to never take part at all
and now you won't be bothered with your past
but it was never my intention to push you away

so light the torches and turn the ringer off
let's get back, yeah we gotta get back
to where we once belonged
be what may

this hunt for something worth while to make us stick
well our goal is getting fuzzy
and our hopes are running dry
it's all a matter of finding the other half of your brain
and the whole of your heart
so these optimistic songs we hear they mean nothing
at all
because things will never be ok this way

so scrimp and save
and blow your fingernails dry
and some of the guilt away
but you know that he's coming
be what may

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