

You Hold Back

Dads

Have I lost it, have I lost it
or have I just bought in
to the bullshit
the mirrors
the smoke I traced back
to the faucet
leaking
into the sink covered in hair.
oh I see what you did there
you cut off your cares,
god it's so freeing,
time isn't fleeting.
It's pause and politeness,
it's judge and be triteness.
Your sensitivity and sex,
your rules and respect,
I haven't seen you follow any of it since two god damn years ago,
you got bored, you got tired, you gave up on filing
who pissed you off and who won you over.
This is a fashion, this is a formula,
this is contrasting colors in october,
you can't go against the grain
if there's no natural wood.
My friends all think i'm crying wolf.
You got caught up in the concept
and oh that's never good.
(I want to be happy, but i'm better when I'm mad)
So we make our own monuments
out of our favorite bridges and buildings.
The old ones were boring,
they didn't mean anything to us.
I know it seems so immature,
all these questions I want answers for,
but I can't put faith into anything
I can't physically touch.
I want to be happy
but I'm holding myself back
but a love handles
and it holds back.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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