

## Rocky Votolato "Mix Tapes"

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Cellmates I am a prisoner in the sunlight  
you are my cellmate in the darkness  
there's a box full of mix tapes with titles you came up  
with  
they can show us where we came from but not how to  
get back there  
listening to the songs can't heal my broken fingers it's  
just weight for the anchor to keep your ship here  
goldfish crackers in a zip-lock bag  
in a gas station garbage can  
I'm filling up this evening so I won't have to at 6am  
on my way into work but that could have been me  
working behind that counter on the curb there smoking  
we're really not that different just a few steps from  
exploding now I'm serving time  
till I've earned the right  
to go back to the place where we started from  
now I'm serving time  
till I've earned the right  
baby I swear one day we'll get the money straight I am  
a prisoner in the sunlight  
you are my cellmate in the darkness  
I just hope I wake up before this streetlight changes  
you know this world is eating him alive  
but you just can't find the metaphor to describe  
the bottle of pills and the emptiness in the soft light  
now I'm serving time  
till I've earned the right  
to go back to the place where we started from  
now I'm serving time  
till I've earned the right  
baby I swear one day we'll get the money straight

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