

Philm

"Return To Sender"

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It's 2 p.m., the clock is screaming
From the walls and from the ceiling
A claustrophobic feeling as it closes on your bed
But that's okay
Forget your problems, find solutions in this bottle
The numbness soon to follow
Should help calm your spinning head
A crash course for disaster
The lines are well rehearsed
And the scenery's moving faster
And the scars will form inside so you remember
The crowd you grew to love will slowly grow much
thinner
And your light on this world may seem dimmer
As the letters you wrote get stamped "return to sender"
It seems the people you once valued
Hate the ones that now surround you
Your stubborn nature hounds you
'Til you choose that crowd instead
But that's okay
You know you need them
They may be a dime a dozen
But you're broke and crave attention
So you'll take what you can get

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