

## **Philmont**

### **"Return To Sender"**

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It's 2 p.m., the clock is screaming  
From the walls and from the ceiling  
A claustrophobic feeling as it closes on your bed  
But that's okay  
Forget your problems, find solutions in this bottle  
The numbness soon to follow  
Should help calm your spinning head  
A crash course for disaster  
The lines are well rehearsed  
And the scenery's moving faster  
And the scars will form inside so you remember  
The crowd you grew to love will slowly grow much  
thinner  
And your light on this world may seem dimmer  
As the letters you wrote get stamped "return to sender"  
It seems the people you once valued  
Hate the ones that now surround you  
Your stubborn nature hounds you  
'Til you choose that crowd instead  
But that's okay  
You know you need them  
They may be a dime a dozen  
But you're broke and crave attention  
So you'll take what you can get

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