

Vincent Minor

"Between The Floor, 4 Walls, And The Ceiling"

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Sitting around here with my shadow
Talking for over an hour
Why'd you gotta hit me as hard as a piñata?
Your army's thicker than my armor.

See the black widow on the window
Smile all the way into a hole
Why'd you gotta run him over with your Maserati?
You got more force than you need

I think the only way to disappear is to place the shade
In the whites of your eyes
Like a scrim on a light that separates him from his
feelings
Between the floor the 4 walls and ceiling

I've been surrounded by illusions
A bit weary of hats and rabbits
A single thought could start this spinning
A clock keeps ticking, never misses a beat

Chorus

It's long rides through the fog
Dusting old thoughts off that were lost
And all the kings horses
And all the kings men couldn't dare
To put it back together again

Sitting around here with my shadow
Talking for over an hour...

Chorus

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