

Honorary Title, The "Stuck at Sea"

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Running in and out of breath
Staining skin and teeth to red
Incessant slamming and that tone
God forbid I spend one night all alone
Out to the parking lot
Stumbling towards my apartment
Pressed you close against the screen door,
Close enough to feel underneath your clothes.

You overcompensate
For your own inexperience
Don't underestimate
Oh my fear of getting caught.

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea

On the second story of your suburban home
Mom's asleep just two doors down
Funny how when stuck at sea,
Things are never the way they seem.
Clouds take the shape of gloves
Reaching over the flames at dusk
Missing clips in your consciousness
Just act as if I don't exist.

You overcompensate
For your own inexperience
Don't underestimate
Oh my fear of getting caught.

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea

Felt the repetition of my way
The lack of apprehension that once saved

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
This will end eventually

I keep burning my fingers
In attempt to rekindle the flame
The matches, so flimsy
And the wind just denies her name
So I pull out the garments that were pressed between
us
On that dreamless evening that you refer to in disgust

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
(Felt the repetition of my way)
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
(The lack of apprehension that once saved)

So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea

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