

Floorspace

Falling Sickness

crusty eyes and greasy grins
inhaling smoke from the valve gasket again
coffee 4am, drunk again by noon
shit stained couch through the midwest
 blasting 80's tunes
ups and downs, vague smiles and frowns
 in a van they last forever
 complications take control
 when you're not so clever
 what matters now is floorspace
inside jokes and sleeveless t-shirt tans
 cardgames I'll never understand
 14 cents, cue ball in hand
laughing at all the latebreak bands
drugs are boring, the world's exploding
sometimes nothing's ever changing
 I swore I'd never grow up
 sick and slowly aging
 what matters now is floorspace
 one more city, another name
 I can't quite put the face to
four digits to a club, we're 2 hours late to
 one quick set with no soundcheck
 but no here's nostalgic yet
I thought I had this life figured out
I'm dumber than the dumbest fuck
 so full of complex feelings
 and so shit out of luck
 what matters now is floorspace

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