

Over It

"Dead Weight"

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Sometimes I like to stick my fingers
Where they don't belong.
Sometimes I like to fake a fever
And just stay home.
'Cause we smile in here
We don't get too close to sadness.
'Cause what's holding us
Is just about to break.
Ain't it funny how
Life can drag behind us
Just like so much dead weight.
Sometimes what feels like
Pretty good music
Is just the same old song.
Sometimes we deal with
Bygone bruises
And find it's been too long.
But we laugh in here
We don't get too close to sadness.
We know good enough
Is a thousand miles from grace.
Ain't it funny how
Life can drag behind us
Just like so much
Dead weight.
And my hometown train
Is pulling from the station.
And I know for once
I really will be late.
And I'll dream that we
Can leave the past behind us
Just like to much
Dead weight.
Sometimes I like to stick my fingers
Where they don't belong.

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