

Sarah Masen

"Stories In My Pocket"

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Monday's got us running to our knees again
It seems we're always waiting on the floor
Our destination Sunday is full of the unknown
But we're building our own bridges to the shore
In hopes for so much more

Silent eyes are watching we're beginning to explore
But the lights are growing dim because we are poor
Isn't this the place we're practicing belief
Seems we're always looking at the door
In hopes for so much more

And the stories in my pockets
Are the best I've ever lived
So what if they don't sell sell sell
I'll take you out for coffee
And we'll talk about D.C.
And Philly underneath October moons

Fall is walking us into a cold December wind
And maybe we won't last too long
But maybe we will make it to play a brave new song
Mixing up the failure with the new
In hopes for something true

And the painting on the walls here
Are the best we've ever done
An Experiment in abstract dreams
And the colors are colliding
In strange redemptive hues
What we've got here is a good slow burn
What we've got here is a good true thing
A good true thing, a good true thing

Stories in my pockets
Are the best I've ever lived
And so what if they don't sell sell sell
I'll take you out for coffee
And we'll talk about D.C.
And Philly underneath October moons
And Colorado's sweeping news

And L.A. keeping four in time
You're always setting dreams on fire
Always setting dreams on fire

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