

Junction 18

"Above The Avenue"

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Hey guys I'd rather stay at home
Leave you these barren streets to roam
Got better things to think about
My head is all you now
I can't go on this is too real
Can't show you any mass appeal
A thousand tries and no replies how hard is it to feel?
The afterglow is now fading
The interest is now sinking
This world is gaining off my cries
It's all just playing dead to live

Hey guys I'd rather stay at home
Leave you these barren streets to roam

My bed is far too comfortable
The fan is turned on low
So here it goes again
Insomnia my friend
Toss and turn and let it bleed
Its better than the backseat
Where were you when I'm in need
I close my eyes so I can sleep
On the picture fits the frame
I'll lay and hope till day
Where did I ever lose faith?
How did I drown you out this way?
Why can't it be like yesterday?
Losing less mind than today
Where did I lose myself in you?

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