

## **No Use For A Name "The Dregs of Sobriety"**

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I hope someday that we can sit and talk above the  
surface

For now I'm drowning in a sea of you  
The irony of alcohol and this conversation piece  
Is exactly what we need to keep us from the truth

So let me sit here all alone and contemplate the  
meaning  
Of a situation made up in your mind  
You're so damn miserable and careless with your  
Darkest thoughts  
You act as if your clock is fooling time

Say hello to routine life and goodbye to the vacation

I haven't thought about you in two days  
The more I see the in between the more I want to leave  
But it keeps on closing in to the tune of selfish ways

In your ashtray is the answer to all the questions that  
You had to prove  
We are not going to keep moving forward in our sleep  
Can you save us? Would you dare?  
In a place where you refuse to care

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