

## Kind Of Like Spitting "In The Red"

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There's so much that i don't understand  
So i lay awake and analyze the night  
I have popped every pock, picked at every scab.  
The levels aren't hot enough  
It sounds so cramped and tight  
Faster than a bullet from the chamber  
From hotel beds "I love you" said to strangers,  
No matter what it meant, no matter what's implied,  
I keep wasting all my time finding signals, riding  
rhymes,  
Not one voice goes unaffected

Crumbling under all the weight of critics, judges,  
mentors,  
Falling off the cart  
Some sunlit, show-less, hapless town,  
In the winter, the van is quiet...

And we're crowded  
The pen is broken  
I'm bleeding on the napkin,  
All of these thoughts are inconsequential so it's over,  
It's all over,

Hoped the Greyhound would roll over  
Down into the drink and the cops would block the  
streets for miles

Crumbling under all the weight of critics, judges,  
mentors,  
Falling off the cart some sunlit, show-less, hapless  
town  
The spell I'm under blankets ear plugs  
Swelled up breath getting quicker so,  
I dog-ear pages to remember where i left off.

I hope we grown up soon  
Before my mind goes out of tune,  
I hope we grow up soon,  
Before out lights go out

In the winter the van is quiet...

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