

Horace Pinker "Penny Serenade"

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stealing sleep from winter days
thinking of ways i have failed

the sun goes down when i awake

these walls they keep me from my health
floor interprets last nights memories
these days i'm not myself
i search to find the quickest way
and then stick around

singin' a penny serenade
for everyone that's left this place
i can't believe it's been that long
soon i'll be gone

killing time is killing me
with cigarettes and broken dreams
broken trees and stale footprints
drowning in a still white sea
and the reflection of me

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