

Over It "3AM Eastern"

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its 3am again thanks for your patience
repeated last night, to watch the harbor ripple in your
eyes
and we watched sailboats spoil our view as if we had a
choice
knew all along that there was something more inside
than distance had it been a test
of my security missed something there but i'd be blind
to see you missing me
so footsteps trace our way back to night-time skies
and clouds diffuse reveal your eyes your secretes
aren't mysteries

and i would'nt feel so alien if you weren't so me
im just a boy, im lost and confused and distraught
from misuse
and i've given up my head for you
because nothings logical so tell my i can't be the things
you need
when its you i've need all along and im waiting
because its all on this moment when you'll slip between
my arms again
so even if you aren't that way thanks for your patience
sleep still i'll watch you sleep

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