

Gibbler

"Back To Hazlet, I'll Say"

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I'm not coming around...
Every second I stare at thoughts of years gone by.
And outside it's pouring.
I swear it's coming down inside.

I walk by your street and feel the pavement on my side.
Raindrops fall by.
Dreamt while you slept two stories high.
Wish your knees were right next to mine.

I'm not coming around.
You have to see eye to eye face down cause I'm right here.
I'm not bowing down I wish you well off.
I wont let this go by.

Awake at sunset.
Caught blinding glares into my eyes.
As I look through my window I realize I'm too tired to cry.
Goodbye...

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