

The Stremes

"11:11"

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You were looking all over for yourself.
You didn't even know your name.
You left it somewhere on the shelf.
So what you found you're claim to fame?
I heard about everything you said
While pulling daggers from my back.
You forgot the daydreams that we had.
Are you sleeping on a broken back

At eleven eleven? are you watching where you're
stepping?
At a Seven Eleven, do you think status is helping?
You can try to hurt me,
And discourage me,

But we won't stop rocking the boat,
And I don't know why clocks tick so slow.
We won't stop rocking the boat.
I won't go when watches say so.

So put the mic back on the shelf
If you don't have shit to say.
You gotta bend before you break me
Mr. jealousy.
Under his bed,
Where monsters sleep,
It's not so bad,
So tell him he can't breathe.

Sometimes it seems so far away,
And we don't have a ride.
Sometimes we slip on rainy days,
Or we can't fight the tide.
Sometimes the friends begin to stray
'cus they lost all their pride.
Sometimes they just have too much to hide,
But at eleven eleven
I stand in Seven Eleven,
Looking at heaven
Through the window at my friends in
One small van I know is

Headed straight for all my dreams.

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