

## **Flatliners, The**

### **"Monumental"**

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Ever since I pulled over  
I've been looking for you in the strangest places  
With desperation painted on my face and I'm shaking  
As I check every car window in the parking lot  
Swallowing these ashes whole  
And know that soon I'll be on route to the hospital

You'd think I've got it all 'til tires start to crawl  
I'm asleep at the wheel, this binge is monumental

Getting high in a borrowed car  
Listening to the songs that got me this far  
Into my own head  
Just thinking of this, always thinking of this  
Put on a pair of sunglasses that turn February gray into  
everything yellow  
You'll always want to see as much of the sky  
As much of the sky as possible

You'd think I've got it all 'til tires start to crawl  
I'm asleep at the wheel, this binge is monumental  
And I feel no pain at all when these tires screech down  
to a halt  
Asleep hitting the wall, this binge is monumental

Greet the world with a poker face  
Through empty bottles in a haze  
They won't suspect a thing now will they?  
Itemize your life in a panicked state  
So you can sleep at night  
And dream about never turning old and gray  
Catching my breath now seems as useless as airplane  
conversations  
'cause I enjoy toiling in all of my frustration

You'd think I've got it all 'til tires start to crawl  
I'm asleep at the wheel, this binge is monumental  
And I feel no pain at all when these tires screech down  
to a halt  
Asleep hitting the wall, this binge is monumental  
Our skin is peeling from the searing steel surrounding

us

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