

The Benjy Davis Project

"214"

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I can smell the last three days spent sitting in this seat
These past few million miles have been a trial on me
State to state and date-to-date, my fate has brought
me here
And I'm a long-gone, lost and lonely, looking down

Passion got the best of me
And now I'm coming clean
The life that we believe we live is far too much a dream

And it's a home about as real as the horizon
And it's chasing me away
I leave behind a paper trail to someone far away
Where I can feel like I belong and I belong there

Drop my bags in 214
Collapse onto the mattress
Peacefully surrender to the gravity that grabs me
Close my eyes for twenty minutes
Alarm goes off and wakes me up
To entertain the empty bar in town

Looking for the best of me
And living in between
If anyone could set me free, it'd have to be a dream
'cause it's

Home about as true as the illusion
And it's chasing me away
I leave behind a paper trail to someone far away
Where I can feel like I belong and I belong there
I want to feel like I belong and I belong there
I need to feel like I belong and I belong there

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