

Day At The Fair, A "The Dude Abides"

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it's as if you started out on the front page paper
newstand
pixelated in black and white,
this picture of you now is still beautiful somehow armed
with a guy
that's not me

tonight this candle will burn this to ashes
and drink away problems still I seem to have this

the sight of your lips as they're locked onto his,
now it's over,
the way that his eyes are locked onto all that I have

it's as if I'm fading out,
you're holding onto his hand still thinking that I'm
alright,
the thought of you right now is making me sick
now holding the guy that's not me

glass half empty time more wasted just swallowing
sights but my eyes can't taste this

this is me now, this is what you've done to me,
I'm bent and bruised and I'm taking this away

this is me
I'm alone now, I don't need anyone

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