

Laymen Terms "Tired Minds"

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A sad song plays and comforts me.
At least he's jet black and crushed just like you and me.
And he sings on and on from one sad song to song
Of how we're tired minds with jagged deep red eyes.

Four years, eight jobs, more friends and still.
I smoke, sleep late, drink, so I don't cry.
And when it comes down to what I'll be
A tombstone tired of being lonely.

I feel fine
When I fit this all tight and cut it down to size.
Tired minds with jagged deep red eyes.
It's time for the others.

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For the others.
For the others.

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