

## Kina Grannis

### "Rowing A Dead Horse"

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Chasing a lie  
Tracing our scars  
Moaning for help to be held  
And every day we feel further away from ourselves  
The concrete is wet, i feel too comfortable  
My response isn't limited to reactions  
And everything dies it's little deaths everyday  
So with my head up my ass  
And my foot on the gas  
I set out to write a synonym for loss  
Hands caught in the door  
And my face on the floor  
I'll write one for you

Thanks to **Justin (xcore@optonline.net)** for these lyrics

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