

Some By Sea "A Night Without A Cineplex"

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It seems like the ordinary's lost it's touch.
The flavor of the internet ain't shaking hands with your
best friends.
And I'm stuck in meetings with both sides again,
afraid to make an enemy or use anything that I
probably should be flaunting.
I stood in line for hours to take a chance on a night
without a cineplex,
but you feed me guilt when all I want is sojourn.
So, paste on a grin before you leave the room.
Make sure to color in your lips and flex your gums
'cause the rumors will be biting.
If there's a place above the act, how do I decide to run
away from it all?
I'm barely in love.
Let's take this mud and build a giant wall
and block off all the criminals.
We can raise it up until it crumbles down upon us.
Better yet, we could take apart the all-night scene and
black our minds with alcohol.
We could stumble back to our beds with half the city.
If there's a place above the act, how do I decided to run
away from it all?
I'm barely in love.
And you said this was important, so I pledged all my
investment.
Outside of this apartment, no one knows that
somewhere else on Sundays, we lie on backs just
waiting for a phone call from our mothers to prove
them wrong.
I'm so sick of enjoyment.
It gets me off then passes.
And I've spent too long waiting for "I was wrong."

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