

## The Stills

# "Everything I Build"

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The tide is high  
I've never been so low  
You got room to grow

You can never look up  
You can't ever look down  
You get kicked around

But I built it with sand  
And I built it with rock  
I built it with all of the  
Things that I'm not  
And I watch from the hill  
As it burns to the ground  
I can still see the smoke  
From my train out of town

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down

I close my eyes  
Scared of what I saw  
Are you mad at all?  
Been an open book  
Been a slamming door  
Apple of the trojan war

(chorus)

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down

Drink a little bit  
Dance a little bit  
Take a chance  
I lose it all  
I have no remorse no regrets  
When I'm hanging from  
This seventeenth floor

The tide is high

Never been so low  
You got room to grow

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down

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