

Avett Brothers, The

"Talk On Indolence"

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Well I've been lockin' myself up in my house for
sometime now
Readin' and writin' and readin' and thinkin'
and searching for reasons and missing the seasons.
The Autumn, the Spring, the Summer, the snow.
The record will stop and the record will go.
Latches latched the windows down,
the dog coming in and the dog going out.
Up with caffeine and down with a shot.
Constantly worried about what I've got.
Distracting my work but I can't make a stop
and my confidence on and my confidence off.
And I sink to the bottom and rise to the top
and I think to myself that I do this a lot.
World outside just goes it goes it goes it goes it goes it
goes...
and witness it all from the blinds of my window.
THREE, FOUR

I'm a little nervous 'bout what you'll think
When you see me in my swimming trunks
And last night in New York I got raging drunk
Remember one time I got raging drunk with you

Now, I can recall a time when we made the city
Streets our playground, swimming in the fountains
Filled with cigarettes and bottles
Sped through Italian city streets of cobblestone

Because we had to
Because I loved you
Because the damned alcohol
Beacuse what ever at all

Now I've grown to aware of my mortality
To let go and forget about dying
Long enough to drop the hammer down
And let the indolence go wild and flying through

Because we had to

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