

One Republic

"Oceanwalk"

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I saw the door and I looked through the entrance
Stare down night sky, dot pattern seeming endless
Broken friendship, dandy dog on leash
Door latch caught spot, shoe stomp on street

Tape deck plays and the reels will spin
Suburb sound close down as boom-bap begin
My red face hide in the shade of the trees
As buggered blue moonlight pass through the leaves
Carry out my concerning deeds in the deprevation of
the darkness
The com-com-comfort of cavedweller locked inside an
apartment
I spark this with the marked mistakes of minors
learning
How to build a better book of matches by watching the
fire burning
I can count all my dreams on a pair of pinnoccio fingers
And trace the trail back home from all the tumbling
splinter
A silly beginner, basic aprentice aggression
In the absence of a master, trying to make up my own
lesson

Who knew I would wait such a long time

From the dreams to leaves to the cracks in the
pavement
To the roaches and rat and the amoured cars pacing
To the spies and the thieves and the cross-eyed
complainers
To the... ain't that long when you count out the paces
From the breach to the tracks to the aliens with
statments
To the grief and the crap that they all want to wade in
To the forth and back, the forth and back, there is no
turning back again

Secrets explode wether you mean it or not
I locked my dreams with the right keys but I worked the
wrong lock

The strong box screws split quick before I could
retighten
I learned lightening strikes and leaves before
language leaks "it lightens"
The waking of the dead to live and work with the freaks
I was a vampire roaming streets when I would swear I's
a sleep
The beeping of the buzzer burn my brain the next day
I tried to brush my teeth but never could remove the
blood stains
A double life of moonlighting grows tiring from trying
If you got to work a day job and keep the villagers from
rioting
The list of lies, lengthened longer, left life laymen
honest
Invited the world into my home to show the bones
stacked in my closet
A dumb little skeleton walking miles to chase a silly
dream
Stubborn skull, split shoes, punctuated by abrasive feet
All the while stalking, walking, akward through the
night
In the stomach of the suburbs with a dog by my side

(Chorus x3)

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