

Small Brown Bike "Composing Myself"

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Last night you fell asleep and left me awake to dream.
One guitar in the corner I could hear the buzz of the
strings.
The heater was broken, and it was ten degrees.
If you were there you may have seen.
It looked like I smoked when i breathed.
And i lost my mind.
Thinking about the rest of our lives.
Then again, now that i think, maybe i was asleep.
Last night, you fell asleep and left me awake to think.
That clock on the kitchen wall was serenading me.
My half time pulse was relaxing me.
I find if i'm worried its still worth singing.
And i lost my mind.
Thinking about the rest of our lives.
Even if its just in my head, I can still scream.
Even if its 4am, i can still scream.

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