

Some By Sea

"This Spot Is Reserved"

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I'm tired but I'm still listening to you
Sip coffee while you sort out the world with the air of a
ghost
If these numbers add up, if these pieces fit and I make
any sense
Will you take me home and help me out of myself?
The latest polls are coming in and I'm being ousted
The glass breaks, I feel fake
Dress me up in funeral colors and stab me with smiles
And leave me out in the cold
I'll be quiet
I like to go insane, but I see no reason to play games
with
Someone of broken stature, love is always in the way of
something
I'm not a fighter pilot, more of a screen door fantasy;
see through me
This spot's reserved for something I just can't seem to
find anywhere
Backwards solution, the California question
Our situation backs up the world for a night in your
head
Drum up the answers, or just fake a moment
Or just give me something to open my eyes: a reality
pill
Comatose and caffeine-bred, our hero deflates
As a silence surrounds him
Stuck in rooms with ghosts and liars, he feels more at
home
Than he did in your arms
I'll be quiet
I like to go insane, but I see no reason to play games
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I'm not a fighter pilot, more of a screen door fantasy;
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