

American Scene "Grip"

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When the heat breaks I still won't know where I belong
When the rain comes you'll be a thousand miles gone
Picture me sweltering in an august blacktop parking lot
as

I'm trying to get some sleep

I was carrying the dingy ring my mother gave me when
I asked if we could talk and you just turned to face the
wall

When the sun went down we washed the salt off of our
skin

And promised not to think about tomorrow until we had
to.

You said it takes slow strong steady hands to handle
something delicate as

This

I feel like screaming my lungs out but I'm keeping my
mouth shut

Picture me with my tongue between my teeth cause you
don't want to talk.

I'll remember you when I point my body to the west
because you said that

That you can tell the difference

From eastern states I'm calling time and time again
When I came home I found your lips all chewed up and
eyes bloodshot.

I had my knuckles scraped and black and blue

If separate continents are exactly what we need then
can we handle what

That means?

And now were sleeping to the sound of the way things
won't work out.

I feel like screaming my lungs out but I'm keeping my
mouth shut

Picture me with my tongue between my teeth cause you
don't want to talk.

I'll remember you when I point my body to the west
because you said that

That you can tell the difference

So we begin here at the end
The place the silence settled in and took a hold of you
It takes a toll on me.
[X2]

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