

Casket Lottery

"Composing Myself"

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Last night you fell asleep and left me awake to dream.
One guitar in the corner I could hear the buzz of the
strings. The heater was broken,
and it was ten degrees. If you were there you may have
seen. It looked like I smoked when i breathed.
And i lost my mind. Thinking about the rest of our
lives. Then again, now that i think,
maybe i was asleep. Last night,
you fell asleep and left me awake to think.
That clock on the kitchen wall was serenading me.
My half time pulse was relaxing me.
I find if i'm worried its still worth singing.
And i lost my mind. Thinking about the rest of our lives.
Even if its just in my head,
I can still scream. Even if its 4am, i can still scream.

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