

Kind Of Like Spitting

"Worker Bee #7348-F87904"

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I don't want to hold my breath as long as you can
I don't want to starve to death just 'cause you can
What happens to the mountains we were gonna climb
What happens to the house we promised both in time
Why can't I hate you or get it off my mind
Why can't I just relax and leave the past behind
I don't want to have sex anymore just because I can
With anyone that doesn't trust me stabs demands

What happens to the trains that we were gonna jump
What happens to our plans to make our lives erupt?
I can't get past myself
I'm falling over you
So now I'm rolling up my sleeves
I'm just a worker bee
Hey Mom, look at me, I'm thinning
Anger, guilt, rejection, pride got caught whistling, walk
the line

Always knew you'd find a reason
Always knew you'd find a reason some way
Did you know it'd break your heart, that you would
leave it from the start?
Honestly that's just too hard to work with
Why are you surprised that I miss it, that I try
That I sing myself raw
Every night?

Leave the keys
Leave the keys Pick up the boxes with your knees
And break a sweat with me one last time

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