

# Jawbox

## "Capillary Life"

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Stretched on this city's grid,  
Sometimes I feel so well hid.  
Pinned to this city's grid,  
No sign to begin or end this capillary life.  
This capillary life. This capillary life.

Streets are slender threads  
To suspend the weight of consent  
To days that never end,  
When all I want  
Is more than they can send.  
This capillary life. This capillary life.

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

This kind content reprise,  
Off course in veins of someone's time.

This kind content reprise,  
Off course in veins of someone's time.

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

Dream on the evening train: brakes scrape  
A song through my hands,  
Turns to a barkers call.  
Wide awake, not to understand.  
This capillary life. This capillary life.

Is it too late,

Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

Is it too late,  
Is it too late,  
Is it too late to change my mind?

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